



dishonest, that he does not want independence, but has to keep on yelling for it or commit suicide politically. This is probably true, if somewhat oversimplified. It is hard to believe that any thoughtful Filipino can want independence today at the price he may have to pay for it: economic chaos and eventual Japanese domination. But if the Filipinos and their politicians have not been entirely honest, if they have been fencing and bluffing, remember that they do not yet know the *exact* price they must pay. We have dangled threads of hope before them ever since the so-called final law in 1934. We too have fenced, and delayed in making up our minds.

Now, in the year 1941, what do they want? And, what is more important, what do we want? The answers are no clearer now than when Hoover wrote his sour words, but the circumstances which surround the Philippines have changed enormously. What we want, or rather what we are willing to do about the Philippines, has become part of much larger issues than the mere question of being fair to the Filipinos. The Netherlands has been swallowed up. Between Japan and the Netherlands East Indies lie the Philippines. French Indo-China is southwest of the Philippines, and is already threatened with Japanese domination.

Five years ago Japan's war in China was a remote issue to Americans. Today the American public has come to feel that China's battle, like Britain's, is ours. In fact, they seem to many Americans to be exactly the same battle. If Americans believe in giving aid to China and in giving aid to Britain, what do they think about Britain's Far Eastern

problems? Are we planning to evacuate the naval base in Manila, which is between Japan and the oil and rubber of the Netherlands East Indies, and which is only five hours by clipper from Britain's fortress, Hong Kong? Are we planning to pull out of the Philippines, adding another weakened, orphaned nation to the orphans already existing out there? Is the British fleet, operating from Singapore, to police the western Pacific from Hong Kong and Manila, south through the Netherlands East Indies to Sumatra, Australia, and New Zealand? These are the questions we would have to answer right now if we had to make the decision in 1941. Fortunately, we need not finally decide—quite yet.

But unfortunately we are out there, 65 miles from Japanese territory, and 7,000 miles from San Francisco, right now. Long before we have to decide finally what to do about the Philippines we may be in the theater of a major war—if Japan attempts to invade the Netherlands East Indies and defy Singapore's strength while Hitler goes to work in earnest on Great Britain.

### THE FILIPINO'S DILEMMA

To most of the Philippine population "independence" is a bright bauble, merely a gaudy word filled with vague but glorious implications. Even if the independence law had been more to Hoover's liking—absolutely explicit about future penalties, leaving no important matters un-

resolved—most of the Filipinos who vote, which is to say a little over 1,000,000, would have failed to understand the full meaning and the consequences of their decision. If they had had a chance to vote specifically on independence, most of them would have done what the local politicians told them to do—and that would have been exactly what Manuel Quezon himself instructed.

But imagine yourself a young, educated, sensitive, intelligent Filipino who has no money invested in sugar or coconut oil or buttons, and try to think the way he might. Your mind won't work exactly his way, but anyhow you might feel somewhat like this:

You definitely want your country to be administered by your own people. You want the white man to have no part in governing. Not that you have any basic grudge against the American administration of the Islands; even if sometimes you use the word "exploitation" to describe American business in the Islands, you well know that Americans never ruled the Philippines in the Dutch colonial manner—to squeeze out all possible wealth for the home country. You know that the Americans went about it quite otherwise.

You are proud of the schools, for instance, for you have an extravagant awe of education and an inordinate pride in your own university degree. You are grateful to the Americans, too, for ridding the Islands of smallpox, cholera, and typhoid, and for bringing the artesian wells. You know how people live in China, and you have seen more than one pock-marked Filipino of your grandfather's



generation. You know that the death rate of the Islands is still twice as high as that of the U.S., and you know that about 85 per cent of the people in rural areas are still riddled with hookworms and roundworms. You know that tuberculosis is common. But you also know that the Americans, none the less, did one of the world's greatest health clean-up jobs in your country.

You don't complain about, and as a matter of fact you often praise, what the Americans have done. Even so, you don't want American authority to continue in the Islands. You have been patronized and snubbed by Americans in Manila again and again, ever since you were a child. You know that in American companies a Filipino cannot rise beyond the level of a clerk. You imitate Americans, yet down deep you dislike them because they make you feel uncomfortable. You are, whether you know it or not, hypersensitive to their every look and word, because you know that they consider you racially inferior.

You were brought up in school and in the university to understand clearly what American democracy means. Because you are intelligent and informed, you severely criticize (not publicly, but in conversation with your friends) the Quezon government. You know that even today your people are not living in a true democracy. And you know that Quezon is directing his government straight and fast toward a dictatorship. You have a one-party political system and a President who insists that that is the best form of democracy. You know that every officeholder toes the Quezon line for fear of damaging his

career. You know that there is, in fact, less freedom of speech and press today than there was back in the days of the American governors. You know that intellectually restless and critical men are put to rest today by being paid well to do nothing in Malacañang Palace. You know that if a man has a brother or an uncle in the government service (and who hasn't?) he'd better not utter criticism in print or in public. Reprisals are easy and swift.

Even though you know and deplore all this, you still want the white man to be ousted from government authority. That is understandable and natural. Any people, with however little national and racial integrity, believe with Quezon and Schurman that it is better to be ruled badly by themselves than well by a foreigner.

You believe, too, that Filipinos should be willing to make certain real sacrifices, if necessary, to attain their full independence. For several years you have stalwartly argued that Filipinos ought to have the guts to go through with the inevitable and serious depression when sugar, coconut oil, and other industries will be disastrously struck. The standard of living may drop. Expenditures for schools and health services would have to be cut way down. Yet somehow the nation would survive and get back on its feet. It would be worth a considerable sacrifice to be a free nation.

Yet today, in 1941, you have some grave doubts. So much has happened since 1935. You have carefully watched Germany and Japan, and you have every reason to be deeply troubled. You fear for the territorial integ-

rity of your country. You no longer can reasonably hope that the Philippines will be allowed to weather the post-1946 economic catastrophe without interference.

You know, because you have observed Japan and Germany, that any economic aid from the north, by trade treaties, by iron-ore deals, or by anything else, would have to be paid for dearly. At the very least there would be increasingly onerous economic bonds, which would lead inevitably to political pressure and control, beginning with a relaxation of those important land laws and opening the gates to Japanese immigration. Exploitation in the real sense of the word would result. You cannot share Professor Pio Duran's idea that your country should fall within Japan's Monroe Doctrine, however logical that argument is. You do not find Manchukuo as inspiring as the Professor does. Nor can you share Manuel Quezon's bland belief that the Philippines could rise again after three hundred years of Japanese domination. Japanese exploitation and economic-political domination would be something far worse than the old-fashioned nineteenth-century Spanish variety, and far more difficult to dislodge.

Your anxiety about the physical safety of your country is acute. If you once believed that Douglas MacArthur could prepare formidable defenses for your country, you now know that that is not true. Within the last year a new pair of words has come into your vocabulary—Fifth Column. You look on Davao's heavy concentration of Japanese today with a new realization of what that may

mean. You regard the Filipinos who are partners of the Japanese in the hemp plantations with a good deal more distrust, now that the words "Fifth Column" plague your mind.

The fall of Holland shocked you, because it left the near-by Netherlands East Indies stranded. That is a far richer prize than your own country, but you know that the southward push of Japan will have to include, to be complete, the Philippines. You considered the closing of the Burma Road a Japanese victory—and its reopening a reassertion of British strength. You listened carefully and hopefully every time President Roosevelt lashed out at Germany, and, by implication, at Japan. You watched anxiously while Japan arbitrated the differences between Thailand and French Indo-China and gave every indication of grabbing for herself a foothold in the French colony, close to England's Singapore.

You want to get rid of the white man—ultimately—but you are forced to conclude that only the success of England, the restoration of the Netherlands, and a decisive brake on Japan can give you what you want: namely, the right for the Philippine Republic, after 1946, to work out its own salvation without interference from anyone. Even though you can make out no case for the British and Dutch empires of the East, you know that only by their preservation can you hope for your own political freedom. Even if you know that logically your nation should be linked with the Eastern peoples, and even as Duran believes, shed its "Occidental veneer," you have to admit—with

China—that only the success of England's cause will give your republic the right to exist.

You find yourself, reluctantly, looking back to the Americans and, as things now stand, you are forced to agree with Romero's re-examination group. To be saved from something a good deal worse than what you now have, the Filipinos may have to ask for a postponement of their freedom. The choice now seems to be between U.S. paternalism and Japan's imperialism, between near-freedom and no freedom.

These are not the thoughts of the average Filipino. It may even be presumptuous to attribute them to the average thoughtful Filipino who has no investments in the businesses which will be affected. Certainly it is the reasoning of some of them.

#### DOLLARS AND CENTS AND THE UNITED STATES

If you are an American with an acutely sensitive national conscience, there are three things which can make you uneasy about our handling of the Philippines: (1) how we got them in the first place; (2) the Closing of the Door, by insisting back in 1909 on a free-trade relationship with the Filipinos; and (3) the Tydings-McDuffie Act, the way we set about unloading the Islands. Actually, numbers 2 and 3 are a single sin. Free trade worked out fine for the Filipinos. It boomed their industries and therefore raised their standard of living. It is disastrous

only because, after propping Philippine economy way up, we are now about to pull the props abruptly out and let that economy and the much-boasted standard of living go crashing down. It is an ironic truth that the greatest injustices we have done the Filipinos (after conquering them) have been committed since 1930, when we were so feverishly trying to get rid of them.

Today, what do we want, or what are we willing to do about them? First, let us examine the dollars-and-cents arguments for the retention of the Philippines. We can pass quickly over American investments of \$163,000,000 in Philippine agriculture and industry. We may be a bit harsh to Messrs. Haussermann, Wilson, and Stevenot, but these gentlemen made their investments knowing that the day might come when Filipinos would take over. Yet with that knowledge they chose to make their fortunes there anyway. We need not worry over them any more than we do over Tabacalera, the Elizaldes, and Placido Mapa.

There are our exports—textiles, oil, machinery, automobiles, cigarettes, chemicals, dried milk, and the rest. Today and until 1946, they enter the Philippine market free of duty. According to the law, the Filipinos will be free in 1946 to put import duties on any or all of these things. In 1935, when the Islands became a Commonwealth, they ranked twelfth in the list of foreign markets for American products. The Philippine market was then 2.3 per cent of our total exports. It did not seem to be vital to our total economy.

American exporters who were so articulate back in 1909



## CHAPTER ONE

### SEARCH FOR AN EXIT

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*THERE* are some 16,000,000 Filipinos on this earth who are ashamed of their past, bewildered by their present, uncertain of their future. They have been the White Man's Burden for nearly 400 years—over three centuries under Spain, nearly half a century under the U.S.A. They want to get rid of the white man and rule themselves. They've said so for a long time. Around 1900 they were saying it with blood and guns and spears. After they were conquered by better armed and better organized American troops they kept on saying it with loud shouts demanding "Complete, Absolute and Immediate Independence."

So, a few years ago, we gave them the promise of freedom, effective in 1946. Today they shudder at taking what they have been clamoring for these forty years. They are scared that as soon as they stop being the White Man's Burden they will become the yellow man's prey. By ousting American imperialism they may first go bankrupt, then fall like an overripe fruit into Japan's lap. And Filipinos, for all their protestations that they are an Eastern people



of Malay extraction, have singularly little feeling of brotherhood for the Japanese.

The fact is that the Filipino scarcely knows quite what he is or even what he wants to be, although he is sure he does not enjoy being a mere pawn in international politics. His ambivalence toward the U.S. is peculiar. While asserting his pride in being a Filipino Malay, his right and ability to run his own affairs, the injustice of being bullied and patronized by Americans, he eagerly apes his boss.

He wants to look like an advertisement in *Esquire*, and, indeed, his preoccupation with sartorial frippery often makes him look just like a high-waisted, shiny-haired little brown caricature of an American. He adopts American customs promptly and precisely; he gives Birthday Balls for his president, the proceeds of which go to victims of the Filipino president's affliction (tuberculosis); he concocts a radio program studiously imitating Clifton Fadiman and the Information Please experts.

The educated Filipino speaks idiomatic American-English (when he writes, however, he is apt to get high-toned and pretentious). His conversation is a brisk parody of your own 1941 slang and idioms. A month or so after "screwball," "oomph," "Fifth Column" or "heel" have come into common usage in the U.S., they have been adopted by the Manila Filipinos, 7,000 miles across the Pacific.

The poor, uneducated Filipino likes to have his small child scrubbed and combed and sent to the village school. There the boy will stay perhaps three years, and will

struggle to learn a little English which he will never use, since the only language spoken in that village is one of the 87 Philippine dialects. But the father derives a mysterious satisfaction out of the fact that his child is learning English. This eagerness for brief schooling has reduced illiteracy to about 50 per cent—not a bad record for 40 years, when you consider that 14 per cent of the people in South Carolina are still unable to read and write.

The Occidental influence is not always deep, but it is so enveloping that Filipinos are neither one thing nor the other. They are proud of being the only Christian nation in the Far East. Thanks to Spain and the Catholic padres, 90 per cent of the Filipinos profess Christianity, and look with horror on the unregenerate 10 per cent—the Mohammedans who wear turbans and sarongs, the pagans who wear only G strings. Yet even to the Catholic majority, Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary are no more real than the destructive spooks they call Aswangs. By day the Aswangs are handsome Filipino men and women, but at night they rub oil on their shoulders, sprout wings, take on horrid disguises and swoop down to kill the sick and the helpless, especially small babies.<sup>1</sup>

The Commonwealth of the Philippines is also called the only democracy in the Far East. As a matter of fact, like many another aspect of Philippine life, democracy is an Occidental veneer, and it is wearing rather thin these days. The Filipinos are heading straight and fast toward

<sup>1</sup> Filipino doctors attribute the high infant mortality rate to beriberi and a number of other diseases common to the Philippines.

dictatorship of the Latin American (not Mussolini) variety. The blueprints drawn up for the new state were all very fine—thoroughly American, 100 per cent democratic—and they were adopted enthusiastically, like everything else American. But fancy constitutions do not guarantee the real thing in Latin America or anywhere else. In the Philippines a one-party political setup and a rubber-stamp legislature obey every whim of a tempestuous Spanish-Filipino named Manuel Quezon, making the blueprints less effective and more purely decorative every year.

Filipinos follow their hypnotic leader even though they are scared of the course he is taking. President Quezon tells the world that his people want independence on schedule, come bankruptcy or the Japanese or both. Filipinos cheer him loudly, but are deeply wounded if an American says: "Sure, let's get rid of the Philippines—an economic nuisance, a military liability, a possession which risks involving us in a Far Eastern war."

Nothing enrages a Filipino politician more than to be told that he wants to have his cake and eat it too. Yet that is precisely the case. He wants all the advantages of a dependency and none of the disadvantages. He wants absolute freedom, but he wants to sell his products, duty free, to the U.S., and he wants the U.S. fleet to stand by in case of trouble. He can't have it all and he knows it.

Right now the Filipino is like a super in a gigantic Max Reinhardt spectacle. Churchill, Hitler, and Roosevelt—and Hirohito—occupy the limelight. But a baby spot has somehow cast its glaring light on the Filipino. All he

wants is to get off that stage, somehow, anyhow, but which way and how? Whatever he does is certain to be either tragic or silly.

The war in Europe and the war in Asia have pushed the Filipinos into a position from which there is no dignified retreat. Whichever way they turn they are caught. If they take the independence they crave they may well be committing national suicide. Because of their unhappy geographical position between Japan and the Dutch East Indies, which bulge with tempting goodies, they are the logical threshold for Japan's southward expansion.

The most northern Philippine island is 65 miles from the most southern island in the Japanese group. Look at a map and you will see that the natural course of Japanese ambitions southward is, step by step, from the Philippines to the Dutch islands (43 miles from Philippine territory) to British Malaya and Singapore. Then a swing eastward to Australia and New Zealand. Every time Japan threatens the Netherlands East Indies or insists on her right to a Monroe Doctrine of the East, Filipinos have every good reason to feel chills down their spine. In January Japan exercised her alleged right, by taking upon herself the settlement of the Thailand-French Indo-China war, thereby entrenching herself close to Singapore, the great British naval base. Intelligent Filipinos know that a New Order in the South Pacific can never be complete, or perhaps even possible, unless Japan eventually possesses Manila Bay and the Philippines.

If the Filipinos have no taste for national suicide they

can ask the U.S. Congress to repeal the independence law. They can beg, for the sake of their American markets and the comfort of the U.S. Asiatic fleet, to remain just as they are—a commonwealth under the U.S. flag. That looks like a perfectly safe if not very glorious exit. It is a retreat, however, that might mean political suicide for Manuel Quezon, who got where he is by whooping it up for independence-at-any-cost all his life. To ask for retention now would mean reneging on every speech he has made. So, he still shouts defiantly, "I will not beg! We must not falter!"

It is not yet 1946; there is still time to hesitate. What happens to Hitler and Hirohito, this year and next, on the front of that crowded stage will determine how the Filipino super gets out of his awkward spot. In all probability he will be brusquely shoved one way or the other by the rest of the cast.

So far he has heard no comforting words from the prompter in the wings. The fact is that the prompter hasn't the dimmest idea what to whisper to him. The U.S.A. does not know what to do about the Philippines and never has, from the very beginning.

### EMPIRE BY ACCIDENT

Most U.S. citizens know little and care less about the Philippines. To them a Filipino is a house servant or waiter and is vaguely confused with the Japanese. They

know dimly that there is (or was; they are not too clear) a Philippine Problem. A good many Americans believe that the Islands are already free and independent of the U.S. They are even unaware of buying or using any Philippine product, with the possible exception of cheap, hand-embroidered nightgowns and baby clothes. Or, are these from Puerto Rico?

Our Far Eastern imperialism has been both amateurish and half-hearted. No Kipling has made the Philippine archipelago romantic or even real. No new words have come into our language and no new foods to our table from that Oriental colony. While the British enjoy curry and use words like *pukka*, Americans have never taken to eating chicken *adobo* (stewed in vinegar and very good, too), or affected *mabuhay* as a handy word meaning both hello and good-bye. Nor are we inclined to sit spellbound while some old colonel, back from our Far Eastern empire, tells tales of bloody Philippine amoks and human head-hunting.

On the contrary, the resident of Manila, P.I., sourly complains that when he returns to "the States" he is greeted with the shocking gaff: "So, you're from Manila? Well, are they warming up for another revolution down there in Cuba?" It may not always be Cuba, but Manila more often than not is misplaced somewhere in the Caribbean or in South America. If, after this initial discouragement, the Manila American still has the courage to embark on a picturesque yarn about his houseboys, he is apt to be treated as a pretentious old bore. (Which he often is.)

## ORPHANS OF THE PACIFIC

We have 7,091 islands over there near the China coast, right at Japan's feet. This includes every little rock and atoll that sticks its head above water. Only 2,441 islands are consequential enough to have been given names. They add up to a territory about equal to the total of New England and New York State, and contain no less than 16,000,000 little brown brothers. Generally speaking we don't know or care about any of these dazzling facts. Generally speaking we never have.

We became involved with the Philippines almost by accident. We kept them half reluctantly, as if with a bad conscience or at least a confused one. In the 1930's our Congress decided that they were a menace to the U.S. farmer, so a law was passed to get rid of them for good. But, before the law becomes fully effective we may repeal it. If we do, it won't be because we need or want the Islands' wealth, nor even because we want to oblige the Filipinos, but quite simply because we don't like to make things too easy for Japan. If you want to place blame for this forty-year-old muddle, you must go back to Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1898, just before we declared war on the tottering Spanish kingdom, we were, as a people, quite unconscious of the fact that Spain owned anything in the Pacific. Young Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, knew it very well indeed, and thought about it often. Perhaps more than any other American of the time, he had gaudy dreams of empire. A few months before the war, Roosevelt saw to it that Admiral (then Commodore)

would merely tutor the Cubans in our democratic ways. It was somewhat embarrassing to discover, a bit later, that there were rebels in the Philippines, too.

Dewey got in touch with Emilio Aguinaldo, who was leader of the insurrectionists out there. History differs on what precise promises were made to Aguinaldo but certainly he was at first led to believe that the Filipinos were being liberated in just the same generous fashion as the Cubans. After a conference with some Americans in Hong Kong Aguinaldo arrived in Manila on a U.S. ship, just behind Dewey's fleet, and was given generous supplies to carry on the fight against Spain on land. A month later, however, Dewey got a cable from Washington forbidding him to form alliances with the insurrectionists which might involve the U.S. in their cause. Aguinaldo was thereby left without support.

By August hostilities with Spain were over, and at the peace conference a few months later the U.S. had a hard time making up its mind what to do about the Philippines. The peace commissioners went off to Paris without any instructions on this vexing matter. President McKinley himself, back in Washington, was uncertain and delayed sending word. It was difficult to reconcile the tipsy ambitions for empire resulting from Dewey's victory and the expressed policy that the U.S. didn't want to annex a thing.

Afterward McKinley told in detail how he wrestled with his conscience, appealed to his God, and came out triumphantly with a reason for holding on to the Islands:



"I thought first that we would take only Manila; then Luzon; then the other islands, perhaps also. I walked the floor of the White House night after night until midnight; and I am not ashamed to tell you, gentlemen, that I went down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for light and guidance more than one night. And one night late it came to me this way—I don't know how, but it came: 1) that we could not give them back to Spain—that would be cowardly and dishonorable; 2) that we could not turn them over to France or Germany—that would be bad business and discreditable; 3) that we could not leave them to themselves—they were unfit for self government—and they would soon have anarchy and misrule over there worse than Spain's was; and 4) that there was nothing left for us to do but to take them all and to educate the Filipinos and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could for them as our fellow men for whom Christ also died. And then I went to bed and went to sleep and slept soundly. . . ."

This pious rationalization agreed completely with many a sermon delivered from the evangelical pulpits of the day. The mission of Christianizing the Filipino was a peculiar one, since the Spanish padres had already done a pretty thorough job of baptizing the Islanders.

Spain was a trifle stubborn about giving up 7,000 islands to a victor who held at that time no more than the capital city of Manila. American cash finally turned the trick: the sum of \$20,000,000 was offered to Spain as payment for

whatever public works she had built in the Philippines during three centuries. Americans as a whole were not entirely happy about the bargain. Many of them believed that to take over any such colonial possession—against the will of the natives—was scarcely in line with our best traditions. And the Filipino insurrectionists at that very moment were making it uncomfortably plain that they did not welcome U.S. rule or uplift.

There was a long and heated debate in the Senate. The expansionists listed the glorious tropical wealth of the Islands—both real and imagined—and made staggering prophecies about the inevitable increase in our China trade. These sordidly materialistic arguments were well seasoned with godly talk à la McKinley. Opponents of the peace deal flatly asserted that to force our rule on the voteless brown men was a violation not only of our much-touted war aims, but of our Constitution and even of our Declaration of Independence. Only by the narrowest margin did the Senate come through with the two-thirds vote necessary to ratify the peace treaty.

It was easy enough for Dewey to knock out the Spanish fleet between dawn and noon, but it was no simple chore to convince the Filipinos that they ought to be civilized by Mr. McKinley. Preferring liberation to benevolent assimilation, they undertook to drive the Americans out of their Islands, or at least to prevent further penetration from Manila. They set up their own republic and it took a good three years and thousands of reinforcements from the U.S. before the rebels gave up. We chased Aguinaldo,

who once thought we were his ally, into the mountain fastnesses, finally caught up with him and forced his submission.

## PHILIPPINES FOR THE FILIPINOS

We didn't pay out \$20,000,000 merely for the privilege of improving the Filipinos; we were obviously tempted by heady notions of empire. Yet, strangely enough, once we had subdued the rebels, we set about governing them more in the spirit of McKinley's highfalutin' visions than as earnest, convinced empire builders. Perhaps it was the national conscience at work—although Americans very soon forgot all about the Philippines. Perhaps it was merely inexperience.

The early military government which lasted until 1902 was harsh, of course, and the behavior of U.S. soldiers was not always exemplary. In fact, Filipinos today bear one small scar from those faraway days. They still wince when they hear the two syllables, "monkey," recalling all too well the soldiers' impudent song: "The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga."

Although most of the Filipinos were compelled to toe the line by 1902, the Mohammedans or Moros in the south resisted for several years afterward. By 1913, after two major battles which might better be called gory massacres, the Moros quieted down. Even now, however, they are sullen about being ruled by Christians. There were sporadic outbursts of violence from the pagan head-hunt-

ers in the north, too. As late as 1940, some of these people have reverted to their ancient habit of chopping off their enemies' heads.

In spite of the bloody preliminaries, the pious spirit of reform prevailed. Schoolteachers were dispatched by the boatload and sent into remote villages to set up their desks in grass huts. A vigorous health campaign was started to rid the Islands of cholera, bubonic plague, and smallpox. People were vaccinated in droves, hospitals were built, lepers were shipped off to an island home. Artesian wells were drilled to cut down the various diseases conveyed by polluted water. It was all undertaken with fierce determination and carried out with amazing efficiency.

Today you rarely see a pockmarked Filipino although the scars were once almost a facial characteristic of the race. Cholera has disappeared, and lepers are seldom found at large today. The most obvious monument to American rule is the simple sign one sees everywhere in the Islands: DRINKING WATER, which marks the location of the village well. Although the death rate is still twice that in the U.S., it is a good deal lower than in near-by Oriental countries. Filipinos still have beriberi, and yaws and tuberculosis and all sorts of intestinal parasites. Sewage disposal is a phenomenon known only in the big cities and a few industrial labor camps. Nevertheless the health job was well done; the most deadly diseases were stamped out or put under control.

The schools and the wells and the leper homes were not, however, charitable gifts from American taxpayers.

The Filipinos paid for their uplift, from the salary of the Governor General to the roads and the village well. The U.S. Congress made just one appropriation, specifically, to help the Filipinos. You and I, many years ago, paid out \$3,000,000 to help rid the Islands of rinderpest, a cattle disease.

When William Howard Taft, the first civil governor of the Philippines, coined the slogan "The Philippines for the Filipinos" England and the Netherlands must have thought the American colonial policy not only rankly amateur but outlandishly sentimental. From the very beginning, American administrators bent over backwards to avoid treating the Islands as a colony and a people to be milked by U.S. business. American capital has never been able to feel that the Islands offered an easy, safe bonanza. The result is that U.S. direct investments in the Philippines are far smaller than they are in Chile or Mexico.

Although Americans have always enjoyed equal rights with Filipinos and some of them have built up tidy fortunes, they have always had hanging over them the threat of eventual independence and with it perhaps discriminatory legislation against them as foreigners. The American Chamber of Commerce in Manila, which has never warmly endorsed U.S. colonial policy, has fulminated in vain: "We are here by right, we are here by conquest, and we have a title by purchase. We are here as possessors and we are here as sovereigns; we are here as owners and controllers of absolute sovereignty." Selah.

The various Governor Generals attacked their job with

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a studiously high-minded intention of doing well by their Filipino wards. What was deemed "good" for the little brown brother differed considerably, depending on whether the Democrats or the Republicans were in power in Washington. Each Democratic administration yielded more home rule to the Filipinos, each Republican regime stiffened or held firm the reins. The effect on the Filipino has been just about what you might expect.

Although he has not been kicked around by the Americans, he has been patronized. He has been patted on the head like a child and told that if he tries very, very hard he may one day grow up to be like his big white father. Sometimes he has been told it sweetly, other times gruffly. The Democrats have used, so to speak, the Progressive, Montessori method of education: the child must learn by doing, and must not be talked down to. The Republicans have stuck to the little red schoolhouse rules: until the child is finally grown up he should know his place, be seen and not heard. The Filipino, after all this, winds up a creature without much racial pride, with a deep sense of inferiority, and with that extraordinary ambivalence, already noted, toward Americans.

From the beginning the natives were given jobs in the Government, and as early as 1907 they had control of the lower house of their legislature. With clamorous monotony their political leaders "demanded" independence. In answer to these cries for the whole loaf, the Filipinos gained crumbs or slices of autonomy, from the Democrats, while if the Republicans were in office, they usually wasted

their breath and grew hoarse in futile efforts. For example, under Woodrow Wilson Congress came close to passing a law to free the Filipinos altogether, but ended by giving them full legislative powers at home, subject only to the Governor General's veto.

Then, under Harding, a Commission was sent out to investigate conditions in the Islands. It reported that the Filipinos had made a hopeless mess of running their country, had brought it to the edge of bankruptcy, and had learned enough about political shenanigans to deserve the congratulations of Tammany Hall. Thereupon the Republicans cracked down and independence cries to Washington were rendered temporarily useless.

Finally, in 1934, the Filipinos got their Commonwealth and the promise of absolute freedom in 1946. The U.S. Congress did not write this law, however, because it was "good" for the Filipinos, or because the child had at last grown up to be like his big father. Congress quite simply wanted to keep certain Philippine products out of the U.S. market; a tariff could not be put on these things until the Islands were free.

That the Commonwealth today is the only democracy in the Far East is a compliment rejected even by some of the native politicians who describe their Government quite otherwise. They say it is nothing more nor less than a "Eunuch State," because it cannot decide its foreign policy, or what people it can invite in as immigrants, and it can not put a tariff on Frigidaires or any other import if it wants to. Until 1946 all such decisions are up to Wash-

ington, D.C. Practically everything else is decided by the Filipinos for themselves even though a U.S. High Commissioner lives in Manila, standing guard like a cop without a nightstick or gun.

Thanks to American rule the Filipinos lay claim to the highest standard of living in the Orient. Because of free trade privileges with the U.S., Philippine production has boomed—sugar, coconut oil, cigars, rope, etc. Most of these go to the American market, and most of them, too, give Philippine labor the munificent wage of 50 cents a day. That is the industrial, urban minimum in the Islands, and it is considerably higher than the Far Eastern level. It permits a native to put more rice into his family's stomachs than ever before. He can also buy a few American-made shirts for himself and perhaps, on easy time-payments, a Singer sewing machine for his wife.

The rural Filipinos, the sharecroppers who make up the bulk of the population, get no such splendid wages. They are lucky indeed if 50 dollars in cash passes through their hands in a year. They don't get enough rice to nourish themselves properly; the bananas that yield all year round and the fish in the streams don't make up an adequate diet. Their feudal status has remained just about the same under Spain, the U.S.A., and the Philippine Commonwealth.

If Filipinos go through with their independence in 1946, most of their exports to the U.S. (much more than half the total) will collapse because they cannot stand the tariff which will then be applied. Jaunty Filipino politi-



## CHAPTER TWO

# MANILA

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*MANILA* is emphatically not one of the world's beautiful cities, even though the approach by sea is dramatic. In other words, Manila Bay is handsome, but Manila city is not. The bay is a great crescent, backed by distant hills and mountains. Corregidor, a formidable rocklike island, stands threateningly at the entrance of the bay. There is a U.S. Army post on it, but the fortifications of Corregidor have not been added to since 1922, by agreement with Japan. Whether Japan has kept her side of the bargain by not fortifying her mandated islands just east of the Philippines is extremely doubtful.<sup>1</sup> Corregidor seems impressively ominous as your ship passes. No curious visitors are allowed on Manila Bay's Gibraltar to count its 16-inch guns.

The southern arm of the bay has another, far less ominous-looking fortification. Offshore is a rigid old-fashioned-looking battleship. The stormiest waves in the worst tropical typhoons do not cause this ship to tremble or yield,

<sup>1</sup> These islands once belonged to Germany. Japan inherited them after the first World War.

for it is a concrete-filled structure, mounted on a solid rock by the U.S. Army years ago. However effective its guns and small detachment of soldiers may be to co-operate with Corregidor in defense of the huge bay, that stiff battleship could not be mistaken by the enemy for a seagoing man-of-war. Well within the bay on the southern arm are the three tall radio towers of Cavite, headquarters of the U.S. Asiatic fleet, where there resides an American Admiral. He lives in the Comandancia, an ancient and lovely structure built to house the gentleman who once commanded Spain's Pacific squadron.

On the northern arm of the bay, dimly visible from the ship, is the tall blue form of Mariveles Mountain. Since the length of the crescent which is Manila Bay is something like 100 miles, none of the shore geography is clear to the incoming ship. At the end is Manila, and Pier 7, which Filipinos call the longest covered pier in the world. (The city also boasts "the second largest steam laundry in the world.")

If it is the rainy season (our summer and fall), the ship has met first a few then many straggly plants of the purple water hyacinth—the very same plant that clogs the bayous in Louisiana. They have come from the muddy little Pasig River, which cuts through the heart of Manila. A good part of the year the passage is nearly covered with these plants. Sampans, working their way down the river, break them loose, and they float out to sea by the thousands. Some of them, no doubt, are crushed, finally, against the unyielding side of the concrete battleship. Fili-

pinos blame the Japanese for the flowers in the Pasig River, and consider the purple hyacinth the first instance of Japanese infiltration. But scholarly opinion refutes this statement; it accuses a Manila woman of having imported the plant from Australia for her garden pool.

Manila is disappointing because it is flat and low. Cities like Rio de Janeiro, San Francisco, and Hong Kong are impressive because they reveal at once a startling contour. Manila is unrelievedly flat. To get any sense of the city, you have to take out a map and prow around. Get up on the tallest building and you will simply see a little more of the bay, a greater area of flatness, and the far-distant hills and mountains. As you would expect, the city is partly very old Spanish, and partly very new American. The old walled city, Intramuros, is filled with Spanish details to interest the historian. The new buildings are as American as those in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The United States High Commissioner, currently Francis B. Sayre, son-in-law of the late Woodrow Wilson, who looks strangely like the photographs of Wilson as a young man, lives in a new monumental structure facing the bay. Stories persist that the plans for this \$500,000 building originally provided for fireplaces and a heating system. The architects back in the U.S.A., the story goes, were as vague as most Americans about the location of Manila, P.I. The residence has been called "a monument to American inability to understand the Philippines." The hotels and many big, pretentious houses—American, Spanish, Filipino—face the bay. Other rich people live a few miles

back of the city on land just a little higher and cooler.

Without doubt, the most distinguished piece of architecture in the whole city is Malacañang Palace. It is on the Pasig River, and is set behind a big lawn with handsome trees. There lives Manuel Quezon, President of the Commonwealth. Americans in Manila complain that the U.S. should not have relinquished Malacañang Palace, symbol for many generations of Spanish mastery, then of U.S. rule, until the Filipinos actually got their independence. However, Filipinos wanted Malacañang, and quite understandably, as soon as they had a President and a Commonwealth. Today the words: "Malacañang has decided," "Malacañang denies," "Malacañang refuses," in the daily newspapers at last mean that a Filipino has spoken from the traditional seat of authority. All cars must slow down to a snail's pace of 15 miles an hour when they pass Malacañang Palace. Filipinos, doubtless, feel proud to do so.

### THE CALESA

Manila has its own social register, but it is not a book. The lower the number on the license plate of the car, the greater the local importance of the owner. The American High Commissioner and his staff have special license plates—so they form a separate caste outside the social register. In the Philippine nomenclature, President Manuel Quezon, of course, is PI-1. There was something approaching a governmental crisis over license plates when the Common-

wealth Government was formed: After the President and Vice-President, who was Number 3 Man? There was no true precedent in the U.S., for Number 3 in the U.S. is Secretary of State. Since the Commonwealth is still denied the right to manage its foreign policy, there is no Secretary of State. Finally PI-3 was granted to the Speaker of the Assembly. After top government officials are provided for, there is a mad social scramble to get low numbers. Even the Americans, if they are not employed by the U.S. Government and therefore cannot have special American numbers, enter the strenuous competition for low Philippine numbers.

Rich Filipinos, Spaniards, and Americans usually have chauffeurs. They are cheap—\$15 or \$20 a month—and worth a great deal more, since driving in Manila is as trying as anywhere in the world. If you have no car, but are a fairly well-to-do visitor, you use taxis. They vary from trim new jobs to groaning, springless, creaking old mechanisms. Taxi-drivers are absolutely fearless, and show no mercy whatever for fowl or beast as they speed through Manila's suburbs. They care not at all if a chicken is destroyed, or if they crush a skinny dog lying in the hot road without the energy to rise even if he had time. The owners of such domestic animals don't seem to care, either. Big fat sows and hogs, however, command the respect of taxi-drivers. Perhaps the impact would do more damage to the taxi than the hog.

Once you get used to the driver's callous disregard for living things, there remains the *calesa*. This is the horse-

drawn taxicab of the poor, and it makes a hysterical confusion out of Manila's busy downtown traffic. It is a very fancy little two-wheeled carriage, carrying two, possibly three passengers, with the driver alone up front. Often it is vividly painted, perhaps red, with all sorts of fancy scroll-and-flower decorations. It is drawn by a miniature horse. All horses in the Islands, except those imported by the rich polo-players, are stunted creatures. They are often underfed and skinny, too. The harness is usually bravely bedizened with elaborate brass decorations, which look and are heavy. If these gaudy metal trappings are kept shiny, as they sometimes are, and if the *calesa* has a spanking new coat of paint, the whole get-up is fantastically elegant in a Victorian way.

The *cochero* (driver), sitting up in front of the passengers, is usually a very solemn fellow. As his passenger alights, he places over the top of the wheel a straw covering, so that when the customer braces himself on the wheel his hand doesn't get soiled. Since many of the poorer women wear their native costumes, a Filipina going to market in her fluffy-sleeved, bright dress, sitting in a *calesa*, looks far more elegant than Mrs. Sayre or Mrs. Quezon do in their long black limousines. Well-to-do people, Americans and Filipinos, never ride in *calesas*. Only late at night, after several drinks, could they feel raffish enough to use the poor man's taxi.

The *calesas* are a traffic hazard for a number of reasons. Most of them are in a sorry physical state. The wheels wobble at crazy angles. If a taxi whacks one, ever so

lightly, the *calesa* collapses completely. On a rainy day the midget horse can hardly keep his footing on the cobblestones of the old Walled City. He minces along, a few inches at a time, and often goes down in a heap. But driving in Manila is hazardous mostly because 7,000 fragile *calesas* are a few thousand too many for a modern city crowded with automobiles. They hold up traffic, and they defy all rules. The *cochero*, who has a reputation for extreme brazenness, slips in and out among automobiles with chilling trepidation. In the hopeless traffic tangles on the bridges leading to the center of Manila, there is frequent destruction, and you often see a *cochero* loudly arguing with a driver of a car that has just nicked a wobbly vehicle.

The problem of the *calesa* is eternal. Every once in a while indignation over Manila's traffic problem becomes so intense that the Government decides to "do something." The *calesa* drivers will be given little autobusses on easy terms—and thus the archaic vehicle will disappear. Then there is an immediate and furious uproar. Not only the *calesa* drivers set up a yell. They may number only 7,000, but there are an unknown number of people in related trades. There are those who gather grass, tie it into bundles for feed, and sell it to the *calesa*-owners. There are the men who sell and repair the harness. There are those who buy old automobile tires and fashion them into rubber coverings for the *calesa* wheels. There are, in fact, too many poor people connected with the *calesa*. The *cocheros* don't know how to drive autobusses and are afraid they would not get in on the new kind of transpor-

tation. They and all their friends and all the allied "industries" yell loudly. Various men in the Government retreat quickly and say, "The autobus idea wasn't *mine*." It dies. Or the city decides that *calesas* must be barred from one of the bridges leading to the commercial district of the city. But the *cocheros* set a day when they will stage a demonstration in defiance of the ruling. They descend in full force, thousands of them, at a certain time, and proceed together over that forbidden bridge. Any rules or regulations aimed at the *calesa* become the most grievous antipoor discrimination—something a politician cannot afford to go through with, since the "*calesa* vote" can decide Manila's municipal elections. The city's traffic therefore continues to be a messy confusion of anachronistic, if picturesque, vehicles.

## THE HEAT

Manila is hot, stickily, depressingly, incredibly hot—hotter than Pará, Brazil, which is nearly on the equator; hotter than Zamboanga, far south of Manila in the Philippine Islands. No matter what the thermometer may prove, Manila is hard for a newcomer to endure. All day his clothes are damp. He sleeps with difficulty, unless he lives in the air-conditioned Manila Hotel. He wakes with his hair damp, his pillow damp, his pajamas damp. Perhaps Manila's setting is such that the good breezes are cut off. Perhaps it is humid because it is low and flat. There is



some relief in the winter months, the rainy season. But then the weather seems always to be working itself up into a minor or a major typhoon. People tell you, "There is a depression," which merely means that the sultry air and the barometer itself indicate that a storm is brewing. The typhoon signals will soon go up in the center of Manila to warn precisely what kind of storm is approaching. It may be a walloping typhoon that will strike near Manila. The ships will remain in the bay. Pan American's clipper, over in Cavite, will not leave for Hong Kong or Guam (depending on which way she is headed). If the typhoon strikes near Manila, it may knock down hundreds of fragile bamboo and palm houses. It may destroy the rice and sugar crops outside the city. Often enough Manila gets only the spent end, the tail, of the typhoon—just a harmless, heavy rain which relieves the sultriness.

If the newcomer complains of the heat and humidity in the fall and winter months, people say, "You don't know what heat is until you have been here in April and May." Soon you learn to move slowly, waste no motion, seek the shady side of the street, rest at noon, and endure it. If you look for a cool white afternoon dress in Heacock's big air-conditioned department store in January, you will have trouble. The colors are dark blue and black, for American women in Manila, heat or no heat, stubbornly celebrate the seasons. When Mrs. Francis B. Sayre gives a tea in January, no American woman feels properly dressed unless she is clothed in dark colors, no matter what the thermometer says.

the smell of copra is, of course, totally submerged under more intense odors.

## THE INSECTS

Besides that sweetish, not unpleasant smell, copra brings to Manila a little black bug. The better interisland steamers (and some are very fine ships indeed) will not carry copra. On a copra-carrying vessel, the bug appears in alarming numbers in the dining-salon. A good deal bigger than a flea, but considerably smaller than a ladybug, the copra bug is jet-black—and quite harmless. Its occasional appearance in Manila hotel dining-rooms is no real annoyance.

The really distinguished creature—as much a part of Philippine metropolitan life as the ugly lumbering water buffalo is of rural life—is the house lizard. It crawls around the walls and ceilings in Manila's finest homes and hotels. It is everywhere in the Islands. Grayish in color, it is usually two or three inches long. It moves very fast, its curly tail giving it the appearance of moving even faster than it actually does. It makes a queer chirping noise. If you try to pick one up by the tail, the body and tail separate and the body wriggles off. To kill one is bad luck—and stupid, too, since the creature lives on house ants. The only fault the lizard commits is to lose its footing on the ceiling and fall, cold and unexpected, on your body or on your dinner table. But this rarely hap-

pens. Soon you become as fond of the lizards as you are of crickets back home. If you want to avoid having one drop on your face at night, you can sleep under a netting. You will do that anyhow to avoid mosquitoes, if you are a newcomer.

People who have lived in the Islands for some time are not bitten by mosquitoes. They say their blood has thinned, and they stick to that story. Whatever the reason, a newcomer can go nearly crazy with mosquitoes biting his ankles in a roomful of people who are not being attacked at all. Courteous hosts, Filipinos and Americans, realizing the susceptibility of newcomers, usually provide a punk-stick gadget. This, kept burning at your feet, is a fairly good protection. In a restaurant, if you start digging at your ankles a waiter can be induced to come by periodically and apply a Flit gun vigorously under the tablecloth.

The netting is a good idea for protection, not only against the common mosquito, but also against the dengue mosquito. You almost certainly will not die if you get dengue fever,<sup>1</sup> but you can become extremely ill, with a high fever for a few days. And you will be left very weak. But "flu" at home would do all of those things. The visitor in Manila, as in all tropical cities, is apt to worry a great deal about diseases. Yet Manila's water supply is just as good as that in your own home city. The rule about not eating uncooked native vegetables should be observed. Lettuce that has traveled more than three weeks from San Francisco

<sup>1</sup> It is sometimes called, incongruously, dandy fever, or, appropriately, break-bone fever, and has been known to occur in Philadelphia.

may not make the tastiest salad, but the local lettuce, grown in the mountains near the city of Baguio, is not entirely safe. In fact, dysentery in Manila is sometimes lightly referred to as Baguio trot. Other diseases—such as yaws, which is contagious and behaves like syphilis, although it is not a venereal disease—are horrible to contemplate. But the sooner the visitor decides to forget such things as yaws, leprosy (of which you see few victims), trachoma, and the more obscure ailments—such as cerebral malaria and intestinal mold—the better. If he begins to think about intestinal mold, for example, and is told that this can be cured only by eating fresh strawberries, which in turn may give him amoebic dysentery, he may collapse from nerves long before he gets any of these things. He might as well realize that he could get a lot of queer and horrid diseases at home. New names in new places scare him.

There is, finally, one insect common throughout the Islands which does not trouble the American, but which seems to be a major preoccupation of the average native woman. It is the *cuto* in her hair. Most of the women have long straight black hair. Its luxuriance may be due to the generous application of coconut oil, which keeps it shiny and healthy. But it seems to harbor lice (*cutos*). Women sit by the hour combing each other's hair, squashing the lice, when caught, with their fingernails. There is strong indication that the constant hair-combing is a pleasant and relaxing sensual experience. Once in a while you see a tandem arrangement: three women sitting in the shade, lined

up one behind the other, two of them having their hair combed. Perhaps, too, the everlasting combing, like the coconut oil, contributes to the exuberant, healthy growth of the hair.

### FIVE O'CLOCK

As in other tropical cities, people in Manila get up very early. By eight o'clock the city is well at work. Everything shuts down from twelve to two, when it is wise to rest after lunch. A good many women, prolonging the siesta, do not consider that the afternoon has begun until after three-thirty. At five, social life begins. A rich Filipino family will by then have everything ready for *merienda*. Scores of people will come in for what might be called a heavy tea. A long table groans under the weight of all kinds of rich and delicious food, sweets and otherwise. Women and men tend to get off in separate groups for conversation. A *merienda* lasts until around eight.

Soon after five, too, there are cocktail parties, American and Spanish. Club life is going strong. Americans are playing tennis, badminton, bowling, or polo at the Manila Polo Club (no Filipino members). The Spanish are up to much the same thing at the other polo club, Los Tamaraos—which does admit Filipinos and was formed in protest against the American outfit. There are men riding along the sea on horses. There is golf at the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club, the most cosmopolitan of all Manila's clubs, where Japanese and Chinese join Filipinos and

Americans. People, especially the Americans, are consuming vast quantities of Scotch whisky at all of these clubs, as well as at the University and Army and Navy clubs in the center of Manila. Most of the clubs face Manila Bay (Wack Wack excepted) and give excellent grandstand seats for the best show that Manila puts on: the sunset.

Perhaps a good many people in Manila take the sunset for granted. There is at least one who does not. Each day, soon after five, an elderly man, thin, white-haired, blue-eyed, appears at a table in the garden of the Manila Hotel. Often some friends join him. He is H. Foster Bain, once head of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, today special adviser to the Philippine Government on mining matters. He rarely misses his ritual of watching the sun go down. His daily preoccupation with the sunset is no affectation. It is, quite simply, his form of rest.

Whatever extravagant prose has been written about Manila's sunsets is certainly deserved. Join Foster Bain for a drink and see for yourself. Your back is toward the handsome, government-owned Manila Hotel. You are looking out on Manila Bay, beyond which is the China Sea. The two great arms of the bay are only dimly visible. If conditions are perfect, you may see the faint outline of Mariveles Mountain. You will surely see the lacy forms of the three Cavite radio towers, with red lights atop. Beyond them is the low, faint line of hills which to some imaginative persons resembles a sleeping woman. A part of the U.S. Asiatic fleet rides at anchor across the foreground of your view. Perhaps a merchant vessel is coming in to tie up

at Pier 7. In the immediate foreground, between you and the U.S. fleet, is the *Casiana*, a slick-lined white yacht once owned by Edward Doheny and now the precious toy of President Manuel Quezon.

The sun drops suddenly in Manila, as elsewhere in the tropics. There is no twilight after sundown. But long before the sun goes down there is an enormous and spectacularly changing cloud and color display. It covers well over half the heavens, and its brilliant colors change rapidly. From the Manila Hotel garden there is the whole sweep of the bay for reflection, and there is the pattern of the fleet, turning in color from light gray to sinister black, to give drama to the foreground.

"It was higher and more brilliant tonight than last night," is all that H. Foster Bain says as the last bright streak fades from the sky.

### TEN O'CLOCK

Thirty guests have been invited to dinner at the home of Salvador Araneta, a prominent Harvard-educated Manila lawyer, active in the movement for "re-examination," which is a euphemism for "retention." His group suggests restudying the problem of 1946 independence, and offers, tentatively, dominion status as an alternative. He is a tall, heavily built man, quite unlike most Filipinos, who are short and wiry. There is clear evidence in his features of Chinese blood. This is characteristic of many of the lead-

ers of Philippine government and business life, for the Chinese have been in the Islands a long time.

Salvador Araneta's wife, Victoria, comes of a family of sugar planters. She, too, seems to have some Chinese blood. She is small, pretty, gay. She is interested in virtually all the good charitable causes in Manila, although a home for tubercular children has been, for years, her pet cause. In recent years, Victoria Araneta has had literary ambitions; in 1940, her first book, a novel based on the life of the Philippine national hero José Rizal, was published.

The Araneta house is a big, ornate, Spanish affair set on a hill, with gardens below. It is filled with Spanish art treasures picked up in the Islands. Its large chapel was finished just in time for the Eucharistic Congress held in Manila in 1937, for Victoria Araneta is a devout Catholic. And because she is also a devoutly patriotic Filipina, there is a big "Philippine room" in the house, a rich version of a poor Filipino's shack, with bamboo flooring.

The last guest arrives at ten o'clock. Meanwhile the men and women—separately—have been served cocktails. The women are seated on a semicircular veranda. All are dressed in Philippine native dress. This is, except for materials used, the same as the poor Filipina wears when she dresses up and drives to market in a *calesa*. The *mes-tiza* dress, as they call it, is characterized by a blouse with puffy sleeves and a wide upstanding bertha shoulder and neckline. The material of the blouse is a thin but stiff, wiry cloth. It is very scratchy to wear until you get used to



it and there is an art in properly folding the shoulderpiece, which must be carefully learned. It provides a flattering frame for a woman's neck and face. Filipinas, especially young women, have small, pretty faces and lovely necks. The skirt is often of a different color and invariably of a different, softer fabric. Usually for formal wear—and the well-to-do Filipina uses the native costume only for formal occasions—the skirt has a train. Thus all the women on Mrs. Araneta's veranda, sitting in a semicircle, are dressed identically as to design, but the fabrics vary widely in color and richness. The resulting formality is very pleasing. The women speak in soft voices and have gentle manners. Only a few of them are drinking cocktails.

The men are inside, in the great high-ceilinged drawing-room with its heavily carved Spanish furniture and its enormous paintings by Fernando Amorsolo, the fashionable Filipino painter whose work makes up in size for what it lacks in distinction. The men, too, are dressed in native Philippine costume. They wear black trousers and a shirt that is open at the neck and not tucked in at the waist. This shirt, called *barong tagalog*, is often of a pastel shade, and is made of organdy-thin piña cloth—woven from the fiber of pineapple leaves. It is invariably embroidered, sometimes elaborately, sometimes very simply. Some of the well-to-do Filipinos, especially prominent government officials, wear the *barong tagalog* to work. The poor, of course, wear it even more commonly. Americans laugh at Filipinos for "wearing their shirt tails out," but they would do better to adopt the custom than to jeer at it.

For the *barong tagalog* makes a great deal more sense as tropical apparel than the conventional stiff-collared shirt and linen suit of the American.

Victoria Araneta is relieved because it is a lovely starry night. The guests finally move out to a big terrace. The huge oval table, seating thirty-two, looks small on that vast terrace. Yet it is so large that the life-sized marble figure of a human is not an incongruous centerpiece. Along one side of the terrace are large traveler's palms, their flat forms shaped like pie quarters, outlined sharply against the black sky. The gardens below the terrace are illuminated for the evening. The terrace is lighted by electricity, but at four points, as if to define the dining-area of the big expanse, are four gigantic candelabra. The yellow flame blows in the soft breeze, the wax piles up in fantastic shapes under the candles. A dozen men servants dressed in white move softly to remove plates and serve the food, cooked American style. They are, after the fashion of Manila domestics, barefoot.

The guests speak softly. A Philippine dinner party lacks utterly the determined animation of an American party. There is no strenuous effort at repartee. The women are quiet, modest. (Many Filipinas, still influenced by Spanish tradition, never go out in public with their husbands.) After dinner the guests wander about in groups on the terraces and porches and in the gardens—men and women together now. There are among the guests several important government officials. In a real sense they lead the so-

## CHAPTER THREE

### THE CHRISTIAN FILIPINO

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*HE MAY* be a pagan with his chest elaborately tattooed and with only a bright red G string for clothing. He may be a Mohammedan wearing a velvet fez and gaudy loose pants. He may be a Manila politician wearing clothes just like yours. In any case, the Filipino is of Malayan-Indonesian origin. He is light brown in color, small and wiry in build. He differs vastly from the Polynesians whose heavy, voluptuous bodies you see glorified in Hawaii Tourist Bureau advertising. He is more like his Oriental neighbors, the Chinese and the Japanese.

After you have been in the Islands for a while, you forget how small the Filipino is, only to be sharply reminded of that fact every time you see him standing near an American. If you visit Tom's Dixie Kitchen (a café run by an American Negro) or Santa Ana ("World's Biggest Dance Floor") in Manila and see an American sailor dancing with a tiny native girl, the sailor looks gigantic. If he is sober and personable, he looks like a superman. If he is drunk and unkempt, he looks like a monster.

A Filipino politician running for national office can

reach a big majority of his people if he knows two dialects besides English. For out of the total of 87, two are used by well over half the total population. They are Tagalog (pronounced Ta-gál-ug) and Visayan (Vee-sýe-un). The Tagalogs live on the big island of Luzon, in Manila and the country back of the city. The Visayans are on the islands which lie between Luzon and the other big, rich island of Mindanao. Though both the Tagalogs and the Visayans are each perfectly sure that they are the superior Filipinos, actually there is very little apparent or real difference between them.

President Manuel Quezon is a Tagalog, having been born a hundred or so miles from Manila. Therefore he has decided that when the Stars and Stripes go down in 1946, Tagalog will be language of the schools and eventually of all the people. This plan does not set at all well with the Visayans, who, besides feeling superior to all other Filipinos, know that they outnumber the Tagalogs two to one. They claim, with obvious justice, that their language, spoken by no less than 7,000,000 Filipinos, ought to be the one chosen. Most of the other groups in the Islands are equally jealous of the Tagalogs, who, they feel, have grabbed off altogether too much political power and too many well-paid jobs. They, too, consider it presumptuous of the Tagalogs to threaten to jam their own dialect down every Filipino's throat.

One could argue forever about who are the best Filipinos. Many an impartial observer will agree with the Christian Ilocanos, who declare that they are superior

because their love of the land is deepest and because they are the most frugal in a country where frugality is a rare virtue. Other outsiders would eliminate from consideration 90 per cent of the population, which is to say all the Christians who have acquired an Occidental veneer through the Spanish Church and the U.S. democratic doctrine. These cynics would nominate as the finest Filipinos a small minority—the pagans who live high in the northern mountains. Such a judgment deeply offends the Christian Filipino, who is ashamed of these “half-naked, uncivilized tribes,” even though they are a strong, resistant people, with an ancient culture of their own. We shall return to the pagan minority after we have seen something of the Christian Filipinos, who are, because of their numbers, typical.

### THE TOWN

A Philippine town, whether inhabited by Visayans or Tagalogs, is as standard as an old Vermont village. Clustered along the road are flimsy straw-colored shacks, mounted on thin posts and surrounded by bare earth. The obvious center of the town is the old Spanish church, facing an open plaza. Near by is a school to which the poor Filipino proudly sends his child for a few years. There is always an open market place where the housewife goes, all dressed up, in the morning to get a few things and to gossip, and where, by eleven o'clock, the meat, hanging in the dreadful heat, is a nauseating sight. There is usually

a cockpit, with precariously built tiers of narrow wooden benches rising above the ring, because the Filipino's favorite sport is to bet on the cocks, preferably his own entries. There is at least one store kept by a Chinese who is both shopkeeper and small-loan banker. Practically all the poor Filipinos in town owe him money. They call him abusive and dirty names when they come in to buy, but almost every one of them would be only too happy if the Chinese storekeeper would take it into his head to marry their daughter. They would then always be certain—the whole family of Filipinos—of rice and dried fish. The Chinese *tienda* (store) and the Chinese himself look miserably poor. Actually, he may be the richest man in town.

The big Spanish church that faces the plaza and dominates the town was built by the sweat of hundreds of unpaid Indios, as the Spanish called their Filipino subjects. Too often it is in a dreary state of decay. The roof, which originally was made of wood, has been burned. Ugly sheets of corrugated iron, put on at careless angles, now top the beautifully proportioned, richly sculptured stone structure. Big green plants grow exuberantly out of the crevices between the stones. The yard between the church and the plaza has been neglected. Pigs and chickens wander across the lawn. Perhaps someone has spread laundry out to dry on what little grass there is. The interior of the church is often as dirty and run-down as you would expect from looking at the outside. The floor is dusty; bats cheep and squeal high up near the ceiling and give a nasty acrid smell to the whole interior.

But the church, for all its sorry decay, is still important in the lives of the people. When there is a death in the family, a Filipino must borrow from the Chinese merchant or his landlord. He throws a big party, hires a brass band to play spirited music, and invites all his friends to come and eat. He must pay the padre a fee, depending on how far down the nave of the church he wants the mass said. Of course he would like it to be as close as possible to the altar. If he wants the priest to go to the cemetery for the burial, he must pay more. For space in the cemetery he will pay a low price if he is willing to have other corpses put in above his own dead, but it will cost him much more to have a private grave or niche. The whole business, from brass band and food to graveyard space and the padre's fees, will put him more deeply than ever in debt to the Chinese shopkeeper.

As inevitable as the great stone church is a statue which is always set up on the plaza. The figure is exactly the same in every town: a little man who wears what, in the intense heat, looks ridiculously like a heavy overcoat. Actually he is wearing a long Prince Albert. The man is José Rizal, the national hero, the George Washington of the Philippines, and a great human being by any standards. Europe recognized his achievements as an oculist, followed his discoveries and sought his attentions. He was something of a painter and a sculptor, too. He was an ethnologist, and his collection went to a Dresden museum. He was a zoologist and a linguist. But for none of these reasons do the Filipinos put up statues to him.

Rizal wrote, besides poetry and novels, stinging criticism of Spain's oppression of the Filipinos. For writing brilliantly, bitterly, and insistently against the Spanish rule, Rizal was killed. Filipinos know that the shot which killed Rizal roused them to revolt against the Spaniards and, as a continuation of that rebellion, to resist the American invasion. Every schoolboy is stirred by the story of Rizal's execution. As he walked across a field to the place where he was to be shot, a Spanish doctor felt his pulse. It was normal. Rizal asked the Spaniards to allow him to face the firing squad. They refused. He stood with his back to them. They fired, and in the split second between being shot and dying, Rizal wrenched his body around in order to fall face upwards. Filipinos like to think that that shot signaled the end of the Spanish Empire.

Somewhere near the plaza with its statue of Rizal and its old church is certain to be the school, which is as neat and trim as the church is untidy. The school is usually of very simple construction. It is set in a yard planted with flowers and grass, tended by the children. Often a vine, perhaps a shrieking red bougainvillea, climbs over the roof. Neat paths lead to the "Boys" and "Girls" outbuildings. The school is an oasis of man-made order and green, growing things in the most dreary Philippine town. And the children live up to it. They set out each morning all dressed up in shining-clean clothes, their hair combed perfectly. The average child stays in school only three or four years. Although most of his effort is spent in learning English, he perhaps learns a little—too little—about



health and sanitation: the need to use only pure water, and so on. He is vaccinated. He certainly learns something about Rizal, for the Americans who insisted on building schools and teaching English also encouraged the Filipinos to immortalize Rizal through the schools.

Near the town there are always some dense clumps of willowy, soft-green bamboo trees. They give a restful shade to men and animals in this tropical heat. When the wind blows, they snap and crackle weirdly. But they are much more than delicate beauty, grateful shade, and strange noises. They provide, free, the basic material for the Filipino's home. The rest of it comes, also free, from a near-by swamp where the nipa palm, a relatively low-growing fernlike plant, thrives.

### THE HOUSE

The nipa shacks in the village are huddled close together. There is very little growing close to the house. Perhaps there is one papaya tree, its voluptuous fruit hanging grotesquely like multiple human breasts from the trunk. There may be a clump of banana trees. Too many bananas make a small child's belly swell to a fantastic shape, but the pectin they contain builds resistance to dysentery. If the family uses dirty river water instead of the good artesian water provided by the village, the children with banana bellies have a better chance of survival than others. Right near the house the ground is ugly and bare. Pigs

and chickens wander about, and small children, naked or wearing only a shirt. The pig not only supplements the meager diet of rice and dried fish and bananas. He is essential in a village where sewage and garbage disposal are not otherwise provided for.

Filipinos are hospitable. Thread your way through the chickens and pigs and children to the poorest shack. If you stand near it, you will certainly be invited in. It is a two-room hut, half of it raised up from the ground, supported by thin bamboo posts. The other half is little more than a lean-to, with an earth floor. The roof is thatched with dried nipa. The walls of the house are woven of nipa and bamboo—the bamboo supplying the stronger members. The two windows are simply openings which can be closed with a thatched nipa shutter at night to keep out the evil spirits. The room that is raised above the ground is small, about 6 by 6 feet, has a bamboo floor, and is reached by a crude ladder with three rungs. Into that upper room the whole family of seven or more will somehow crowd at night. Although the shutters will then be closed, some air will come in between the bamboo slats of the floor and through the thinly built walls. The lower room is even smaller. It has a simple brazier on which the wife cooks her rice and fish. Be careful not to stay too long, or you will find it difficult to refuse the insistent invitation to share a meal.

The house seems neat because it is nearly empty. There are no clothes in it. The extra pair of pants, the one extra dress, and the few things belonging to the children are

drying on a bush near the river. In comparison with other peoples, the Filipino is personally fairly clean, and his wife is always washing whatever is not being worn. There is no furniture in the house. A Filipino needs no bed, because he sleeps on the floor. There are no chairs in the poorest houses, but a Filipino can squat by the hour, perfectly relaxed, on his heels, his legs spread apart, his face peering out between his spread knees. There is only one cooking vessel, which is also the only serving dish. There are no spoons and forks, because each person scoops up his share of rice with his fingers. Every man, of course, possesses a bolo (work knife), which he always carries. This he uses to cut rice and bamboo, to break open a papaya, and perhaps to attack, in blind rage, another Filipino who has offended him.

If you choose a not-so-poor house, it will be much the same. The whole house, instead of half, will be perched up on bamboo posts. Both the cooking-room and the sleeping-room will have a bamboo floor. The shutters may have panes, made of shell, about two inches square. There may be a bench, or even a few chairs. The house will be more firmly set on its posts, and its walls will be as carefully woven as a well-made basket. There may be some decorations, and a few more impressive possessions.

Filipinos love to hang up gaudy chromos of religious subjects and tinted photographs of their relatives. Often, too, you will see big full-page newspaper pictures of Myrna Loy or some other American movie actress. Look more closely and you may find that it is a page from the

falo). The carabao is a great, lumbering, ugly, bulging creature with broad-spreading horns. He is strong, and he moves slowly with an almost stately gait. A rope is put through his nose or around his horns, and more often than not he is driven by a small child five or six years old who rides on his back and digs his bare feet into the tough gray hide. The carabao is treated with great deference by all Filipinos. The penalty for maltreatment is dreadful. When a carabao gets mad—insanely mad, as he sometimes does—he moves very fast, and the goring he can give with those long, pointed horns means almost certain death.

The carabao makes one serious demand on his owner. After three or four hours of work he must be taken to his wallow. His hide is almost hairless, and he is deficient in sweat glands. He must lie in a water hole after a few hours of sun, or he will go berserk. The carabao settles into the oozy gray mud, and buries his whole body except his nose and the top of his head. A look of extreme contentment comes into his eyes. If you stand near the wallow a few minutes, just to watch that expression and to inhale the strange odor of the warm gray ooze, you will make the carabao nervous. He will look at you and stir uneasily. If you stay there, you risk making him mad or, at the very least, having him give a quick swish of his tail that will cover you with smelly gray mud.

It is not only excessive heat without enough wallowing that makes the carabao go berserk. Sometimes, unpredictably, a human whose smell displeases him sets him off. It is nonsense to believe, as many do, that the smell of a

white man invariably drives a carabao mad. You can be near carabaos again and again without causing annoyance. Then you will come upon one that eyes you in such a way that you instinctively know that it would be best to step along fast before the look in his eyes intensifies. No one really knows exactly what kind of human smell enrages him.

Bull carabaos are used as work animals. Cows are kept largely for breeding; they give a milk that is rich, heavy, and unpleasant to one not used to it. But carabao milk requires less courage to try than certain other Philippine foods: dog meat, eaten by the pagans in the north; or rice from the stomach of a dog which was first allowed to go hungry, then was stuffed with rice and killed; the *balut*, an unborn duck nearly ready to hatch, which, after being gently coddled, is eaten, head, feet, and all. In comparison, carabao milk is easy enough to experiment with.

## THE MAN

The Filipino is lazy. There is no blinking the fact. You can blame the tropics to a certain extent. The banana, the coconut, and the papaya bear all year. There are fish in the sea and in the streams. The bamboo and the nipa are everywhere. A people so endowed does not need to think much about the future. Planning for the winter, working harder now in order not to starve or freeze six months from now, must be the elemental beginning of industrious-

ness. The Japanese are driven by the seasons—and in the Philippines a Japanese carpenter gets a higher wage than a Filipino, because he works better. In much of China a man must drive himself to get ahead of the winter. The Chinese in the Philippines work hard because it is their nature.

But there are other reasons than the climate and the lavishness of the tropics for the Filipino's laziness. The average tao (peasant) is underfed, and his body is almost certainly inhabited by roundworms and hookworms that drain his strength. Furthermore, he is caught in an economic trap that discourages ambition. He lives under what is known as the cacique system. The cacique is the landlord; the tao a sharecropper who works the land for a miserable share of the rice. For generations the tao has regarded his landlord as a kind of parent, a good papa or a bad papa—too often the latter. The landlord's wife is godmother to the tao's baby. For death and marriage and church fiesta time, the tao must get additional help from his landlord.

The tao is perpetually and hopelessly in debt. He borrows from the landlord in order to exist until the rice is harvested. Then he sells his share of the crop at low harvesttime prices in order to pay back the debt. Usually he must start borrowing again immediately after the harvest. Like the Chinese storekeeper, the landlord charges enormous interest rates, often running from 50 to 100 per cent. But neither the landlord nor the tao ever expects the debt to be finally settled, no matter how the tao is squeezed.

The tao accepts as inevitable his position of near-slavery and only hopes for some mercy. No matter how hard he works, he can never extricate himself.

Only in a few areas near Manila, where there is leadership, does the tao show any signs of rebellion. Where, as we shall see later, the land issue really festers, it becomes the most serious internal political problem in the islands. Yet there is plenty of land to support 16,000,000 people. There are simply too many people in the wrong places, trying to make a living from a rice crop that is planted, grown, and harvested in a period of three months. Wholesale resettlement of people in less populated agricultural areas is not quickly or easily accomplished by even the most efficient governments, yet that is what is needed. It is possible, though, to visit within a few miles of Manila a small community where, for many years, the land has been divided into very small holdings. There you will notice at once a difference in the health and manner and living-conditions of the people. They eat and work and live better. They have fruit trees and they plant a variety of small crops. They are not offensively humble. They have real self-respect.

But in general the servile spirit of the poor Filipino is deeply ingrained. The laundress in Manila who washes your clothes considers her payment your gift, and when Judge Haussermann, the richest man in the Islands, and head of the Benguet gold mines, tells his laborers that he is a benevolent papa of them all, they readily believe it. Labor organization is slow because Filipinos in general

lack the conviction that a man's labor has dignity or value. The pay a person gets is what a Haussermann or a tourist with clothes to launder is benevolent enough to pay. What little labor organization exists is all too frequently a racket in which a jobless lawyer shakes down a lot of Filipinos for dues on the basis of lavish and unfulfilled promises. It seldom arises from labor's own conviction of its rights or of its potential power.

Besides a few hundred years of the cacique system, which gives the Filipino his servility and contributes to his laziness, there is an ancient tradition which helps to keep him lazy. It is called the *pariente* system. It is a hang-over from the Malayan past. If you, a son of the family, strike out for yourself and get a job in the mines at 50 cents a day, your relatives (*parientes*) hear about your prosperity, then they all move in on you and eat and are supported. You do not protest, because, by custom, this is entirely correct. But, obviously, you are not impelled to sweat more and labor harder than the rest of them, since you cannot gain much personally in return for all your efforts.

But take the case of Segundo, who has some ambition. He lives in a two-room nipa house. His father is a fisherman. Segundo is like other Filipinos except for his clothes. His pants, as well as his mother's skirt, and his father's pants, are of a deep, rich cocoa-brown color because they have been dipped in the same bark extract that is used to preserve the fish nets. Segundo's grandfather used to go out to sea for ten days at a time on a big 90-foot out-



rigger. But Segundo's father has only a small outrigger in which he fishes in Manila Bay. The Japanese with their power boats now do practically all the deep-sea fishing. There are only a half-dozen big, deep-sea outriggers in Segundo's village today; the skill required to make the big prow from a single piece of wood no longer exists in that town.

Segundo is in high school. He is proud of his education, and would like to go to the university if he could get a scholarship and if his father could pay the daily carfare to Manila. He wants to become a lawyer so that he can get a good job in the government service. The Government and then the land, Segundo says, are his only avenues to wealth.

He explains his choice—and it is typical of the average Filipino with a little education. He has no hope in business, he says. Practically all the Big Business is American or Spanish—gold, cigars, coconut oil, and so on. A Filipino cannot progress far in these companies. Segundo does not say it outright, but he indicates that race prejudice prevents him from rising above a clerkship. The Chinese are in control of retailing. Segundo does not admit that he is unwilling to work hard enough, to live meanly enough, and to struggle long enough to beat the Chinese at their own game. Practically all the rich Filipinos are landowners, or were landowners before they invested their sugar or rice earnings in other enterprises. Segundo, the fisherman's son, will of course inherit no land.

Government service, then, is the only route for him. It

is a career monopoly held by Filipinos. All the Chinese (who grabbed off the retail trade), all the Spaniards and Americans (who "exploited" their way to Big Business), are excluded from holding government jobs. Once Segundo gets his well-paid government job, he will buy some land and will start up the traditional ladder of wealth. He will be a little cacique and have wood floors in his house. Finally, after several years, he will have big holdings. With his profits from politics and the land he will, like that amazing Filipino Placido Mapa, who is only about forty, invest in the gold mines.

There are exceptions to all of Segundo's generalizations. There is the Aguinaldo family (no relation to General Emilio Aguinaldo), who got rich in the retailing business. There is an Araneta family who made money in publishing. There are a number of rich Filipinos—less rich than the Spaniards and the Americans—in insurance and banking, in sugar mills (via the land) and shipping. Generally speaking, however, the Filipino has shown little talent for business and trade; but he has a deep resentment of the white man and the Chinese who have succeeded so well in the Islands. To Segundo, independence seems to promise new opportunities. President Quezon has made loud promises that he will drive the Chinese out of the retailing business and set up Filipinos instead. He has been very quiet about what may be done about the rich white men in the Islands, but Segundo firmly believes that after 1946 Americans and Spaniards will fare less well. Then, at last, the Filipinos will come into their own.

## THE WOMEN AND YAY

You would expect to find the upper-class woman in the Philippines submerged under the usual Spanish restraints. In general she is. The daughter of a well-to-do family is brought up with a duenna at her elbow, just like a Spanish girl. She marries young and retires, as you would expect, into the background to breed children. She accepts with equanimity, of course, the fact that her husband keeps a *querida* (mistress) somewhere in town. Such is the conventional life of the upper-crust, high-society Filipina.

But you would not expect to find a heavy registration of women in medical and dental colleges. You would not expect to see shingles hanging out in practically every Philippine city reading "Lady Dentist." Nor would you expect to find, as the very active vice-president of one of Manila's biggest stores, a Mrs. A. R. Aguinaldo. You might even be surprised to know that suffragettes in the Philippines have won the right to vote. The Commonwealth constitution, written in 1934, promised that women could vote when and if they mustered 300,000 female voters. They got out over 500,000 women in 1937—in a country where an important national plebiscite in 1939 rolled up only a little over 1,000,000 votes, male and female.

The fact is that the Filipina, by a tradition that antedates Spanish rule, occupies a far more important place than the restraints in the best Philippine families would in-

dicate. In the home of the poor tao, the woman works just as hard as the man. More important, to her is entrusted the rice seed—that one asset which must not be dissipated for a funeral or a cockfight. Even in the upper reaches of society, the woman often manages the purse strings, because she is credited with possessing greater caninness in money matters than her husband.

Probably the best-known woman in the Islands is Yay Panlilio. She does not prove a thing about native women, because she is not really a Filipina. She was born in the United States of a none-too-reliable Irish father and a Filipina mother who had stowed away in a ship bound for San Francisco. When Yay was not quite fifteen she married a young Filipino and returned to “her country,” to which she is fiercely loyal. Ever since, she has amazed and horrified and delighted the population of the Philippines from Baguio in the northern mountains to the Sulu Islands in the south. When she gets off a boat in Zamboanga or Jolo she is hailed with equal enthusiasm by the local mayor and the local stevedores, who remember her well and call her “Yay.” (The name rhymes with “why.”)

As a newspaper woman, she has shocked Americans and Spaniards and Filipinos by her irreverent writing and her impious humor. As a photographer, she has driven stuffy Americans mad by taking pictures of them in absurd poses and finishing the job with humorously satirical captions. As advertising solicitor for her paper, she gets just about what she wants by disarming the prospect with her Irish wit and her American profanity—not to mention her im-

schoolhouses, rides in wooden saddles, eats whatever and whenever she can, and may turn up in a town just in time to report the bloodiest triple murder in years. She watches the victims die and attends the autopsy. She romanticizes everything about the Mohammedans, even their gory end: "You *feel* a Moro die, you don't see him."

Last summer Yay was careening through the streets of Manila at two in the morning in her car, which is never equipped with brakes that function, and smashed into the city's newest and biggest garbage truck. No one expected her to survive the multiple injuries that resulted, but she did. When she was well enough to be moved, she begged a chance to go back again to the Moro country to recuperate. Although she proves nothing whatever about women in the Philippines, Yay does prove something about mestizos. They are unstable and lonely people, without roots and without race. Yay's romantic excursions into the land of the Moros are her search for a people to call her own—a search that will probably never end.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### QUEZON AND OSMEÑA

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"*ANY* decent kind of government of Filipinos by Filipinos is better than the best possible government of Filipinos by Americans." That is what Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell University, who headed a commission to study the Philippines, said back in 1902. Later Manuel Quezon paraphrased it into the taunting cry: "Better a government run like Hell by Filipinos than one run like Heaven by the Americans." You can't blame any people for feeling they would rather muddle through in their own way than be led, however tenderly, by the hand.

In 1934, when the Javanese asked Manuel Quezon how a subject people like themselves ought to go about getting free from their masters, Quezon said: "Make yourself heard—make a hell of a lot of noise—and if you do it long enough, you'll get what you want." Whether or not that is the best formula, Quezon has applied it throughout his life. He has yelled persistently for "complete, absolute and immediate" independence. In recent years he very definitely has not wanted all of that. He has not wanted the Islands to be cut loose, mercilessly, with-

out economic cushioning and without a guarantee of protection by the U.S. fleet.

Quezon's hagiographer, a Filipino named Carlos Qui-rino, has sized up the campaign for independence thus: "It was true that the Filipino political leaders exaggerated their demands for complete, absolute and immediate independence. The politicians found that nationalism was the most potent appeal they could make to the electorate. In public, especially in campaign speeches, they uttered radical demands; but in private they were more conservative, though they never abandoned their ideal of self-government. . . . The attitude of the Filipinos on this matter can best be summarized by the one word 'bluff'—to gain what they really wanted, they were forced to increase the size of their demands. The battle cry of 'immediate, complete and absolute' independence had to be adopted to refresh the spirit of Filipino nationalism, to make an impression on the American public and thus spur Congress to accede to the demands of Filipinos for greater autonomy."

In recent years, as independence came nearer, the Filipino politicians had to make two quite different appeals. They had to yell like hell for independence, but at the same time they had to wail dismally to the U.S. Congress how disastrous it would be if they did not also get economic privileges. They had to show how cruel Americans would be if they did not buy sugar and coconut oil free of duty, even after the new Philippine Republic came into existence. For the horrid truth of the matter was that

they were becoming more and more dependent on the U.S. economically as they approached independence.

Americans in Manila tell you that intelligent Filipinos for several years have not wanted independence, but "they are Orientals, and you know how it is about losing face." The Americans also say that the political leaders do not want independence. It is undoubtedly true that they do not want freedom at its most disastrous cost—economic collapse and no protection from Japan. But remember that all the political leaders have built their careers, their following, their very lives, on that one word: independence. Perhaps it is a Frankenstein monster, but no proud political leader, Oriental or Occidental, wants to commit suicide by whining: "I really don't want what I've been so boldly asking for all my life."<sup>1</sup> At least no politician dares to make that suicidal plaint if any hope of a more dignified retreat exists. But month by month as the Far Eastern situation becomes more explosive it is apparent that long before 1946 the decisions will be made by world events rather than by Filipino politicians.

## TWO MESTIZOS

Back in 1907 the Filipinos elected their first National Assembly. Two young men, Sergio Osmeña and Manuel

<sup>1</sup> One important politician, Pedro Guevara, Resident Commissioner in Washington in 1936, publicly doubted the wisdom of independence. He was quickly shoved into political oblivion.



Quezon, each not quite thirty years old, were clearly the leaders of that legislative body; and those same two men have bossed Philippine politics in all the years that have followed. As rivals for the place of top boss, they have sometimes quarreled publicly. More often their squabble has simmered beneath an ostentatiously co-operative truce. They have both had the same platform, with its one plank: independence. They have expanded their own power and held onto it by wangling more and more autonomy for the Islands from the American masters. With such a long and consistent leadership in a country where there was usually only one effective party, it was only natural that the same two men should be elected in 1935 to head the new Commonwealth as President and Vice-President. But had the Philippines been granted independence thirty years ago, there would have been this important difference: Manuel Quezon would have been only Vice-President.

Like many Filipinos conspicuous in business and politics, both Osmeña and Quezon are mestizos. But one is a Chinese Filipino, the other a Spanish Filipino, and therein lies the main reason for the great difference in their character and behavior. Sergio Osmeña is part Chinese. In the Philippines this mixture of blood brings no psychological scars. A Chinese mestizo "belongs." Manuel Quezon is part Spanish. Filipinos often suspect the Spanish or American mestizos of preferring their white origins, but the white community bars a mestizo just as rigidly as a pure Filipino. A white mestizo belongs nowhere; he must

prove himself; he must fight for a place. He is, like Yay Panlilio, erratic, unstable, defensive.

Sergio Osmeña has poise, the natural dignity of a person who always feels at ease, plus, perhaps, some of that ancient and inscrutable calm possessed by all the Chinese. Manuel Quezon is volatile, explosive, short-tempered, unpredictable. Osmeña's manners are invariably patrician and gentle. Quezon today has the too-effusive manners of an elegant Spanish don and tomorrow will behave with the petulant rudeness of a spoiled brat. Osmeña is subtle and cautious, never entirely reveals his thoughts, can conceal his hurt pride completely when he has been ignominiously defeated, knows well how to bide his time patiently for a comeback. Quezon acts and speaks impulsively, contradicts himself from day to day, depending on his mood and the person with whom he happens to be speaking.

Osmeña dresses simply and quietly. Quezon loves expensive clothes, affects various dashing rigs for his office and his speaking tours. Once when he was in New York he became inspired by Roy Howard's wardrobe and went on a shirt-buying spree that became famous on both sides of the Pacific. He loves good food, good liquor, and, until recently, late dancing and dicing at Manila's Santa Ana. The trappings of his office, his big presidential palace, his expensive yacht, give Quezon more acute and obvious delight than they ever could have given Osmeña. Quezon, with his dramatic and often bizarre behavior, stirs the mob as the gentle-voiced Osmeña cannot. But Quezon's tempestuous visitations to the United States have sometimes

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made headlines that did the Philippine cause no good. Osmeña has behaved circumspectly and has left a less vivid if more respectable impression. Filipinos themselves often make this distinction: Quezon is a politician, while Osmeña is a diplomat.

Both men were born in 1878. Osmeña looks his age. He is slim and straight. His nearly white hair and the remote serenity of his face suggest somewhat the picture of an old Chinese scholar. Quezon, his dark hair just tinged with gray, clad in jodhpurs which flatter his figure, often looks under fifty, a handsome, gay, Spanish charmer. But if his mood changes, his face may be twisted in rage, his eyebrows will shoot up, his nostrils will flare, and the suddenly wrinkled face will look like that of a burnt-out old man.

### IN THE BEGINNING

Osmeña is a Visayan. He comes from Cebu, that big city on a small, overpopulated island, the port of transshipment for the imports and exports of the Visayan and southern islands. He is a lawyer by education and was briefly a newspaper editor. In the early days of the American occupation, when Filipinos were being put into small local jobs, Osmeña was made a provincial *fiscal* (prosecuting attorney) for Cebu. Two years later he was elected the first native governor of Cebu and, as president of the convention of provincial governors, he became better known nationally than any other Filipino politician. In 1907 he

was elected to the Assembly, which chose him, unanimously, to be Speaker. That was the biggest job a Filipino could have in politics at that time, and it held the greatest promise.

Manuel Quezon, a Tagalog, also studied law. When he was still a student he joined General Aguinaldo's rebel forces to fight off the Americans. He was a major in 1900 when he yielded up his sword to an American lieutenant and gave his oath of allegiance to the United States. Quezon returned to his law studies and soon set up a practice in his home province of Tayabas. In 1903, like Osmeña, he was singled out by the American authorities to be a *fiscal*. In 1906, like Osmeña, he was elected the first governor of his province and in the following year was a member of the first native Assembly. Sergio Osmeña, Speaker and party boss of the Assembly, chose the black-haired young man with the swirling mustaches, Manuel Quezon, to be the majority floor-leader (Number Two man).

The next year Quezon went off on a jaunt. His power in the Assembly even then was such that he could get himself a nice political plum. The sum of \$17,000 was appropriated to send a delegate to a navigation conference in Russia. When that money was voted and when young Quezon was chosen as a delegate, it was perfectly obvious that no method of transportation existed that could possibly get a man to St. Petersburg in time for the sessions of the conference. However, Don Manuel (as he is often called by his people) had a giddy time in Paris, which was

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more or less what he had in mind when that appropriation was put through the Assembly.

He came back to Manila with ambitions for further travel and for an important political future. Osmeña was in the saddle as head of the party and the Assembly, and for several years thereafter was the acknowledged boss—partly because it was he who had the power to approve whatever appointments there were for Filipinos. In 1909, Quezon wanted to go to Washington as Resident Commissioner (voteless delegate in the U.S. Congress). Osmeña, perhaps jealous of Quezon, perhaps fearful that his rival would become a serious political threat, opposed the appointment. But Quezon got it, thereby winning his first victory over Osmeña.

Quezon enjoyed his job. He perfected his English and stumped New England and other parts of the U.S. insisting on Philippine independence. He wrote signed articles for American magazines and newspapers. He made fiery speeches in the U.S. Congress. Then in 1912 something happened which was extremely lucky for Manuel Quezon. Woodrow Wilson and the Democrats came into power, and they were disposed to be far more generous to the Philippines than any previous administration.

## MAKER OF PROCONSULS

It was Quezon's job in Washington to make the most of the thoroughly good intentions of the new administra-

two houses sometimes resulted in a deadlock. For example, between 1910 and 1913 the National Assembly refused to pass an appropriation bill as a protest against the American-controlled commission, which insisted on a sum considered by Filipinos too large for their small country to raise. In 1913 the Filipinos were at last given a majority in the upper house.

Then, in 1916, the U.S. Congress passed the Jones Act. No law, until the independence act in the 30's, was so important to Philippine autonomy. It made both branches of the legislature—now a Senate and a House—thoroughly native. Major appointments made by the Governor General had to be confirmed by the Philippine legislature. This, of course, meant that high officials, such as cabinet members, would be Filipinos too. The internal government of the Philippines, by the Jones Act, was abruptly changed from a government by Americans, with Filipinos in the minority, to a government by Filipinos advised and braked by Americans. The Governor General, however, remained executive head of the country and had veto power over legislation.

Many Americans who had come out to the Islands as soldiers and remained to take jobs in government bureaus were removed by Harrison. They gnashed their teeth and yowled in a steady chorus with the American businessmen in Manila, who felt that their investments would be in grievous danger before long. The American colony could barely find words strong enough with which to berate Wil-

son and Harrison. Even today the name of Harrison makes the American old-timers in Manila sputter.

The Filipinos enjoyed these writhings as well as Harrison's obvious willingness to administer the new law even more generously than its liberal wording required. Filipinos also rejoiced at one sentence in the preamble of the Jones Act which promised that the U.S. would "withdraw their sovereignty" and "recognize the independence of the Filipinos as soon as a stable government can be established." These words supplied ammunition for nearly twenty years thereafter in the campaign for independence. No word has been defined and redefined more often by Filipino orators than "stable."

Manuel Quezon returned to Manila in 1916 with the Jones Act in his pocket. He was a national hero. Great parades celebrated his arrival and a gate in the ancient wall surrounding the Spanish quarter in Manila was reopened and named for him. He was given credit for this law, which gave Filipinos virtual control of their internal government and which contained a clear promise of much more. (Actually, Quezon or no Quezon, Woodrow Wilson and his Congress would have done something very generous for the Philippines.) Quezon was elected president of the new Senate. Osmeña remained Speaker of the House (by choice) and continued to be, for a few years more, unchallenged head of the party.

## DARK REPUBLICAN DAYS

When the Republicans returned to power in 1920, things looked very black indeed for the Filipinos. First an investigation was made of conditions in the Islands. The findings were gloomy: the Filipinos' government was "top-heavy in personnel and enmeshed in red tape"; the civil service was being demoralized; hospital and health measures had been relaxed; the Philippine National Bank, which had granted loans much too exuberantly, was mismanaged and had become "one of the most unfortunate and darkest pages in Philippine history." A dreadful sin, in Republican minds, was the fact that the Philippine Government had entered into "certain lines of business usually left to private initiative," and the recommendation was bluntly made that the Government "get out of and keep out of such business."

The Wood-Forbes report, as it was called, was a serious indictment of the Filipinos' administration of their domestic affairs under the new law, and it provided an excellent excuse for Quezon to split with Osmeña. He blamed the party boss, who had been in the Islands and had controlled the legislature during Harrison's regime, for the conditions revealed by the investigation. Quezon had "won" the new powers. Osmeña had allowed them to be abused. Worse, Quezon accused Osmeña of being a dictator of his party and of both houses in the legislature. For the first time, Osmeña and Quezon quarreled openly, and



the party split in two. In the 1922 elections, Quezon's party won by a narrow margin. He had shown his superior strength. The two factions were immediately brought together again into a single party, with Quezon on top.

General Leonard Wood was the new Governor General. Manuel Quezon kept himself very much in the lime-light during the next few years, snapping at Wood's heels, opposing nearly every move made by the Republican Governor General. The Republicans did not repeal any of Wilson's legislation for the Islands, but they did require General Wood to assert his power, to crack down, to restore to his office the prestige and authority which it had lost under Harrison. Quezon battled noisily with Wood until the General died in 1927. Sometimes it was over a matter of principle, such as the right of the Government to engage in business. More often it was merely ridiculous. Quezon set up frequent and loud yells about "usurpation of power" when Wood was merely exercising the legal rights of his office, such as the veto.

Meanwhile Osmeña stood on the sidelines, calmly watching his rival scream at Wood. General Wood diagnosed it thus: "I think that he [Osmeña] has been pushing Quezon on, seeing that the little man was going to eventually blow up and burst in his efforts at aggrandizement and his reaching for power; all of which would be very agreeable to Osmeña." But the little man did not blow up and burst, if by that General Wood meant "destroy himself politically." He won no resounding victories over the tough-fibered General, but neither did he lose

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prestige among his own people, as Osmeña may have hoped he would.

## INDEPENDENCE TWICE

For a few years after General Wood's death, Manuel Quezon spent periods of months at a time fighting for his life against tuberculosis. Sometimes in California, sometimes in Baguio, the mountain resort which is a kind of Philippine summer capital, he lay in a sanitorium. He emerged, however, often enough to maintain his place as president of the Senate and dominant political figure. In 1930 he made a move which was almost disastrous to his ambitions. He encouraged Osmeña to go to the United States as head of an "independence mission" to fight expected congressional legislation against Philippine sugar and coconut oil. Meanwhile, Quezon maneuvered a reorganization of the Government at home. His detractors say that he wanted Osmeña out of the way so that in revamping the Philippine Government he could unload some Osmeña men and put his own in. He also, no doubt, believed that under Hoover no important moves toward independence could be made. Washington would be, perhaps, Siberia for his rival.

Manuel Quezon guessed wrong. In 1932 the U.S. Congress, egged on by various American lobbies, passed the first independence law. Thus Sergio Osmeña, who was in Washington at the time, had "won" independence, accord-

ing to the Filipinos' persistent habit of crediting their own leaders. Osmeña, obviously, would become President of the new Commonwealth.

But the independence act had to be ratified by the Filipinos before it became law. Manuel Quezon brooded, hesitated a long time, and finally made up his mind. He would fight that independence law vigorously and would urge the legislature to reject it. So for the second time Quezon split the party and went into open warfare against Osmeña. He was called arrogant and opportunistic by Osmeña, whose slow temper seemed to be thoroughly roused at last. After a bitter fight the legislature voted Quezon's way. The independence bill was turned down by the Filipinos.

Manuel Quezon set sail at once for the United States to get a bill of his own. Congress at first was cool to the idea of reopening the Philippine question immediately. Quezon hired two expensive lobbyists, Joseph Tumulty and former Senator Harry Hawes, to go to work for him. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had come into office since the first bill had passed, and the Democrats were traditionally friendly to the Philippines. Finally, there were those ever eager American lobbies. The beet-sugar men in the West and the Louisiana cane-sugar men were just as determined as ever to exclude Philippine sugar. The dairy farmers and the cottonseed-oil men were only too happy to do something about coconut oil. The rope men, too, felt just exactly as they did when Osmeña was in Washington about keeping out Philippine cordage.

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Early in March, 1934, Quezon had "his" independence bill. It was very much like Osmeña's. One difference was that the first bill provided for the U.S. Army and Navy to remain after independence. The second said that the army would leave in 1946, and left the question of a naval base up in the air—to be decided at some later time. Perhaps today Manuel Quezon would prefer the security offered by the first bill.

Thus it was Quezon, not Osmeña, who had finally "won" independence for the Filipinos. Quezon would inevitably be President of the new Commonwealth. The battle for independence that had lasted more than a third of a century, and that was also a battle between two personalities, was over. The Filipinos accepted the Tydings-McDuffie Act, as it was called. The party which had divided in 1933 was quickly patched together again, just as in 1922. Manuel Quezon did the patching by saying that he would not be candidate for the Presidency unless Osmeña consented to be Vice-President. To yield gracefully to that particular kind of magnanimity must have been difficult even for a man of Osmeña's poise. Ever since then, Sergio Osmeña has been a conspicuous nonentity in the one-man show that Don Manuel runs.

## DON MANUEL

In November, 1935, Frank Murphy, the Governor General of the Philippines, became the United States High

Commissioner and moved out of the Malacañang Palace. President Manuel Quezon moved in. Nothing can possibly mean more to Quezon than to live in Malacañang, where for so many years the Spanish masters and then the American masters lived and issued their orders. Quezon made certain changes in the lovely old building but did no violence to its architectural distinction. When he has breakfast conferences on the balcony overlooking the muddy little Pasig River, when Malacañang's great lawns are illuminated for his formal receptions, when he entertains at the nipa pavilion across the Pasig and looks back at his palace, and even when he drives past the San Miguel Brewery, past the signs which order motorists to slow down for Malacañang, and finally when he swings into the long driveway in his car with its PI-1 license plate, Manuel Quezon must glow with understandable pride. He has displaced the conquerors. He lives in Malacañang, which is Tagalog for "Home of the Great." His quarters are more magnificent than Franklin D. Roosevelt's in Washington.

Apart from the symbolism, simply because he likes the showy things in life Manuel Quezon enjoys the luxuries of Malacañang and whatever other magnificent trappings the job can bring. He bought the yacht of Edward Doheny for \$50,000 and spent an estimated \$100,000 to recondition it. He likes to visit his southern islands on the *Casiana*, and receive the enthusiastic applause of his people as he steps off. He has sometimes been disappointed, however, by the welcome given him in Cebu, which is

Osmeña's stronghold. On one occasion he apparently preferred, at the last minute, to remain on board the yacht rather than face the inevitably cool reception.

The business of state is sometimes conducted at sea. Quezon boards the *Casiana*, with considerable fanfare, from the Presidential Landing near the Manila Hotel. He takes a small group with him, sails out past the U.S. fleet, remaining at sea a day or two—or even merely a few hours. Then the first group is dropped back in Manila, and a new set of officials is taken aboard. These goings and comings are breathlessly reported, in detail, by the daily press.

A frequent guest, particularly if pleasure is combined with business, is Jake Rosenthal, a Manila American. He is more of a court wit and good companion than a brain-truster. In the days before Don Manuel shifted to bridge, Rosenthal was an inevitable companion in poker games. He has also been useful on occasions in the past when Quezon wanted to raise money in the American business community for an independence mission, or "junket," as the Filipinos call it, to the U.S. Rosenthal then approached the Americans to offer them the opportunity of contributing.

Quezon likes to entertain important American visitors, such as Roy Howard, on his glistening white yacht. His friendship with Americans has not always been fortunate. There was, for example, a Manila American named Major William H. Anderson who used to enjoy the friendship and hospitality of Don Manuel. When independence seemed inevitable, Anderson, who has been called a "frus-

and gambling at Santa Ana. For years Quezon took pride in his tango talents, first acquired at Arthur Murray's in New York and kept up to date by refresher courses every time he revisited the U.S. He delighted the American press once by taking no less than thirty Arthur Murray instructors out at once to do the night spots in New York. But in recent years his dancing has been limited to a few discreet turns at formal Malacañang parties.

Even his taste for jewelry has become more subdued. American newspapermen once noted with awe a topaz ring on one of Quezon's hands, an amethyst on the other. More recently they would have observed merely a heavy gold link bracelet, from which hangs a disk etched with the word AURORA, his wife's name.

Finally, his travels abroad have become less frequent and less extensive. Before he became President there were political "junkets" to the U.S. and there were trips to regain his health. On both he managed to have a big time. Filipino politicians are famous in the U.S. for their fabulous expense accounts. Last winter the Broadway columnist Leonard Lyons reported, "A Philippine official now visiting New York takes a party of ten, plus bodyguards, to all night clubs. He spent \$28,000 in cafés last month." This gentleman was ostensibly sent to the U.S. to get President Roosevelt's approval of an amendment to the Philippine constitution. After spending a huge, but unrecorded, sum, mostly in New York, he returned to Manila, where, as is customary, he took full credit for a

decision that Franklin D. Roosevelt, you may be entirely sure, made for himself, quite unaided.

Even after he became President, Quezon traveled widely and extravagantly. He was absent from Manila for nearly seven consecutive months in 1937. The story is told that when he returned he said: "I brought you home 100,000,000 pesos [a peso is half a dollar]. That is more than a hundred times what I spent." Of course he had nothing whatever to do with getting new money for the Philippine treasury. The money was a windfall resulting from a decision handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court.

The 1937 trip was a glorious tour for Don Manuel and his family. En route, in Japan he was beautifully entertained at luncheon by none other than the Emperor himself, and was given the Chinese Order of the Brilliant Jade. Arriving in the U.S., he got a nineteen-gun salute—and told reporters that Japan was no menace to the Philippines. He was met in California by a private car, *The Pioneer*, which is often used by President Roosevelt to go to Hyde Park. Hired by the Philippine Government, it was staffed by an all-Filipino crew, including a chef who prepared favorite Quezon dishes like *lechon* and chicken *adobo*.<sup>1</sup> In New York, a new presidential wardrobe was acquired, and the bill at one of the several haberdashers patronized was reported to be a cool \$5,000.

<sup>1</sup> *Lechon* is suckling pig roasted slowly on a spit before a wood fire. The skin is always crisp and tasty. Chicken *adobo* is chicken cut up—often with some pork mixed in—and stewed in vinegar with strong seasoning. So little liquid is used that the meat is as well browned as if it had been fried.



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His flashy trip across the continent, during which he was greeted with great courtesy by various mayors, ended in a minor disappointment. While Quezon was on his way President Roosevelt appointed Paul McNutt as the new High Commissioner for the Islands. This was perhaps carefully timed to make certain that Quezon could make no credible boasts about who chose McNutt.

There was no sensible political reason given for the voyage of the Quezon family that year. Before the seven months were over they had visited, besides the United States, Mexico, Cuba, England, Germany, France, and Italy. During all this time the Philippine Commonwealth, was, as always, a Quezon government, shrewdly administered by radio phone from halfway round the world. No authority whatever was delegated to Vice-President Sergio Osmeña.

### “UNIPERSONALISM”

In November, 1939, Quezon announced that he would soon leave on the *Casiana* for a trip to the near-by Netherlands East Indies. This voyage, however, was abruptly called off. Credible rumors in both Manila and Washington said that Queen Wilhelmina had protested vigorously to the U.S. State Department that Quezon would not be welcome in her Far Eastern colonies. She had enough worries from the European war. She might well resent the idea of having a Filipino politician, boasting of the success of his independence battle, among her Javanese sub-

jects. Quezon then announced that he would make an extensive tour of South America. This too was called off, perhaps for reasons best known to the State Department.

South America should be interesting to Manuel Quezon, for he is quite like the President-Dictators down there. Perhaps he himself coined the word for it when, back in the days of his 1922 quarrel with Osmeña, he accused the party boss of "unipersonalism." There is still but one effective party in the Philippines, although from time to time there have been gadfly minorities. Quezon had two opponents when he ran for the Presidency: the old rebel General Emilio Aguinaldo, and Bishop Gregorio Aglipay, head of an independent church in the Islands. Quezon easily won 68 per cent of the total vote.

When Don Manuel was in the U.S. in 1937, shocked editorials were written about him after he vouchsafed the opinion: "I am afraid your conception of liberty is not altogether right. You are giving too much freedom to the individual." In August, 1940, at his first press conference in over six months, Don Manuel sounded off on democracy. He declared that the ideal democracy is one that has no political factions. "I favor doing away with all political parties, including my own." (It is worth noting that every member of the National Assembly at that moment was a member of "my" party.) "Political parties," according to Quezon, "are good only for evil things." All of which sounds as if it had been cribbed right out of the speeches of Getulio Vargas just after he scrapped Brazil's constitution and started something called the New State.

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Several critics of Quezon use the word "Fascist," but that term is much too strong. There is a real difference between Latin American dictatorships and Fascism.

Last July, Quezon asked his Assembly for new powers. Because of an "emergency," he needed authority to control all the nation's food resources, to prevent strikes and "unwholesome social agitation," to control wages, hours, prices, profits, rents, shipping, and transportation. It was a large order, but "my" Assembly obliged, as it invariably does. No one knows how many of these vast powers Quezon will use, or how soon. A completely trivial instance of his capricious exercise of power in the past concerned daylight saving, under which the city of Manila lived briefly. Quezon, an early riser, stubbed his toe, or barked his shin, one morning in the dim light, and forthwith daylight saving came to an end. Symptomatic of the tendency to raise Don Manuel to the stature of a godhead is the Quezon Association, founded last December by loyal henchmen "to promote, encourage and propagate respect, love and admiration for the President."

Unlike the Latin American Presidents, Quezon's power does not rest on his army. Instead, it is based on that great bureaucracy of the Government which is controlled by the party and in which every Filipino hopes to get an easy, white-collar job. Most of the big centers of population are municipalities whose mayors are appointed, not elected. Newspapermen who become saucy usually can be silenced by the offer of a better-paid job as "adviser" at Malacañang, or by being sent to the U.S. on the staff of a

politician enjoying a "junket." Assemblymen who seem to be too popular and ambitious can often be curbed by being appointed to better-paid jobs, such as a cabinet post, where they will be less directly in touch with the people. Judges and schoolteachers owe their jobs to the national Government in Manila—which is Manuel Quezon. Businessmen in Manila have been generous in contributing not only to Mrs. Quezon's charities but also, in the past, to independence "junkets." Ironically, even the American businessmen contributed to independence missions when the one thing on earth they did not want was freedom for the Islands. But the Philippine legislature, even then, had the power to tax, so it was a good idea to kick in when asked.

Quezon has an undeniably good intelligence as well as an amazing mental agility. When he has behaved absurdly it has been due to his uncontrollable temper rather than to stupidity. For example, in 1935, when he insisted on a twenty-one-gun salute for his inauguration, and was told that he rated only nineteen guns, he threatened to stay away from his own induction to office. In 1936, at the funeral of Senator Joseph Robinson in Washington, all present had been asked to remain standing until after President Roosevelt had left, but Manuel Quezon tried to rush out ahead of the President, exclaiming preposterously, "I am Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippines."

He is a superb politician, because he keeps his people guessing. Any number of people can tell you, quoting him

word for word, exactly what Manuel Quezon thinks. But Manuel Quezon is many things to many people—depending on his own state of mind and the circumstances. He has gone back on what he said to his great and good friend Roy Howard, as soon as his ideas have been put into print. He has denounced Russell Owen for misquoting him, although Owen swears that Quezon himself okayed the article before it was cabled to New York. He has, on occasion, called reporters back from Malacañang's gates in order to retract statements that he had just issued.

Pious Catholics, recalling that for many years Manuel Quezon was a Mason, are uneasy when they hear him talk about Social Justice and the taos' need for land. They fear expropriation of the Church's extensive estates, and insist that Quezon did not talk that way before he visited Mexico. They were miffed in 1937 because Quezon left for his long trip, which had no plausible excuse, just before the Eucharistic Congress opened in Manila. To them his abrupt departure was a direct insult to the Church.

But those Filipinos who believe that the Church is too powerful remind you that Quezon, once a thirty-second-degree Mason, has renounced his heresy, and returned to the Church in which he was born. They further add that even if the conversion were perhaps incomplete and a trifle political, Mrs. Quezon, a devoted Catholic, will always protect the Church. They also point out that in recent land deals, by which the state has taken over Church lands, the Archbishop has been well paid, after formal negotiations.

The rich fear that Manuel Quezon may mean just what he promises by way of "Social Justice," "soaking the rich," getting land for the taos, spreading the wealth—all of which ideas he brought back from his 1937 trip. The rich, too, think of Mexico. They accuse Don Manuel of failing to discipline, even perhaps deliberately encouraging, a labor-leader named Pedro Abad Santos, whose ideas are straight Socialism.

The labor sympathizers and the friends of Abad Santos say that the Philippine Huey Long is not on the level when he talks "Social Justice." They point to his unfulfilled promises. They also point to the rich friends who surround him, whom he will want to protect first of all. They consider the *Casiana* wanton waste of public funds—and tell you that Quezon's squandering for his own whims does not indicate that his first concern is to help the downtrodden. They insist, too, that Quezon has provided well for his own future.

It is almost certainly unjust to accuse Quezon of salting away a tidy pile in some foreign country. It is quite contrary to his prodigal, extravagant nature. If a huge fortune has been made, it was more likely piled up, in good Philippine fashion, by Mrs. Quezon. Aurora Aragon Quezon, cousin of Manuel, married him in 1918. They have three children, two girls and a boy. The eldest daughter, always known as "Baby," sometimes takes her mother's place as official hostess at Malacañang parties. Mrs. Quezon behaves in the role of First Lady more like a Mrs. Coolidge than a Mrs. Roosevelt. She takes an interest in

charities, is a satisfactory speaker on rare occasions, and a graceful hostess. But, like other Filipinas, she is credited with a good deal sounder sense of money than her husband possesses. She has a sizable chunk of stock in Balintawak, the Japanese brewery in Manila, and has important holdings in gold and chromite mines. Her shrewd investments in the Islands are real, but that any insurance has been taken out against the future by foreign holdings is an unverified and probably unjust rumor.

Quezon's term as President ends this year. He has said that he will not seek re-election. However, a constitutional amendment approved by a plebiscite in the Islands last summer and by President Roosevelt in December, was obviously written to permit the return to office of Don Manuel, if he cares to change his mind. The 1934 constitution gave the President a single six-year term. The 1940 amendment makes the term four years and permits an unlimited number of terms, with the single restriction that no man may serve more than eight *consecutive* years.

Manuel Quezon, completing six years in 1941, could be elected for two more years, then retire for two while his Vice-President serves, and return again for eight more years. Most Filipinos believe that Quezon will hang onto the Presidency this year if his health permits. For months last winter the Commonwealth Government was directed from the presidential sick bed, as it has often been for shorter periods. Whether he continues as President or not, Manuel Quezon will, without much doubt, be the strongest political voice in the Islands as long as he lives.

1912, Fairchild, along with some other Americans in Hawaii, thought that Wilson's free-trade notions were going to ruin Hawaiian sugar. They pulled out for the Philippines, where, they thought, lower labor costs would make sugar profitable. They built a sugar enterprise in Mindoro, a mosquito- and rat-infested island that came to be known as "the White Man's Grave." The sugar plantation and mill proved to be a colossal bust. The company went bankrupt and eventually landed in the lap of the Catholic Church—since one of the Archbishop's banks happened to be the major bondholder. Fairchild meanwhile went on to other and better Philippine sugar fields. Today he is president of the Philippine Sugar Association.

Fairchild's spleen is directed indiscriminately at all Democrats, who, he points out, invariably have horse faces. Born in Vermont, his memory of maple syrup is very vivid, and he says he'd like to boil all Democrats in hot maple syrup and watch them squirm. His rage at the memory of Wilson is only slightly less intense than his glowing fury at Roosevelt.

Like other Manila Americans, his feelings about Roosevelt derive not merely from the fact that the independence law was passed in 1934 (a similar bill passed over Hoover's veto), nor from Roosevelt's "reprehensible" encouragement of labor unions. The Roosevelt government did something which hit the individual Manila Americans precisely in their pockets. For Roosevelt had the effrontery to collect income taxes from U.S. citizens in the Philippines. In almost all cases this meant the collection of taxes



unpaid since 1918. A collector was sent from Washington who scoured the Islands, and finally rounded up all the evaders. Almost every taxable American was an evader, because he had assumed that he was not required to pay taxes to both the U.S. and Philippine governments.

Even after the collector arrived, many a ruggedly individualist old-timer held out for a long time. One of the sturdiest of these was George Fairchild, whose house, ironically enough, was rented at the time to the U.S. Government as a residence for the High Commissioner. John W. Haussermann, of the Benguet gold mines, claims that he pays out 76 per cent of his total income in taxes: to the Philippine Government, the State of Ohio, where he owns property, and the U.S. Government.

Americans in Manila sneer that the small Asiatic fleet and the 10,000 U.S. soldiers posted in the Islands could not possibly put up an adequate defense in any real showdown. This is probably true, but the mere presence of the U.S. flag, the small fleet, and the soldiers has forestalled any showdown and thus protected the old-timers' investments for forty years. While the old boys have always groused about the inadequate protection and called for a strong Far Eastern policy, almost all of them have shown extreme reluctance to step up and contribute, in taxes, toward protection. They point out, and with some justice, that the Spaniards and the Englishmen do not have to pay taxes to Washington, nor do rich Filipinos. They have all enjoyed, with the Americans, whatever protection the U.S. flag has given.

## THE OTHERS

But there are a few who see themselves in clearer perspective and frankly admit that they owe considerably more to their little brown brother than the brown brother owes them. "Back home," says M. R. Cort of the Philippine Iron Mines, "I'd be lucky if I got a job as a truck-driver." There is the ebullient and garrulous Joe Stevenot of the Philippine Long Distance Telephone Company. He was traveling in the Far East in 1901 and landed in Manila with an acute shortage of funds. An electrical engineer, he quickly got a job working on a new electric station. He stayed. He is not a member of the American Chamber of Commerce, because he sees no sense in the segregation of American businessmen. His Lucullan hospitality in Manila, and in his spectacular Baguio house overlooking the mountains, freely admits Filipinos. Some of his boundless energy has been spent in building up a Philippine Boy Scout movement.

Sam Wilson is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the Americans, because he came so late. He arrived in 1923, an expert lithographer, and intended to stay six months with a Manila firm. Today, about forty years old, he is head of that same lithograph firm, has built a large office building in downtown Manila, and is developing some residential real estate out of his rich earnings from mining investments shrewdly made. A prodigal but unpretentious host, Sam Wilson likes to have his friends turn up Sun-

day morning and remain all day. He offers a kind of rest cure—swimming-pool, badminton, card tables, good food. He merely provides the equipment and exhales a general sense of relaxation himself; he expects his guests to do as they please. After dark he proudly turns on the colored lights, set in huge sea shells, which illuminate his garden and swimming-pool. To him the world is very good indeed. He is still starry-eyed and ingenuously grateful for his wealth. He preserves, as few new-rich do, a childlike delight in it all. The country has been mighty kind to Sam Wilson, and he knows it.

When Sam Gaches and Judge Haussermann are long forgotten, the name of H. Otley Beyer will be known throughout the world. He has built more durably than all the rest. As a young man, bookish and scholarly, Beyer went to the St. Louis Fair, back in 1904. There he saw whole villages of Filipinos—Tagalogs in nipa houses, Ifugaos in pointed huts and wearing only a G string, Mohammedans in turbans and blousy trousers. He became interested in the Islands, and got a job in the government service to study the people. Ever since then he has lived in the Philippines and has turned a deaf ear to all attractive job proposals from American universities. He is professor of anthropology in the University of the Philippines in Manila.

A long shelf of bound manuscripts holds "Doc" Beyer's records of the origins, habits, customs, and beliefs of the various Filipino peoples. As an archeologist he has built a remarkable collection of Chinese porcelains

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dug up in the Islands—a collection which any great American museum would be proud to possess. Finally, he has collected in the Philippines more tectites<sup>1</sup> than any other human being. In several natural-history museums of the world there are samples from Doc Beyer's enormous collection, which runs into uncounted hundreds of thousands. Cigarette cartons and old cigar boxes, filled with tectites, are piled high in Beyer's big, cluttered offices at the university. Some day they will all be classified. Meanwhile Filipino children for miles around Manila collect bits of porcelain and more tectites—which they call "star dung"—for Doc Beyer. On Sundays he goes out into the villages to get what they have found, and to pay them a few pennies for their trouble. Sometimes he takes people with him on these trips. He has a rich sense of humor, and is generous with his time and his enormous fund of information.

Doc Beyer is hard to find, but at one o'clock daily you may be sure that he is at the same old table at the Escolta Drug Store, eating his standard lunch: vanilla ice cream covered with frozen strawberries.

## THE FIELD MARSHAL

General Douglas MacArthur, once Chief of Staff of the United States Army, today is military adviser to the Philippine Commonwealth and a Field Marshal in Que-

<sup>1</sup> Scientists are not yet in agreement as to whether these black objects found near the surface of the ground are of meteoritic or terrestrial, volcanic origin.

zon's army. He lives in the penthouse on top of the government-owned Manila Hotel—in diggings as plushy and elegant as any in the city. A good many people in Manila view Field Marshal MacArthur with the same cold and fishy eye as they do the yacht *Casiana*. They consider the Field Marshal just one more of Manuel Quezon's expensive indulgences. They found it hard to believe MacArthur's promises made in 1936. He then said that he could build by 1946 such formidable defenses—an army of 400,000, some torpedo boats, some planes—that the enemy would require a million men, \$10,000,000,000, and three years to make a successful invasion of the Philippines.

Douglas MacArthur is sixty-one, but is as straight and lean as a twenty-year-old. He moves stiffly, but that is doubtless military training rather than old age. He is tall and good-looking, with features almost too precisely handsome. His straight hair, still chestnut, grows abundantly, is neatly combed, and shows only the faintest beginning of baldness. His face is as pink and unworried as a baby's. He does not wear the uniform of a Field Marshal, although he has the privilege of designing for himself a regalia befitting the job. There is a standing order from the American press for a picture of MacArthur in his Field Marshal's uniform. When and if he ever breaks out in it, the first photographer who gets the picture to the States will profit mightily.

MacArthur's military career has been spectacular. It began—his first tour of duty—in the Philippines, as aide

to his father. In the World War he went over as chief of staff of the Rainbow Division and became its commander. Contrary to tradition, he literally led his troops in battle, it is stated carrying only a riding crop and refusing to wear helmet or gas mask. He was gassed and wounded and applauded and decorated. After the war he was the youngest superintendent ever installed at West Point (1919-22). Then he went back to the Philippines as district commander, and became a close friend of Quezon. In 1930 Hoover made him Chief of Staff, and two years later, MacArthur again led his armed troops personally. With four companies of infantrymen, four cavalry troops, a machine-gun squad, several tanks, and some tear gas, MacArthur himself supervised the job of driving the miserable Bonus Army from Anacostia flats, at Hoover's order.

MacArthur was U.S. Army Chief of Staff for five years—longer than any predecessor. In 1935 Manuel Quezon persuaded the General to come to Manila, and there he will remain until 1946 (if Quezon wishes), but no longer, for, he says, "I could not sell my sword!" Should the Islands get into trouble thereafter (within MacArthur's lifetime) he will "volunteer, like Lafayette," he promises.

When MacArthur outlined his ten-year plan to build the Island's defenses, Quezon promised him \$8,000,000 a year to provide for carrying it out. By training 40,000 men annually, the Islands could have by 1946 an army, including civilian reserves, of 400,000 men. By 1946, MacArthur would have about 250 planes, a fleet of mos-

quito boats, and adequate stores of munitions. To defend the Islands; when the emergency arose, mines would be laid in five strategic straits. The city of Manila would be safely invulnerable, according to MacArthur, because of its Gibraltar, Corregidor.

But in the spring of 1940 Manuel Quezon said that he no longer believed that his country could be defended against a major Power, even if every able-bodied citizen were armed. His people would be willing to go through with independence, he promised, even if it meant the risk of domination by another foreign country for another three hundred years. That being the case, Manuel Quezon admitted that he was no longer training 40,000 men a year for his army. Now only 20,000 were being called up, and the annual appropriations were of course reduced.

During the last year while Hitler was urging Japan to foment a war in the South Pacific, Manuel Quezon kept pointing out with brash insistence the indisputable fact that the defense of the Philippines between now and 1946 is exclusively the responsibility of the United States. American defense equipment in the Islands was brought up to a new high. Submarines, long-range bombers, fighting and pursuit planes, were sent out to Manila. In February the U.S. Army asked for 5,000 Filipino recruits for U.S. training. These were chosen from the 130,000 reservists in MacArthur's army, and were added to the 10,000 regulars (half American, half Filipino scouts) already attached to the American Army posted in the Philippines.

Throughout the winter Quezon quarreled bitterly and

## ORPHANS OF THE PACIFIC

regularly with U.S. High Commissioner Sayre over a technicality affecting the lives of more than 600,000 Filipinos who make up the population of Manila: Should the U.S. or the Commonwealth pay for the construction of bomb shelters, and for a backlog of food supplies for the city? Quezon kept insisting that it was none of his affair. Meanwhile Manila was the only large city in the Far East which had made no provision for civilians in case of bombardment. Although Quezon (as far back as July 1940) felt that the "emergency" was crucial enough for him to demand new, extensive powers, he has curtailed his expenditures for defense, and has seen fit to squabble over the dollars and cents involved in protecting the capital of his country. Yet, as we shall see, the Commonwealth is extremely wealthy these days.



away this hardwood, so the stumps are just blackened and partially burned. It will take years to get rid of them.

Like the Louisiana cypress, the lauan has three great sinewy buttresses at its base. Sometimes a homesteader builds his shack up against the stump. One side of the stump is a wall and the two buttresses form partial walls. That way it requires less nipa. Sometimes the shack is made of tree bark, and once in a while you see one perched crazily on top of a big stump. The ground and stubble and stumps for miles around are charred and black. Here and there, especially in the hollows around the stumps, are small green patches of camotes (sweet potatoes) and spindly corn. It is a dreary sight, black desolation as far as you can see, with a few miserable shacks among the big smoked stumps—not unlike sections of our own Minnesota.

Sometimes in their eagerness for earth of their own the squatters go ahead of the lumbermen. They start burning the dense forest, rich in hardwood. They destroy valuable stands of Philippine mahogany which the American company has under concession. The people are Visayans. Some of them have come from the near-by island of Cebu. Ride across that small, overpopulated island and you will see their need for land. The people of Cebu are trying to grow corn on the bony mountainsides, on land that seems to be nearly at right angles to sea level. You know that if a heavy tropical rain comes, the corn will be washed away. But people must eat, and Cebu has too little good land on

which to grow its corn. (Visayans eat corn rather than rice.)

Or, high in the northern mountains of Luzon, the pagan Ifugaos (whom we shall see later) have carved their vast rice terraces out of the very sides of the high mountains. They too get barely enough food to live on, despite their uncanny wisdom about irrigation and land usage. They are unwilling to obey the law which requires them to register title to the rice terraces built by their ancestors. They are afraid that if their land-covetous neighbors, the Christian Ilocanos, know exactly what they have, they will be robbed of it. And the near-by Ilocanos, hemmed in by mountains, wander elsewhere in the Islands in search of land. In the past, Ilocanos went to Hawaii to earn money to buy land back home. Now there are laws which prevent such migrations.

The lowly Filipino is land-hungry, and he should not be. According to some experts, the land of the Philippine Islands could support from three to six times the present population. Filipinos are nowhere near as crowded as the Japanese, whose population density is four times as great. The Filipinos try to extract a living from the land for too many people in some areas, but leave other rich earth unused. Only a large-scale, well-organized resettlement movement could straighten it all out. At the present slow rate of homesteading, it would require over two hundred years for Filipinos to take up existing public lands. But you can hardly expect an ignorant tao in Luzon, bound by debt to his landlord, to know that there is rich land for

him in Mindanao. And even if he knew it, where would he get the money to move his family to the southern island and to pay the small homesteader's fee? How could he break away from the landlord to whom he owes money?

A good many people believe that the land is the most serious problem the new country faces, and that even today tenant-landlord troubles breed ominous revolt. They point to the province of Pampanga, not far from Manila, where the taos are in an almost continual state of protest and strike against their landlords. In Pampanga the taos have leadership, and they remind the Quezon government that to them "Social Justice" means a fair share of the crop, and more—it means ownership of the land they cultivate.

Of all the labor-leaders in the Philippines, Pedro Abad Santos of Pampanga is credited with being the most honest. There are people who call him wacky, fanatic, Communist. No one accuses him (as so many Filipino labor-leaders are accused, often correctly) of exploiting the poor himself. Abad Santos, brother of the Secretary of Justice of the Commonwealth, was born into a well-to-do family and was trained as a lawyer. Today the big old family house in San Fernando is headquarters for the farm-labor movement. Pedro Abad Santos lives in a small house in the rear, which is bleakly bare except for his books. Thin to the point of emaciation, his hands mere bones, he cannot weigh more than a hundred pounds. His face has a delicate bone structure and is thin without being gaunt. His hair is straight and blue-white; his beard is shaped

like Trotsky's. His burning eyes look out from black-rimmed spectacles. He wears white trousers, sneakers, and a jacket of soft gray cotton flannel.

He is a Socialist zealot. He believes that the only solution of the land problem in Luzon is the outright expropriation of Church estates and all private plantations. The land must belong to the people who work it. In the province of Pampanga where Abad Santos lives, the rice workers and the sugar workers strike more frequently and more violently every year. Pampanga has become the synonym for agrarian revolt and a recurring storm signal. Since 80 per cent of the Philippine economy is agricultural, widespread revolt against the feudal bondage of plantation life would shake the new Philippine nation to its deepest roots.

Businessmen in Manila blame Manuel Quezon himself for the mounting agrarian unrest. They say that when he came back from his trip to the U.S. and Mexico in 1937 he talked of "Social Justice," not only in Roosevelt but in Cárdenas terms. They say that he encourages Pedro Abad Santos with this sort of talk and that he has stirred the taos with handsome promises. Big mine-owners and other businessmen brood often and seriously about Mexico. They know that if, after 1946, Manuel Quezon or another expropriates private land, mines and other businesses will follow shortly.

## THE CHURCH

Many of the Manila intellectuals, labor-leaders, and a few liberal leftists constantly berate the Roman Catholic Church for the profits it squeezes out of the Philippine Islands. You hear more about feudal oppression on the Church's plantations than on private rice and sugar estates. Probably the Church is no worse than a good many Filipino and Spanish landowners. But people may feel that the Church, because it is the Church, should be a good deal less oppressive. Possibly, too, forty years of American ideology (which, after all, is Protestant democracy) superimposed on the discontent existing even in the days of Rizal, have taught the Filipinos that the Church should not conduct business at all.

Those who complain bitterly about the Church as an important capitalist almost certainly exaggerate the profits it rings up. Shrewd, impartial Manila businessmen declare that the trouble with the Church in business is that its affairs have been sloppily handled. The Vatican, they say, has not extracted continuously plump dividends from the Islands, as its bitter critics assert. The annual profit from all the Church's holdings may be no more than 2 or 3 per cent.

When you look at the sordid condition of many of the churches, you can readily believe the hardheaded Manila businessman's appraisal; the Church is poor and carelessly managed, not rich and shrewdly administered. It is dis-

heartening, whether you are a Roman Catholic or not, to see dirty, unkempt church buildings, to see a lace vestment carelessly left hanging over the back of a chair in the rear of the church, or to pick up a discarded piece of gold-embroidered vestment on the grass outside the church. The church does not live up to its splendidly designed, carefully sculptured façade.

Complaints about the Church begin with little things like the cost of marriage. In the early days of American government the same criticism was made, and civil marriage was instituted at a low price. But today Manila white-collar workers who want to be married in the Church go to a great deal of trouble, shopping around for weeks in the suburbs to find a low-priced priest. The poor who are unable to afford a church marriage enjoy connubial pleasures without benefit of clergy. Funeral and burial assessments are high. This is a more serious burden to the poor than the marriage fee. They cheerfully do without a marriage ceremony, but they dearly love to do a funeral up right.

As to the Church in business, about which there is so much criticism, it is difficult to figure just how much it all amounts to. There are the Jesuits, who are landowners but report directly to Rome. There are hospitals, like San Juan de Dios in Manila, which are not directly under the Church, although the Archbishop chooses the board of directors. Certain it is that the Archbishop's wealth (the holdings of the Church itself in Luzon) is considerable.

The Archbishop, the Most Rev. Michael J. O'Doherty,

is "sole protector" of the Monte de Piedad bank, whose ancient Spanish charter forbade loans against woolen goods, an unnecessary stipulation for Manila. There is the Philippine Trust Company, which nearly went to the wall in the twenties after making gigantic sugar loans, and the Philippine Milling Company, which is the sugar business that nearly broke the bank. There is the Philippine Realty Company, which holds real estate in Manila—some of it good residential property, some unimproved slums and little stores. And there is the big Bank of the Philippine Islands. It was founded in 1851 and was the sole bank of issue until 1916. With its branches in Iloilo and Zamboanga it is commonly referred to as "the Archbishop's bank." Add to this a number of agricultural plantations left by pious Catholics and a great many small parcels of real estate in the various parishes of the see on and near town plazas. Some of these small holdings are income-producing; many are not.

As a city landlord in Manila's slums, the Church is often a Scrooge but sometimes yields to appeals of its more pious tenants. As agricultural landlord, the Church has made no fantastic profits in recent years. Generally it has given too little supervision to its great estates. Its hired managers have been accused of being wasteful, inefficient, dishonest, and cruel. Tenant revolt has simmered, and the Church has been bitterly attacked as a cruel landlord. Again and again in the last ten years, friendly advisers have suggested to the Archbishop that the Church would strengthen its position in the Islands if it would turn its

plantations over to the tenants. The small profits derived from continued operation could not possibly compensate for the mounting criticism and the growing revolt of the tenants. The Most Rev. Michael J. O'Doherty did not agree.

As a banker the Church has had some harrowing experiences. It was the Philippine Trust Company which guaranteed the bonds for that dismally unsuccessful sugar plantation and mill in Mindoro with which George Fairchild was once identified. When the company went broke, the sugar fields and the mill reverted to the Church bank. Throughout the twenties the bank poured millions of pesos, in loans, into that White Man's Grave, infested with rats and disease. By 1928 the Philippine Trust Company's loans to its crippled sugar company amounted to over 75 per cent of its deposits and over ten times its capital. The Church's bank was on the verge of collapse. To save it, the Archbishop raised \$1,500,000 in the U.S. He called in banking experts and businessmen to go over the whole dismal situation of the Church's enterprises. The Philippine Trust Company squeaked through. Finally, too, in the thirties the Mindoro sugar business, after more than fifteen years of prodigious losses, was put in the black, through efficient management.

Even if the Church does look frayed in many a Philippine town, it has remained dominant in the Islands and has weathered a variety of storms. For example, it has survived a "reformation" movement headed by a fiery Filipino Martin Luther. The schismatic church and its Su-



preme Bishop, Gregorio Aglipay, never could rightfully claim much more than 3,000,000 adherents. It began back in 1898 when the Catholic priest Aglipay was asked by Church authorities to do his best for Spain. Instead he joined the rebel Aguinaldo, assuming the high-sounding title of "First Military Chaplain of the Insurgent Army," and was one of the last to surrender to the U.S. forces. Meanwhile he had been excommunicated.

In 1902 Aglipay started his own independent church. At first it differed very little from the Roman Catholic Church, although it owed no allegiance to the Pope. By 1905 some two hundred Filipino priests had joined Aglipay, expropriating their local parish churches, the physical property of the Catholic Church. In a final showdown in the Supreme Court of the Islands the Vatican won back its property, and Aglipayan priests had to find their own places of worship wherever they could.

The Aglipayan church doctrine became a curious jumble of nationalism, Catholicism, and Unitarianism. At first, when the rebel priests were holding forth in Catholic churches, they were quite content to use the same white images the Spanish padres had used. After Rome won back its churches, Aglipay ordered that the new images in his church be brown, and that the garments be of native fabrics and style. Soon he began canonizing a number of lay heroes like Rizal. Much of the service was conducted in native dialect, and a virtue was made of the humble, miserably stark quarters in which the Aglipayan church services were held. Some of these churches, mere

summer, at the age of eighty, Aglipay died. At no time in his long life had he been a serious menace either to the Vatican or to Manuel Quezon.

The Church did not suffer from the American conquest as much as it probably had feared it would. Protestant missionaries have done nothing to challenge the power of the Roman Catholic Church. Their small efforts have been directed only at the unregenerate northern pagans and, to a lesser degree, the Mohammedans. Certain changes were made in the early days to make the Catholic Church American rather than Spanish. An American archbishop and American bishops, by agreement with the Vatican, were substituted for the Spanish hierarchy. As the U.S. gradually turned the government of the Islands over to the Filipinos, native priests took over the parishes of Spanish padres. Finally, in 1932, a Filipino, Gabriel M. Reyes, was made Archbishop of Cebu.

The Church, according to its critics, has to this day one grudge against the American rule in the Islands. It is the public school, for which Filipinos have such unbounded respect. Strong pressure has been brought to bear upon the Assembly to impose religious instruction in the schools. More recently, a campaign has been waged to have children enter school at the age of nine. Since most children attend school only from the age of six to nine, such a law would drastically cut down the registration. Presumably, parochial schools would attempt to increase their enrollment at the expense of public schools. Behind all these at-

tempts to change the educational system, critics see the Church lobby.

The most important reform put through by the Americans was the purchase of the friars' lands—large agricultural holdings of various monastic orders for which the Vatican was well paid. The Americans were forced to do this to ward off seriously threatened revolt. There was widespread protest—not unlike today's bitter opposition to Church landholdings—against the friars. They bossed the local government in their parishes. The land they held was rich. There were charges of oppression, of exorbitant rents, unjust crop divisions. Tenants sometimes went on strike and refused to deliver their crops. The friars naturally appealed to the Government to enforce their legal rights.

Governor William H. Taft went to Rome, and out of his conferences with the Pope came, in 1903, a deal whereby 410,000 friars' acres, on which some 60,000 discontented tenants lived, were bought by the U.S. Government for \$7,239,000. The deal was financed by a bond issue that was paid off by selling land to tenants and other applicants on easy terms. It was not easy to get the tenants to pay. They insisted they ought to get the land free.

### BUENAVISTA

In recent years the remaining Church lands have caused exactly the same trouble as the friars' lands, and they will

probably be taken over in much the same way by the Philippine Government. When conditions on Church plantations got out of hand, when tenants defied the law, seized the rice, refused to give up what was due their landlords, then the sorry mess became the problem of the state, whose job it is to enforce the law. Constabulary troops could be sent in to make the tao turn in his rice or be evicted or taken off to jail. But just as the state back in Taft's day wanted to avoid beating down 60,000 miserable taos, so the state today dares not crack down on thousands of poor, underfed, debt-smothered peasants. It must solve the mess some other way.

In 1938, when the tenants on a rice plantation belonging to the Catholic San Juan de Dios Hospital got out of control, the Quezon government began negotiations to buy the property. It agreed to pay the hospital a fair price. The state then assumed the unhappy role of landlord to 30,000 rebellious, angry people on a run-down, inefficient, impoverished estate. And finally, in 1940, by agreement with Archbishop Michael O'Doherty, Quezon agreed to do the same with all "Church landholdings which have given or are giving rise to social problems." No anti-Quezon businessman and no pious Catholic can call that procedure Mexican. The Church is paid fairly and unloads on the state its insoluble problems, its mismanaged, festering estates.

Buenavista Estate is, ironically enough, the name of the big run-down rice plantation of 67,760 acres near Manila that was owned by San Juan de Dios Hospital. The

land has been bled; fertilizer was rarely used; crop rotation and diversification were unknown; the land yielded rice, and rice alone. The population of tenants had increased through the years until 6,000 families lived on the estate. With their children that made a population of well over 30,000 people. One old man living at Buenavista used to cultivate, with the help of his wife and small children, 20 acres. By 1938 his four sons had grown up, had wives and children of their own. Each son—and his family—now cultivated only 5 acres. Four big families and the old man himself now had to live on rice that once barely fed a single family unit.

Rice requires the labor of the tenants only about three months out of the twelve. Thus the people were trying to live on their share (50 per cent, usually) of a three months' crop. If they improved the estate's property they were given no credit for it. Housing at Buenavista was miserable, and even the chapels of this Church plantation were dilapidated. What little was done about sanitation, education, and health was governmental. The San Juan de Dios Hospital took no share of the responsibility.

The hospital cleared about \$50,000 a year from Buenavista, but besides the hospital and the tenant taos, a group of nearly 4,000 other people derived income from that three-month rice crop. For many years the hospital had sold small leaseholds to individuals, who were usually the immediate landlords of the poor taos. The taos paid their rice to the leaseholders—a kind of middleman landlord—who in turn paid rent to the hospital. If you add 6,000

tenants to about 4,000 leaseholders you get 10,000 families trying to extract a living—besides the hospital. The tenant taos, of course, hoped to get their entire living out of the rice—except for river fish and bananas. To the leaseholders the income often was merely supplementary. In some cases, however, the leaseholders practically lived on the proceeds. Only a few of them actually worked the rice lands themselves.

Leaseholders and tenants alike complained that if they improved the land, the estate manager was apt to jack up the rent. If they protested the increase, they were evicted and the leasehold was then sold at auction—at a higher price than before, of course, because of these improvements. Or leaseholders and tenants were evicted for political reasons, for their rebelliousness, for joining an organization set up to challenge in court the hospital's title to the land. Tenants complained that interest rates charged by the landlords (the leaseholders) were usurious, often 100 per cent, sometimes as high as 200 per cent. Cases were reported of leaseholders requiring tenants to borrow money in order to collect those high interest rates.

A Filipino lawyer named Juan Rustia, after organizing a large group of tenants and leaseholders, went to court to prove that the title to the Buenavista Estate was no good. The San Juan de Dios Hospital immediately requested the court to appoint a receiver. The Bank of the Philippine Islands (the "Archbishop's bank") was made receiver. But because both leaseholders and tenants had stopped paying rent, the bank, as receiver, asked the court

to have the entire 1938 rice crop turned over to it for safe-keeping until the disposition of the rice could be determined by law. The court issued the order, which meant that all the tenants would have to turn in every grain of their rice.

At this point Manuel Quezon intervened, urging that the court reconsider its decision in view of the extreme privation that would result. A month later the decision was modified. Only half the crop would have to be turned over to the bank; the other half would be kept by those who had actually raised it. But the people at Buenavista, having won that much of a victory, felt a new power. Taking the law into their own hands, they turned none of the rice over to the bank, but kept the whole crop for themselves.

The Government hastily made arrangements with San Juan de Dios Hospital to take over Buenavista. The hospital agreed to sell it for \$1,500,000, to be paid off in yearly installments of about \$50,000. The Government then made plans to sell the land on easy terms to the tenants, just as the friars' lands had been sold. At first the authorities thought that the leaseholders, who seemed to be parasitic middlemen, ought to be squeezed out. They soon reconsidered, realizing that the leaseholders were no more parasitic than the hospital. Their investment was just as legitimate. To wipe them out would have been expropriation, so they, too, had to be bought off. The land would be sold only to the people who actually worked it. Elaborate plans were worked out by an able, idealistic man

named José Sanvictores, for credit facilities to eliminate usury, for supervised crop diversification, for fertilizer loans, for hog- and chicken-breeding, purchase of tools and carabaos on easy terms, a co-operative food store, and even fish-breeding in artificial ponds.

But the people at Buenavista did not rejoice when the Government bought the estate. Nor did the fine ideas of Sanvictores please them. They wanted Manuel Quezon to expropriate the estate and to hand it over to them. Failing that, they intended to carry their legal case against the hospital to the highest court. If they could prove that the title was invalid, then the Government would not need to buy the land—and neither would they.

They were sullen when they were invited to sign up to buy acreage, because they still intended to get it for nothing. By signing up to buy, they felt they would prejudice their court case. Many of them were deaf to all advice on crops, and unwilling to take advantage of the 6 per cent credit on fertilizer and carabaos. Fundamentally they suspected the Government of protecting the Church's income instead of theirs. Again in the fall of 1939, they tried to seize the crop. Finally the Government had to get tough and send the constabulary out to Buenavista to force the people to pay their rent in rice, and to make them either sign up to buy land or get out.

It is a thankless job for Sanvictores and the Commonwealth Government. If the Church in the case of other estates waits to deal with the state until conditions are as explosive as they were at Buenavista, until the tenants



## THE LAND AND THE CHURCH

have taken the law into their own hands, Quezon or his successor is in for some bitter troubles.

### RESETTLEMENT

The big southern island of Mindanao contains nearly a third of the total area of the Philippine archipelago. Yet it holds not quite 10 per cent of the population. Its valleys are rich and fertile, and nearly empty. In the whole island there are somewhat over 12,000,000 acres available for homesteading. The problem is how to accelerate migration from crowded Cebu and parts of Luzon.

Eighty per cent of the thinly distributed population of Mindanao is non-Christian. The Mohammedans (Moros) who live there view with some alarm the homesteading, however slow, of "their" long, rich valleys. As Yay Panlilio, who has spent months in the interior of Mindanao, explains: "They have been rather lax in obtaining the proper papers for their lands. Sometimes they merely claim from this river to that mountain because their fathers and their father's father claimed that same area. Some of their claims have merely been declared orally at the Bureau of Lands and they not only overlap but are piled up like flapjacks." As homesteading increases, so will land troubles.

The Government would like very much to have northerners settle in Mindanao, not only to relieve the population pressure in the north, but because the loyalty of the

southern Moros to the Christian Filipino Government in Manila may not be 14-karat. It would be wise to plant a sizable Christian population there. But far more of a worry to Manila than Moros are the Japanese who are concentrated—18,000 of them—in southern Mindanao, within a small area near the city of Davao. The loyalty of these people is doubtful indeed. A counteracting wedge of Filipino population is needed there.

Accordingly, the Philippine Government, besides trying to encourage the ordinary kind of homesteading in Mindanao, started in the spring of 1939 a resettlement colony in the Koronadal Valley, not far from Davao and the Japanese. General Paulino Santos, who did a good job in building the Davao Penal Colony into an agricultural prison that is practically self-supporting, is in charge of Koronadal Valley.

The General hopes to move down to his colony about 1,000 families a year, and about 2,500 have gone already. The settlers are hand-picked, from thousands of applicants. As soon as a man is chosen an account is opened for him, but he does not handle money for a long time. His third-class boat passage from the north to the valley is his first debt. Arriving at the colony, he is put to work at 30 cents a day, which by Philippine standards is not as miserable as it sounds to us. He works from five in the morning until one in the afternoon, but does not touch that money which is set up on the credit side of his account. In the afternoon he can work for himself, building his own house, preparing the ground on 2,000 square

## CHAPTER SEVEN

# THE SPANISH AND THE CHINESE

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*DURING* the recent Spanish Civil War, the most wretched and lonely man in all Manila was the Consul General of Republican Spain. His office was in the Casino Español, which is the fashionable club for rich Manila Spaniards. For years the consulate had shared space with the club. For years the Spanish flag had hung proudly out the window. But in 1936 and 1937 almost all Manila Spaniards were passionately pro-Franco. Many of them were making big contributions to Franco's war coffers. It enraged them to be required to enter their club by passing under the flag of "Red Spain." The Consul General was snubbed as he went in and out of his office. If he had been a disfigured leper escaped from San Lazaro Hospital he could not have been looked at with more horror. Finally the situation became too absurdly awkward, and long before Franco won, the Consul General quietly moved away to a modest cubbyhole elsewhere in Manila.

The Spaniards make up a second white aristocracy in Manila. They number perhaps 4,000 (with another 1,700 scattered through the Islands). The imprint of Spain is

strong in nearly all Philippine cities. Manila's Intramuros—the old walled city—is thoroughly Spanish. Beautiful old Fort Santiago still stands in Manila, although it is widely separated from the sea by "made land." American army officers live atop the walls of the fort in apartments that are high-ceilinged, dark, and cool. Field Marshal Douglas MacArthur has his office in an ancient prison in the walled city. Cebu is even more Spanish in appearance than Manila. Both have vividly American touches in new office buildings and residences. As the Spanish have left their mark on the physical look of the cities and on the minds of the Filipinos—through the Church—so they have changed the race itself. Spanish mestizos, like Chinese mestizos, are common. The Spanish-Filipino racial mixture is found particularly in the cacique class, and in high government and business ranks.

The Spaniards have been in the Islands a long time. Magellan, the Portuguese navigator hired by Spain, found the Islands in 1521. He was killed by native warriors, fighting under a chieftain named Lapu-Lapu. (The word *lapu-lapu* is familiar to all visitors to the Islands. It is the name of a delicious fish that appears frequently on hotel menus.) The first permanent Spanish colony was planted in 1565 in Cebu. Since that time, even though the upper-crust Spaniards have always tried to keep their blood pure, a great many Spanish mestizos have been born. There is no accurate record, but the total must be well over 200,000. Since that time, too, Spaniards have firmly established themselves in business and agriculture. Today, over

forty years after the American conquest, Spanish families of great wealth share with Americans the Big Business of the Islands, leaving small enterprises to the Chinese, Filipinos, and Japanese.

For many years the Spanish alone shared with Americans the privileges of that social temple, the Manila Polo Club. This was founded in 1909 by W. Cameron Forbes when he was Governor General of the Islands.<sup>1</sup> The Polo Club was, and is today, for white men only. It excluded Filipinos and mestizos and still does. It frowned pointedly at Jews. It was more than a club for polo. It was a social and sport center for the white aristocracy. Spaniards figured prominently in it. The four Elizalde brothers—Spanish—were superb polo players. They and the U.S. Army provided the best sport.

But in 1936 the Elizaldes, who are probably the richest and certainly the most important Spanish family in Manila, broke away from the Manila Polo Club and built their own club which they called Los Tamaraos (wild carabaos). The Polo Club split, which in a way was a social schism of the white community, developed into a race issue. The Elizalde brothers proposed for membership in the Manila Polo Club two men whose racial purity and social standing were gravely doubted. One was Major Manuel Nieto, Manuel Quezon's aide and bodyguard. No one was surprised when the club blackballed the two names. The Elizaldes, however, insisted that the men be admitted, or

<sup>1</sup> Filipinos called him "Caminero" (Road-tender) Forbes because during his term of office a number of important roads were built in the Islands.

else—the Polo Club would lose the four Elizaldes. When the club refused to relax its basic, revered code, the Elizaldes carried out their threat: they withdrew, all four of them, and built an expensive new clubhouse and stables. Ever since then, they have imported costly U.S. polo-players to keep up the prestige of Los Tamaraos. And, quite logically, Los Tamaraos has always admitted mestizos and Filipinos.

### THE ELIZALDES

There are really five, not four, Elizaldes. One hears little of young Federico, who has lived in Europe most of the time, and is still in Biarritz. He is the musical sport of the family. He went to England after his graduation from college and was vastly successful in leading a jazz band in London's Savoy Hotel. Later he deserted jazz to compose and conduct more serious music. He has never taken any part in the family business, but his idiosyncrasy is regarded indulgently by the other brothers. Then there is Angel, who has appeared in the newspapers all too often because of his marital problems with a daughter of the California Spreckels family, and for such unseemly behavior at Pan American's San Francisco base that he was refused passage on a clipper. The three other Elizalde brothers are serious and able businessmen—Juan, Manuel, and J.M. ("Mike").

When it became apparent that the Filipinos would get

their independence, the four brothers gave up their Spanish citizenship to become Filipinos. (One prominent Spaniard, M. J. Ossorio, whose wealth is sugar, became an American citizen after the independence law was passed, a move which did not endear him to Manuel Quezon.) Today Mike Elizalde is the only Spaniard who holds a big job in Quezon's government. He is the Resident Commissioner in Washington. His job is to see that the Filipinos' problems are sympathetically presented to the American public. When Quezon chose him for that job, many a Filipino grumbled that it should not have been given to a Spaniard so recently naturalized.

There is a certain irony in Mike Elizalde's present role. As Quezon's representative in Washington, he stands four-square for independence in 1946: no welching, independence at any economic cost, independence even if it means domination, in the words of Quezon, "by another foreign power for another three hundred years." It is up to Elizalde to show the Filipinos' need for economic mercy. Before 1944 there will be another conference between Filipinos and Americans to discuss post-1946 trade relations. Between now and then, Elizalde must do his all to prepare the ground for sympathetic consideration by Americans of the Filipinos' troubles. It is up to him to remind Americans what a big foreign market they may lose in the Philippines. But, mercy or no mercy, Elizalde stands for 1946 independence, along with Quezon. Yet Mike Elizalde, however sincere his loyalty to Quezon and

the independence cause, has every good personal reason to fear the year 1946.

The Elizalde family business goes back to 1854 and a small ship chandlery in Manila. Today Elizalde ramifications spread into practically every kind of business in the Islands. There is a fleet of interisland ships; there are gin and rum distilleries; three sugar mills, plus the management, for a fee, of that Mindoro mill which caused the Archbishop such acute headaches; a lumber company; two insurance companies; a factory for paint and floor wax. There are gold and iron mines, a big rope factory, and even a cattle ranch. The big sprawling total is an investment of something around \$5,000,000, which is big money in the Philippine archipelago.

Today sugar yields the handsomest profits in the long list of Elizalde enterprises. When and if the U.S. market is wiped out, those three mills—and the Archbishop's, on which the Elizaldes now make a small profit—will probably collapse. Rope—and the Elizaldes account for two-thirds of the Philippine exports of that commodity—also depends on the U.S. market. Paint and gin and rum and floor wax and life insurance depend on internal conditions in the Islands. After 1946 Quezon may obligingly put a stiff tariff on imported paint and liquor, thereby helping the Elizaldes. But, generally speaking, in order to prosper these products require healthy, all-round business conditions. If Filipinos come up against a serious depression in 1946, they won't be able to buy much insurance and gin. Elizalde iron, like all Philippine iron, is sold to the only



customer who will buy it—Japan. In gold the Elizaldes have a promising property in southern Mindanao which probably may soon begin to pay back liberally the heavy engineering and construction costs.

Whatever the inmost feelings of the Elizaldes may be on accepting "independence at any cost," no one in the Philippine Islands knows more accurately than Mike Elizalde what "any cost" may mean. No one could better explain to the American people how desperately the Filipinos need economic concessions after 1946. The Resident Commissioner's job has always been a plum coveted by Filipino politicians, because it can so easily head to bigger and more powerful jobs (*vide* Quezon). Mike Elizalde has no political ambitions. In him Quezon made a wise and a safe choice. The economic issues today are crucial to the Philippines, and an Elizalde knows, all too intimately and personally, how crucial they are.

With Mike Elizalde, whose business talents his brothers can ill afford to spare, working with the Philippine Government, and with Los Tamaraos admitting mestizos and Filipinos, the Spaniards are being drawn more closely to the Filipinos. The two are even becoming business partners. There is, for example, Don Andres Soriano. No one could be more ostentatiously Spanish. His devotion to Franco's cause, his large contributions to Fascist Spain, won him in 1939 Franco's decoration—the Grand Cross of Naval Merit. His profitable San Miguel Brewery, right next to Malacañang Palace, has been called the "best gold mine" in the Philippines. It makes an excellent beer, far

better than the local Balintawak (Japanese) brand. But Soriano is also a heavy investor in real gold mines. Partner with him in various gold properties is a Filipino named Placido Mapa. Only about forty years old, Mapa made his big money in sugar, and he has come to be the most imposing Filipino capitalist in Manila. Like the Spaniards and the Americans, he has spread from sugar into other fields: Soriano's gold mines; insurance; and motion-picture production (in Tagalog dialect).<sup>1</sup>

#### TABACALERA

Most of the Spaniards in Manila, whether they have kept their citizenship in that faraway country or not, have no economic connection with Spain. They live in the Islands. They make their money there and, generally speaking, they spend it there. The Church is Spanish only in its architecture now that it has an American archbishop and Filipino priests. There is, however, one tangible material bond between Manila and Spain—the last direct link. It is a big aggregation of capital that is truly Spanish, whose shares are largely owned in Spain (a minority in France), and whose profits therefore go to Spain. It is,

<sup>1</sup> Between 50 and 60 native dialect films are produced each year in the Philippines. Most production companies are short-lived, but there have been as many as 75 registered in one year. Ten or 15 regularly turn out long, slow-moving, sobby, technically imperfect pictures, which are generally careful to avoid passionate close-up scenes. The Garbo of the Islands, a certain Rosa del Rosario, may get as much as 450 pesos a month, plus a modest bonus per picture.

like the Elizaldes, ubiquitous in the Philippines. It is commonly called Tabacalera, though its real name is no less than Compañía General de Tabacos de Filipinas. Its office building is a striking landmark in Manila. Built in 1903, it was the first steel-girdered construction job in the city. Its exterior looks like a design right out of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893—three-storied, with a fussy, over-decorated façade, topped with an absurd balustraded cupola. It is built to withstand typhoon and earthquake, insects and time. Its wooden parts are of the finest Philippine hardwoods, impervious to termites, and all fastened together with wooden pegs. The interior paneling gives a gloomy and ancient dignity to the offices, wherein Spanish is spoken exclusively. At the top of the building, just under the fancy cupola, are staff living-quarters for thirty-five Spanish bachelors, a dining-room, and a suite for visiting directors from Spain. Tabacalera's rococo building—not the Casino Español—is the last truly Spanish stronghold in Manila today.

Tabacalera began way back in 1882, just after the Spanish Government gave up operating the tobacco monopoly. Before that, when tobacco was a government business, Filipino farmers grew leaf tobacco of the finest quality. Petty Spanish officials in the Cagayan Valley in Luzon inspected the fields regularly. If a tao did not grow his crop as he was told, he was flogged good and hard for his negligence. Tabacalera men will tell you today that the quality of Philippine leaf has declined steadily ever

der the Spanish law, were required to bring their shares to the company meeting. This was obviously impossible. Meanwhile the Tabacalera men in Manila made heavy contributions to Fascist Spain, and even before the first year of the war had elapsed the company was making tobacco shipments to Franco's government. The relief of Tabacalera officers and that of all the Franco sympathizers on the Manila pay roll was extreme when the war ended. There followed new worries. The Philippines buy almost nothing from Spain, but depend on Spain to take virtually all their leaf tobacco. The Franco government needed foreign exchange and threatened to buy its tobacco requirements from some country which could and would take Spanish products. Finally, as the European war spread, Tabacalera in Manila began to worry for fear Spain would enter the war actively on Hitler's side. Again shipments to Spain would be difficult, if not impossible.

Tobacco and the Spanish market are only a small part of Tabacalera's total business today. The company is so enormous that it is easier to say what businesses it has not entered than to list all its enterprises. Notably, it has kept out of mining. Tabacalera's investment in two sugar mills is large, and probably yield the nicest profits today. One of the mills, because it is located in the richest sugar land in the Islands and because it has a deep-water pier, is a low-cost producer, and may even be able to survive the worst in 1946.

Tabacalera makes alcohol and rum; it imports various liquors and wines. It manufactures a small volume of fine

## THE SPANISH AND THE CHINESE

cigars for rich Filipinos and Americans and Spaniards to smoke, and it makes a large volume of cheap cigars for export to the U.S. This latter business may collapse in 1946 if Philippine cigars are subject to the U.S. tariff. Tabacalera is in the insurance business. It buys up copra and ships it to the U.S. It is a large sugar exporter and makes heavy loans to sugar planters. It owns 67,500 acres of land, on which it grows rice, sugar, and cattle as well as leaf tobacco. It is agent for the Japanese steamship line, Osaka Shosen Kaisha. The whole aggregation does a total annual business in the Islands of about \$16,000,000.

To all this should be added a Tabacalera olive-oil business in Spain—the only non-Philippine enterprise of this thoroughly Spanish company, whose future is confused not only by the prospect of 1946 independence, but by the doubtful destiny of Spain.

## THE CHINESE

In Big Business—gold and iron mines, coconut oil, cigars, the large importing and exporting firms, rope manufacturing—the white man, Spanish or American, is dominant. Even in the sugar mills, the combined American and Spanish investment exceeds the Filipinos'. Yet the Americans (around 8,500) and the Spaniards (perhaps 5,700) are only a small fraction of the total population—16,000-000. As we shall see, the Japanese—29,000 in the Islands—dominate the hemp business. The Japanese also, as we

have seen, control the deep-sea fishing, which gives them a knowledge of Philippine coastal waters that perhaps equals if not surpasses whatever the U.S. Navy and the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey know. But we shall return to the Japanese later.

The political scapegoats, the target for bullyragging politicians, the minority whom all political orators from Quezon down have promised to Do Something About are not the Japanese. Nor are they the Americans and the Spaniards, who have so obviously made the biggest bundle of money out of the Islands. It is the Chinese who rile the politicians into flights of demagogic oratory. The Chinese who control the retailing must be ousted from their trade. They are the ones who oppress and rob the Filipinos. They are the ones who have taken the place of Filipinos in retailing—a career that rightly belongs to the natives. So the rabble-rousing goes. In the remote past the Chinese, the “Jews of the Orient,” were massacred. Today they are talked of in terms that sound unpleasantly like a faraway echo of Adolf Hitler.

Why, you ask, must Something Be Done About the Chinese? The politician you are questioning is very apt to reveal by his own eyes and the bone structure of his face that one of his own ancestors was Chinese. For, whether the politician will admit it or not, it is obvious—no anthropologist need tell you—that the Chinese have brought mental and physical vigor to the race. Otherwise that bone structure, that pair of eyes, would not so frequently be seen among the ablest Filipinos.

Press the politician about the Chinese. Well, they are too numerous. Yes, there are obviously more of the Chinese than of the white men. There are 117,000 of them in the Islands, and there may be well over 1,000,000 Chinese mestizos, including the very politician who wants to legislate the Chinese out of business. You learn that over half the Philippine retail business is in the hands of the Chinese. The percentage rises higher in the rural districts. There the little *tienda*, where the Filipino buys a penny's worth of this and that, is almost invariably owned by a Chinese.

The politician tells you that the Chinese charge too high prices, cheat in measurements, make huge profits. To which you suggest that it ought to be a cinch for a Filipino to open a *tienda* of his own and walk away with the village business. Whereupon the politician retreats and takes a quite different tack. The Chinese standard of living is hideously low, he says. The Chinese is willing to live in a small corner of his store. He eats almost nothing, and works day and night. So does his family. So does his hired clerk, if he has one. The Chinese in Manila flagrantly violate the eight-hour law. The charge now is that the Chinese operates his store with too little, not too great, overhead and profit. Therefore the Filipino cannot possibly compete. If this is true, the Chinese perform (from the point of view of the poorest Filipino) an excellent distribution service. The Filipino can buy cheaply because the Chinese lives so meagerly.

The politician likes to suggest that with the retail trade

in the hands of the Chinese, the economy of the country could be paralyzed overnight. What would happen, he asks you, if all the Chinese stores one morning failed to open? That absurdly demagoguish idea can only be answered by other questions: For what conceivable reason would all the Chinese stores be closed that day? Who would give the signal, and why? Would it be a political plot to overthrow the Government? In the many hundreds of years that the Chinese have been in the Islands, they have never yet shown any wish to meddle in or control Island politics. They are distinguished for their lack of interest in internal Philippine affairs. In fact, one charge made against them is that they are indifferent to and aloof from the life of the Filipino people.

The politician continues. The Chinese who keeps the local *tienda* lends money to the Filipino and charges outrageous interest rates. The poor Filipino is constantly in debt to the Chinese. This is all too true, but there is no shred of evidence that a Filipino storekeeper would offer terms one whit more generous. The Filipino cacique—the Filipino moneylender wherever he is—has demonstrated that no interest rates could be more oppressive and usurious than his own. For a funeral, for a wedding, for a saint's day fiesta, a Filipino chooses to hock his future and shoot the works. He goes to the local *tienda* and talks with the Chinese merchant. He promises to pay when his rice is harvested, "so much" rice, indicating a measure. He has no security. He will have to pay double the cost (including interest) for his splurge, no matter whether he appeals



to a Filipino cacique or a Chinese storekeeper. The cure, if there be one, might be some kind of governmental credit machinery. A basic change in the Filipino's character seems to be impossible.

Finally, the Chinese own the country's rice mills. Probably no less than 75 per cent of the Philippine rice mills are owned by the Chinese. The tao sells his rice to the mill, which often, too, acts as a banker and moneylender, charging high rates. Frequently the Chinese mill is the only buyer of rice in that locality, and of course the price is what the mill will pay. It is a buyer's price, pushed way down. This problem deserves more sympathetic attention. But the same complaint might be made in tobacco areas where Tabacalera is the sole buyer. Filipino-owned rice mills would be no cure, but rather some sort of a marketing co-operative set up with government aid and encouragement is needed.

The hue and cry about the Chinese usually centers on his retailing function. Take a look at this evil retailer. The average *tienda* is a miserable little nipa shack with a very small stock of food and cheap household articles. The Chinese who owns it looks as miserable as his store. (However, he is never quite as poor as he looks. The Chinese care far less than Filipinos for clothes, and they are not as clean as the Filipinos.) Every Filipino in the village has dealings with the Chinese, from whom he buys kerosene, salt, rice, yard goods. And a large percentage of the Filipinos in the village owe the Chinese some money now, or have owed some in the recent past, and will any day

again. Multiply this village many times and you can see that the Chinese are the most obvious, the easiest political target, simply because they touch the lives of every native, and no one loves the man to whom he owes money. No political speech goes over better with the populace than one that attacks the Chinese and promises that they will be driven out of business.

Again and again the promise has been made. Again and again laws have been proposed to limit storekeepers' licenses to natives. The Filipinos even came close to writing that discrimination into their constitution. Manuel Quezon, in November, 1939, devoted an entire speech to threats against the Chinese and promises to set up Filipinos in business. Ironically enough, the occasion for this passionately discriminatory speech was the fourth anniversary of the new Commonwealth, that little country which has successfully asserted its right to become an independent democratic nation in 1946. At just about the same time, Manuel Quezon was offering haven to 10,000 Jewish exiles from Europe. They are to be settled in an agricultural colony in Mindanao. The Chinese wonder, ironically, at this generous hospitality. For the Jews, like the Chinese, eventually work their way into trade, no matter how they start their lives in any country.

Legally the Chinese are barred from the Philippines. With American rule came U.S. exclusion laws. Yet they enter, a few thousand new ones, perhaps, each year. Chinese residents are allowed to bring their families in from China. They seem to have an enormous number of chil-

dren and an incredibly high percentage of grown sons. These come in with the proper papers, but other Chinese are smuggled in.

Down in Zamboanga a turbaned Moro may ask you if you'd like to take a trip with him to the Borneo coast. He has a fragile, beautifully carved, fifteen-foot *vinta* (a large dugout canoe), with a square sail. He says he will take you across the Sulu Sea to Borneo in two or three days. His price is 150 pesos, or \$75. He says, as if to convince you of the justice of the price, "That is what the Chinaman pays me to bring him over." The most common route for illegal entry of the Chinese is by way of Borneo, landing on any one of the hundreds of lonely beaches in the southern islands of the Philippine group.

The Chinese have a long-established reputation for honesty in their business deals. However much the Filipino mutters about interest rates, he rarely accuses the Chinese of going back on the terms of the deal, of failure to keep his word. But the Chinese operates in a mysterious way. It was almost impossible for the Philippine Government to collect a sales tax, because the Chinese retailer too often had no record of his sales or inventory. Now the tax is levied on the "first sale," that is, at the point of import or manufacture, instead of at the final sale to the consumer. The Chinese in Manila often do business under a half-dozen aliases, which makes collection of all taxes difficult, and credit-rating nearly impossible. Finally, the Chinese are accused of draining capital from the country. In the old days, money was sent back largely to their

families. In recent days, it has also been sent to Chiang Kai-shek's war chest. Something over \$6,000,000 has gone out since 1937. However, Manuel Quezon might well reason that China's continued resistance to Japan contributes to the future security of the Philippines. The generous gifts made by Manila Spaniards to Franco were never the subject of heated political speeches; yet that draining away of capital served no purpose useful to the Filipinos.

The Chinese always baffle other people. They are remote and mysterious. They take no interest in community life. They rarely figure in the crime records, except for an occasional tong war. They are unruffled when insults are heaped upon them and when they hear a Filipino curse: "May the Alligator get you," or, "May lightning strike you dead." The Filipino's abuse of the Chinese retailer is habitual rather than sincerely intended. It is the habit of speech a Filipino practices whenever he enters a *tienda*. Some Filipinos say that one reason a native hesitates to go into retailing is that he could not stand the abusive language customarily directed at the storekeeper.

Finally, the Chinese is frugal. He saves money and watches with horror his Filipino neighbors squandering their all and a piece of their future on fiestas and cock-fights. His own big festival is the Chinese New Year, and an essential part of that celebration is to clear up all debts. We have noted that the Chinese is a good catch as a husband for the Filipino tao's pretty daughter. The family will never be in need if it is bound by a *pariente* to the local Chinese retailer.

place name in the whole world), the Sulu Archipelago. And you can meet under the American flag in Moroland a Sultan of Sulu, a Dayang-Dayang (Princess of the First Degree), and any number of datus (hereditary Moro overlords).

Moro history is gory. These people were not really beaten after three hundred years of Spanish effort. Americans brought them to terms only after decisive, bloody massacres which aroused the American public because women and children were done away with along with the men. Moro amoks (multiple murders) and juramentados (crazed, semireligious killings of Christians) are renowned and horrible. They occur intermittently even these days, and a cold fear paralyzes the countryside for weeks thereafter.

But there are a few less gaudy facts to bear in mind. One is that beneath this Mohammedan religion the Moro is precisely the same human creature racially as the northern Christian Filipino. When the Spaniards found Mohammedans in the Philippine Islands, they called them Moros (Moors) simply out of painful memory of the Mohammedan Moors they had fought in Spain. Malayan-Indonesian people, like other Filipinos, the so-called Moros had been converted to Mohammedanism long before Magellan set foot on the Islands. They got their religion by way of Java and Malacca. In fact, for a while the island of Mindanao and the long string of small islands known as the Sulu Archipelago were under Javanese rule. Finally, a most important fact to remember is

that the Moros make up only a very small part of the Filipino population—about 4 per cent.

Moros loom large in discussion of the Philippines for three reasons: 1. They are what journalists call “good copy,” because of their past history, present habits and dress, and their occasional murderous outbursts. 2. They occupy that rich island of Mindanao (as well as some small ones) in which the Philippine Government hopes to settle large numbers of Christians and of which 80 per cent is now “occupied” by non-Christians. 3. Moros, fiercely proud, boasting a courage in battle second to none, resent rule by “Filipinos,” as they call the northern Christians; they augur trouble for the new Philippine nation. Because the Moros are divided into various groups it is doubtful that they can ever unite effectively. Simmering discontent and sporadic local clashes with “Filipino” authorities are inevitable.

General Pershing once said that a Moro could fight his own weight in wildcats. The General had every reason to know whereof he spoke, because he met these men in more than one fierce battle. In the early Spanish days, Moro pirates roamed the seas, raiding shipping fearlessly and ruthlessly, not only around the Philippines, but around Borneo and the Dutch East Indies as well. The port of Jolo, in the Sulu Archipelago, was an important crossroads where the loot was exchanged and sold, including human slaves, and captured women for the Moro harems. The Spanish finally succeeded in policing the seas well enough to suppress piracy. They were also able to prevent the

Moros from spreading their population and their religion to the northern islands. There were a few strong Spanish forts near the coast on some of the islands, but the Moros were still a tough problem when the Americans took over at the end of the Spanish-American War.

It was bad enough when the Treaty of Paris was signed for the Americans to find the northern Filipinos, those Christians under General Aguinaldo, in revolt against McKinley's "benevolent assimilation." It was a good deal worse for the U.S., totally inexperienced in colonial policy, to discover that it had on its hands a Moslem population never really subdued by Spain. Pious Congressmen who disapproved of imperialist expansion anyhow were horrified to discover that polygamy flourished among our Moro brown brothers. (When a famous old Moro, Datu Piang, died in 1933 he was known to have had more than a hundred wives. He was never entirely sure of the total himself.) Still worse, in spite of Abraham Lincoln, slavery was practiced by the Moros under the American flag. We had, by the Treaty of Paris, bitten off a good deal more than we knew how to chew.

The Spanish, who apparently hated the Moros far more than they did the Americans, made one sporting gesture to their conquerors before they left. High in the mountains of northern Mindanao is Lake Lanao, whose shores were infested with rebellious Moros. The Spaniards had built a small fleet of launches and barges on the lake to attack the Moro forts along the shore. The materials for the fleet had been carried piece by piece over the high moun-

tains. Before the Spanish withdrew from Lanao, they made certain that the fleet would not be inherited by the Moros. They painted the hulls with grease to preserve them, then sank them. They graciously handed over to the American authorities a map showing the precise location of each sunken ship. The fleet was later raised and used by the Americans to take up the fight against the shore force of the Moros.

Two battles to bring the Moros to submission became famous because they were so brutal and complete. The American officers justified their bloody doings by insisting that the only way to assert authority against a fearless and ruthless people was to prove that you could be just as ruthless. It was a language the Moros understood well. The worst battle—more accurately, massacre—was near Jolo. Armed with their krises, a thousand Moros, including women and children, took their stand in 1906 behind fortifications in the crater of an extinct volcano named Bud Dajo. Twenty-one of General Wood's fully armed force of 800 were killed and 75 wounded before the Moro band was conquered by the process of extermination.

Again, in 1913 General Pershing did much the same job in annihilating 300 Moros on Mt. Bagsak. In this case the Moros had defied the American Government's disarmament order, telling all Moros to give up their firearms and fighting krises. They were allowed to keep "working knives" less than 15 inches in length. (Today when a Moro goes amok, a knife under 15 inches can do a mighty



gory job. But no Filipino, even a northerner, can be expected to do without some kind of bolo.)

Leonard Wood and John J. Pershing showed the Moros decisively who was boss. Both these names became enormously famous in later years. Almost no one in the U.S. has ever even heard the name of Frank W. Carpenter, who was a really great colonial administrator. As civil governor of the Moros he accomplished more in a few years than Spanish and American troops had in a few hundred years. Carpenter used suasion, imagination, incredible patience, and an understanding respect of Moro customs. He backed all this up with firmness and a willingness to call out the troops when they were absolutely necessary.

The era of suasion required that American authorities, even the constabulary, read the Koran and attempt to make American punishment jibe with Mohammedan law, wherever possible. Moros were told that their religion and customs would be respected when they did not conflict too sharply with U.S. laws (slavery, for instance). Moros who were willing to play ball with the Government were given responsible jobs. For example, a certain Mohammedan Princess, now over seventy, has been in government service for over twenty years and is still mayor of a city. She was the first native woman, Christian or Moro, to be put in a high government job. Like the northern Filipinos, Moro women assume unexpectedly important roles. This is apparently explained by their Malayan background, which neither Catholicism nor Mohammedanism ever completely blotted out.

Governor Carpenter, who was willing to try anything to win the Moros, put great hope in the intelligent young niece of the Sultan of Sulu, Princess Tarhata Kiram. He sent her to Manila and then to the University of Illinois to be educated. Tarhata had such a fine time in the U.S. that for a while Carpenter was afraid she would never return to her own people. However, she did come back, apparently thoroughly Americanized, looking and behaving just like the short-skirted American girl of the twenties. The experiment seemed to have worked—until Tarhata left Manila and arrived in Jolo among her own people. She quickly reverted, put on Sulu clothes, filed her teeth, became one of the wives of a middle-aged Sulu datu, and with him, in 1927, fomented a minor uprising against the American Government. When her husband was put in jail, she divorced him. Last winter Tarhata married again, this time a Christian Filipino from Cebu.

In general, the latter-day conciliatory, understanding treatment worked well. In fact, many Moros today will tell you that they prefer to remain under the American flag. They do not want to be ruled by "Filipinos." Many of them insist that years ago Leonard Wood promised that they would never have to submit to Filipino rule. Moros argue that the Americans won their right to rule by hard fighting, which a Moro respects above anything else. Subsequently, Americans showed an honest wish to respect Moro customs. Filipinos, say the Moros, will merely inherit a subjugated, disarmed people, without fighting for the right to rule. Further, many Moros believe that

Filipinos will put Tagalog bosses over them and will try to "assimilate" them, and to destroy their religion. Finally, the Moros assert that the Filipinos are not courageous. This is an unjust accusation, as American army officers will testify. The Moros' belief in their own superiority and their resentment of the Christian Filipino may well mean trouble after 1946.

### THE SULTANS OF SULU

Administration of the Moros was (and is) infinitely difficult because of the elaborate hierarchy of authority already existing among the people. Moro laws and customs differ from one area (Sulu, for example) to another (Cotabato) because the Philippine Mohammedans have greatly elaborated the Koran. There were headmen who rose to dominate communities by sheer personality and power of leadership. They collected fees for irregular behavior. There were *datus* whose power over thousands of people came by inheritance, by noble birth. There was the imam who collected fines for religious defalcations. There was the *hadji* who occupied a special place because he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

According to Moro law, the fines for misconduct are carefully graded. In the code of the Cotabato Moros, for example, if a man touches a woman's hand he is charged 5 pesos; her forearm, 10 pesos; shoulder or face, 50 pesos. The fines mount in this fashion, according to the gravity

of the outrage, up to consummation without consent—100 pesos for a virgin, 75 for a widow. But these fees are minimums. Fines are further graded according to blueness of blood—a kind of soak-the-rich, capacity-to-pay system that is highly commendable. Sexual offenses, high up in the datu world, run to 1,000 pesos. Murder, theft, and other crimes are likewise graded. Many years ago when a datu wanted to lower all fines to a flat 14 pesos for the higher-ups and 7 pesos for the lowly, other datus protested. They considered it belittling for them to pay so low a rate. They also felt, and quite wisely, that crime would increase among both high and low if it came too cheap.

Sulu tradition demanded that half the fine go to the offended, the other half be divided between the Sultan of Sulu and the datu, or imam, who collected the fine. For the Mohammedans of Sulu had a Sultan (not recognized by the Moros of Cotabato). Today there are two Sultans of Sulu, or rather, there are two claimants to the Sultanate. The Sulu Moro decides for himself which one to consider his spiritual leader.

The story of the Sultanate of Sulu illustrates clearly the impossible job that a democratic Christian nation faces when it sets out to impose its own government and constitution upon Mohammedan people while promising them religious freedom. In the beginning, the U.S. Government made a compromise with the Sultan. Back in 1899, the first concern of the American conquerors was to hold onto Manila. Before they did anything else they had to

put down the rebellion of the Christian Filipinos under Aguinaldo. The showdown with the Moros in the south would have to come later.

Accordingly, the Sultan of Sulu (living in Jolo) and his people were kept fairly well in line by an agreement made in 1899 and called the Bates Treaty. It was not really a treaty, because it was never approved by the U.S. Senate. It required that the Sultan of Sulu keep his people in order. This meant above all that he was to suppress piracy, and he was to keep his *datus* from swooping down on nearby communities in murderous raids to steal cattle and capture women.

In exchange for this invaluable policing, the Sultan got a fairly good deal for himself. Although U.S. sovereignty had to be recognized technically and the Stars and Stripes had to fly in Sulu, the "rights and dignities" of the Sultan and his *datus* were to be "fully respected." In the all-important matter of justice, crimes committed by Moros against other Moros were to be punished by the Sultan's own machinery of jurisprudence—the *datus* and imams. Only Moro crimes perpetrated against Christians were the concern of the U.S. military authorities. Offenders of this sort were to be handed over by the Sultan to the local U.S. garrison. One curious provision of the Bates Treaty was that slaves could purchase their freedom by paying the current market price to their masters. How they could get the money to do that was not suggested.

Thus the Sultan kept practically all his temporal power. He was also given a munificent salary by the Americans—

courts were set up to deal with criminal and civil cases. Even though most of the Sulu Moros at first continued to seek redress through their own machinery of justice, the American judicial structure gradually took away some of the Sultan's crime business. At the same time that parallel local government and courts were being set up alongside of the Moro structure, U.S. soldiers were answering Sulu recalcitrance with grim force—as you recall, in the battle of Bud Dajo. In 1911 the Sulu Moros were ordered to give up their arms and by 1915 they were totally disarmed.

Meanwhile the Sultan kept complaining that his traditional rights were being usurped—particularly by the courts. In 1915 a new agreement was made with the Sultan, who by now was clearly in no position to bargain. In this deal he signed away every vestige of temporal power. He was recognized as head of the Mohammedan Church in the Sulu area, and that is all. He renounced all sovereignty, local and otherwise. His rights were exactly the same as those given “the supreme spiritual heads of all other religions existing in U.S. territory, including the right to solicit and receive voluntary [note the “voluntary”] contributions.” Courts set up by the Americans were to decide all civil and criminal cases. Religious freedom was granted insofar as “it is not in violation of the laws of the United States.” This meant, among other things, slavery and polygamy. Actually the United States has never bothered to do anything about polygamy.

Thus the Sultan, because he could not do otherwise, yielded his real power and a good part of his income.<sup>1</sup> The old bone was thrown to him—a pension of \$250 a month. His rent from the British North Borneo Company kept coming in. Actually there is little doubt that he and his datus continued to collect, illegally, many a fee for theft and seduction, in spite of the agreement. For a few years the Sultan was an appointed member of the Philippine Senate, but he was not very happy in the Manila setting. In his younger days he visited the United States and had a giddy time on Broadway. He dazzled New York with his enormous pearls, for in the good old days the Sultan claimed as his own all the unusually large pearls taken out of Sulu waters.

In 1936 the old Sultan died. In keeping with his high station, he had had many wives, but not one of them had given him an heir. Confusion over the succession has reduced the Sultanate of Sulu to complete absurdity. First the Dayang-Dayang (Princess of the First Degree) Pian-dao wanted it for herself. She was the niece and adopted daughter of the dead Sultan. But the Sulu Moros frowned at the idea of a Sultana, without precedent in their history. There was the Sultan's brother, Wasit, whose candidacy was bitterly opposed by the ambitious Dayang-Dayang. Just before Wasit was to be formally installed as Sultan, he died. Enemies of the Dayang-Dayang still whisper

<sup>1</sup> Just for the record, his name and titles were: His Highness Padukka Mahasari Manulana Hadji Jamalul Kiram II, Sultan of Sulu and North Borneo, Judge of Agama.

about foul play and poison—methods often resorted to in past Sultanic rivalries.

Finally, after two years of bickering among a number of claimants, two Sultans emerged. One was the Dayang-Dayang's young husband, Datu Ombra Amilbangsa, a member of the Philippine Assembly, and a man of commoner blood. The second was Jainal Abirin II, a Moro who had led his people against General Pershing in the old days. He too was not of the purest blood. The Sulu Moros had to take their choice. No one knows how the two rivals stand statistically in adherents today.

Ombra was and is the favorite of the Manila politicians. His wife, the Dayang-Dayang, a dumpy fat woman of about fifty with flashing gold teeth, is a good friend of Doña Aurora Quezon of Malacañang Palace. Ombra has been made governor of Sulu—the first Moro to hold that job. When he took office, Manuel Quezon told the Moros of Sulu very pointedly that as governor the Sultan was well paid; he would not and could not legally accept any crime fees from his people.

Today the Dayang-Dayang and her husband live in the biggest house in Jolo—a frame structure near the pier, where the white governors used to live. Sultan Abirin II lives just outside the town in more modest quarters. He, too, has political connections—an Assemblyman named Jamalul Rasul. Thus the Sultanate, deprived of all its ancient power, now identifies itself with modern politics and thereby keeps a puny kind of temporal power. The



\$250 salary, of course, is of the past. It was promised, back in 1915, only for the lifetime of the old Sultan.

While the Sulu Moros give allegiance to one or the other of the two Sultans, the British North Borneo Company pays rent to neither. Indeed, to whom should it pay rent? Who is Sultan? An American government official in Manila points out how awkward it would be if the British North Borneo Company should appeal to the highest authority in the Philippines. The company might write to Franklin D. Roosevelt thus: "We should like to pay the annual 5,000 pesos which we owe the Sultan of Sulu. Would you kindly inform us who is the Sultan of Sulu?" Since the Philippines are still U.S. territory, if North Borneo really owes sovereignty and 5,000 pesos a year to someone living in the Philippines, should not the matter be straightened out? But how?

The comic international situation over North Borneo is complicated enough by the mere fact that there are two claimants to the Sultanate. Actually it is further muddled because neither Sultan possesses today a copy of the lease or contract made with the British North Borneo Company. Unhappily it was destroyed by fire during the lifetime of the old Sultan. So when the British company asserts that, according to the old document (of which the company has the only existing copy) annual payments were limited to a period of years now expired, what proof can a Sultan (any Sultan) have to the contrary?

The Sultans whimper, by letter, to Washington. They get no help in the collection of their annual 5,000 pesos.

Now in arrears, the sum amounts to 25,000 pesos. The Dayang-Dayang makes periodic and futile trips to Borneo to "demand" payment. She has an added claim against North Borneo. She insists that her old uncle (the Sultan) left her, personally, twenty-two islands off the coast of Borneo. These she wants restored to her. The back rent she "demands" for her Sultanic husband. Abirin II, the other Sultan, periodically "demands" money from North Borneo with the same dismal lack of success.

### AMOKS AND JURAMENTADOS

Sudden death by violence is routine news in the Manila newspapers. When a Filipino loses his temper, his hand automatically moves to his bolo, which he always carries. Often he lets fly.

In the Moro country, murder may not actually be more frequent, but it is certainly apt to be multiple when it does occur. A Moro who runs amok has a magnificent contempt for all human life within range of his dagger. In October, 1939, for example, two Moros went amok in Zamboanga. Before their mad course through the city was interrupted five victims had been killed. The two men were murdered in the end, since that is the only way to stop their madness. Anyone who happens to be along the route of an amok Moro is apt to be mowed down. There was the case of a Chinese merchant in Zamboanga who stuck his head out

of the door of his shop because he was curious. He lost his head.

A distinction is drawn between going amok and going juramentado. Going amok may merely mean that a man, half crazed with frustration, revenge, woman trouble, or whatever, kills someone, and then, in the frantic knowledge that he is going to be caught, strikes out at random and kills anyone he meets. Desperate, hysterically mad killing—it is not unknown in New York, Chicago, and Manila.

When a Moro goes juramentado, it is, in theory, a different thing altogether. The Moro decides, for whatever personal reason, to commit suicide. His religion (not the Koran, but his Philippine Moro religion) has taught him that he will die nobly and go to a splendid heaven if he does away with a lot of Christians before he dies. Some say that he will proceed to the other world on a great white horse and be received by a harem of beautiful women. He consults with his spiritual leader, the imam, and tells him all his plans. Hence the Spanish word "juramentado," meaning one who has taken an oath. He shaves off his eyebrows, clothes himself all in white, and goes forth. He heads for a place where Christians are apt to be gathered; the higher the Christian officials, the better. Then he slashes away as fast as possible, slicing and disemboweling as many Christians as he can before he is killed by one of them. This elaborately planned, ceremonial kind of suicide-by-murder is extremely rare. However, in the frenzied murders committed by Moros gone amok, there is

perhaps often a juramentado element. Fed up with life, craving revenge on society as a whole, a Moro may sometimes take to suicide via multiple murder, even when he does not make elaborate plans, shave his eyebrows, and make a beeline for Christians.

Dean Worcester sums up the Moro's behavior when he is seized with an insane lust for death thus: "I have known one [Moro], when bayoneted, to seize the barrel of the gun and push the bayonet through himself in order to bring the man at the other end within striking distance, cut him down, unclasp the bayonet and, leaving it in the wound to prevent hemorrhage, go on fighting. It is an historic fact that Moro juramentados once attempted to rush the walls of Jolo and kept up the fruitless effort until they had blocked with their dead bodies the rifle slits, so that it became necessary for the Spanish soldiers to take positions on top of the walls in order to fire. I have known a Moro, shot repeatedly through the body and with both legs broken, to take his kris in his teeth and pull himself forward with his hands in the hope of getting near enough to strike one more blow for the Prophet."

These days, murders may be simply a row between two rival Moro datus and their followers. Yay Panlilio thus explains the Cotabato outbreak in January, 1940:

"The Masturas used to be the local royalty, but the Sinsuats were smarter. They tied in first with the Spaniards, then with the Americans, and when the Philippine Commonwealth rolled around there they were, sitting right on top. Having been second-rate nobility for so many

centuries, the Sinsuats got giddy with their new power and began stumbling around on people's toes, including the Masturas. The Masturas may be barefooted, but blue blood is blue blood and it won't be trod on.

"So, what happened? Moros know that elections are something after all and that a datu can still swing his weight around and deliver the votes. His leadership is tied up with religion and his authority is unquestioned. He can deliver the votes and add some stuffing besides.

"The Sinsuats had been running political things their way, with a mailed fist (also good at emptying mass pockets). The blue-blooded Masturas got tired of the upstart Sinsuats, and decided to swing all their votes over to the Piangs, who are political rivals of the Sinsuats. This they did, with the result that the National Assembly seat, the provincial board, municipal jobs, and all that you call patronage (and we call *tayo-tayo*) were taken away from the Sinsuat crowd.

"The Sinsuats got sore at the political defeat which the Masturas had caused by switching their votes. In January the Sinsuat-Mastura feud really broke out. One of the Sinsuats slapped one of the Mastura men, an indirect way of bringing on a real battle between the datus and their followers. This was in the morning. In a couple of hours hell broke loose. Little by little, the word going like wild-fire, a hundred Moros gathered in the center of town.

"Then a Sinsuat man said to a Mastura man: 'Who is the brave man who dares to insult my father?' The Sinsuat is the son of the man who did the morning slapping. You

can't beat a Moro for indirection in the preliminaries, and deadly direction when things really get going.

"A couple of 'peacemakers' grabbed his right wrist as he reached for his gun, and his left as he grabbed for his dagger. While the peacemakers held him, he got three bullets from the front, five or six stabs from front and back.

"The fighting went on all the way across the street intersection. Only a score took part in it. The rest were bystanders, although Moros are only waiting for someone's sleeve to brush them before they rush in too. The Sinsuats were only about six in number, actually fighting. The Masturas about the same. The Sinsuats had both revolvers and daggers. One Mastura had a revolver, the rest only daggers.

"The Masturas, in a hail of bullets, proceeded to cut the Sinsuats in ribbons with daggers. Three Sinsuats fell, mortally wounded, and another was carried away. Most of the Masturas were wounded, although none died. The head Mastura, the only one with a revolver, didn't even get his hair mussed.

"There was no yelling or groaning or screaming. It was silent except for a grunt when some guy threw all his weight behind his blade.

"I watched the Sinsuats die in the hospital. Just before one of them died, the nurse took his pulse and whispered to me that he was going. He opened his eyes, reached up and felt his pulse himself. He smiled at me and said, in broken English, 'You think I'm dying? Not yet, but soon.' "

tidal waves from the near-by China Sea. At least one scientist has advised the Philippine Government to keep a constant and careful watch for the faintest rumblings within Taal, in order to anticipate the next eruption. When and if Taal blows up again, this authority warns, the sea may enter the bowels of the volcano and so multiply the violence of the eruption that the city of Manila, 40 miles away, may be disastrously hit.

The narrow ridge of Tagaytay meanwhile is being optimistically developed as a week-end resort. The names of the owners of the choicest building lots overlooking the volcano read like a Who's Who in Philippine Politics. Few have built their houses, but all have reserved places with a superb view of the volcano. The development is so political that the name of the ridge may soon be changed from the poetic syllables Tagaytay to something that sounds like a dreary section of the Borough of Queens: "Aurora City." The honored person is, of course, Aurora Aragon Quezon, for whom sixteen towns have already been named.

But God's great gift to those who find Manila's climate hard to take is Baguio, 160 miles away. The word *baguio* means "typhoon" and the city apparently deserves its name. It holds the world's record for rainfall, 46 inches in twenty-four hours. High in the mountains, at 4,500 feet, you will find in Baguio tonic cool air, magnificent scenery, even an occasional frost. You can often see your breath before your face. You have no idea what all this can mean

unless you have been living in the tropics for several months.

Baguio is not merely God's gift, but it is also man's own, hard-won achievement. Way back in 1898 there were records in Manila, left by the Spaniards, which described Baguio's untropically cold weather, its endless pine forests and oak groves. The Americans didn't quite believe it. Other mountain areas they had found in the Islands were tangled tropical forest, hanging with orchids. They were humid and unhealthy. An expedition was sent up to Baguio to discover the truth. The investigators came back to Manila extravagant in their praise of this mountain country. Finally Governor Taft himself, half-sick with dysentery, made the journey, partly by boat, and the last stretch on horseback. Taft cabled enthusiastically to Secretary of War Elihu Root: "Stood trip well, rode horseback 25 miles to 5,000 feet altitude. Hope amoebic dysentery cured. Great province this, only 150 miles from Manila with air as bracing as Adirondacks or Murray Bay. Only pines and grass lands. Temperature this hottest month in the Philippines in my cottage porch at three in the afternoon 68. Fires are necessary night and morning. Taft." Root, recalling Taft's enormous weight, cabled back: "Referring to telegram from your office of 15th inst., how is horse? Root."

The American officials in Manila, backed by Root, resolved to open up this gloriously healthy country, to build a road over the high mountains, to make a city in Baguio where government and army personnel could go to re-



cuperate from their tropical ailments. They even hoped to make Baguio the summer capital. They called for estimates for a road over the last difficult mountain chain. One American engineer said he could do it—28 miles of mountain road—for \$75,000. The American Government believed this impossibly low figure. Months passed, and it became apparent that very little had been accomplished, and what had been done was unsound from an engineering standpoint. Another contractor was engaged. By 1913 \$3,000,000 had been spent to put a road over and around the mountains. The road seemed to be jinxed. In 1909 and 1911, typhoons of unprecedented violence wiped out bridges and whole sections of the highway. In the 1911 storm a mountain literally split in two, dropping one side down into the valley below, taking bridges with it and piling up debris to a height of 150 feet.

Through the whole period of construction, Filipino politicians screamed their opposition. They accused the Americans of spending money extravagantly—Filipinos' money—simply to build a road and open up a resort for jaded Americans longing for their home climate. The screams kept up for years after the road was in service and the city of Baguio well started. The U.S. never succeeded in making a true summer capital in Baguio, although today leading Filipinos, like the rich Spaniards and Americans, have homes there. And, you recall, Manuel Quezon went to Baguio when he was seriously ill with tuberculosis.

It is the most American spot in the Islands. Baguio's city plan was drawn by Daniel Burnham, who did the

work without charging any fee. The streets in the center of the town are wide and well planned. There are no *calesas* or other horse-drawn vehicles to be seen. Commercial buildings and stores are thoroughly American in appearance (vintage 1910). Through the expensive residential district where the Manila rich have their estates there are broad, winding, hilly drives. The big houses are set behind deep, well-groomed lawns, like those of Westchester estates. Practically all of them have elaborate gardens and breath-taking mountain views. Stevenot and Gaches, the Elizaldes and Quezon, as well as the American High Commissioner—all the people who count, politically and socially—have imposing residences in Baguio. The Country Club, unlike the Manila Polo Club, admits Filipinos.

There are rest homes maintained by various big Philippine companies like Tabacalera, where men in the upper salary brackets go to rest after a siege of amoebic dysentery, pneumonia, infections from forest leeches, or whatever else ails them. The U.S. Army has its recuperative post, Camp John Hay, which was one of the first projects laid out in Baguio and is situated on a ridge overlooking miles and miles of mountains. Field Marshal Douglas MacArthur trains his cadets in a little West Point in Baguio. The ugly, dark, barnlike Pines Hotel usually has a high percentage of ailing middle-aged guests. Its fireplaces, blazing morning and night, are welcome, even though you are well equipped with woolen clothes. The food is delicious, because good fresh vegetables are grown by the Japanese in the near-by town of Trinidad.

Only a few details prevent Baguio from looking like a wealthy mountain resort in the Adirondacks. Here and there a stridulous red bougainvillea twists itself incongruously over a pine tree. In the commercial center of the city there is a strong flavor of Butte, Montana, for Baguio is the mining capital of the Philippines. At the local bars you will see mining engineers, perhaps an old prospector who has sold out his claims and likes to tell tall tales about the gold boom. Here and there in Baguio are faint echoes of Japan. The gardeners of the rich are, in many cases, Japanese from Trinidad whose tendency is to make complicated, tortured flower gardens.

You are driving along the wide sweeping road past Casa Topside (the impressive estate of Sam Gaches), feeling exactly as if you were in the U.S.A. until you suddenly see an incongruously clothed man trotting ahead of you. His lower half is virtually naked. A red G string is caught tightly between his firm buttocks, twisted round his waist, and carefully tied at the back with a wide, sash-like flourish. As he walks briskly along, the red flap bounces up and down. Above the G string he wears an American shirt, the tails flying in the breeze. As you drive past him and look at his face, you find that it is more gnarled and old than you would expect from the youthful, muscular body and legs. He is an Igorot, a "pagan" whose people occupied Baguio for centuries before Mr. Taft made his trip.

Once a week the Igorots from miles around swarm into Baguio. There, in the cleanest and best-organized public market in the Philippines, the G-string pagans buy and

sell. Some of them bring in to Baguio those skinny, nearly starved dogs which will be allowed to stuff themselves with rice, and will then be sold to other Igorots who appreciate that food—dog meat, partially digested rice and all. Woven goods and silver and wood carvings are brought in for the tourists to buy. Market day in Baguio will give you some idea of the kind of people you will see if you drive still higher into the northern mountains.

The lowlander, the Tagalog, the "civilized" Christian with his veneer of Spanish Catholicism and American manners and dress, is profoundly ashamed of the G-string pagans. Way back in 1904 at the St. Louis World's Fair, as has been noted, the Americans put on a huge exhibit (paid for by the Filipinos). There visitors could see with their own eyes live specimens of their little brown brothers. There were Tagalog Filipinos living in their nipa houses, clothed in *barong tagalogs* and mestiza dresses. There were real, live Sulu Moros, with filed teeth, turbans, and krises, living in their nipa houses, faithfully copied from a wharf scene in Jolo. And there were honest-to-God pagans, with tattooed chests, G strings, head-hunting axes, and spears, living in their own peculiar huts. Of course the pagans in G strings were the most interesting show of all.

The Filipinos have never, even to this day, forgiven the U.S. Government for the St. Louis display. They claim, and with some reason, that Americans got a wrong impression of Filipinos. They remembered best the G-string people and the Moros, and forgot, if they ever knew, what a small part of the total population these strange peoples

are. Today the Christian Filipinos resent the publication in American magazines of any pictures of the pagan people, however well explained. After *Life*, in a comprehensive picture story on the Philippines, showed some pagans, the Philippine Assembly solemnly discussed a bill which would forbid anyone from taking out of their country photographs of the nearly naked mountain people. The "civilized" Filipino's shame of his "pagan" brothers (and thus, in a sense, of his own ancestry) is almost pathologic.

### THE "UNCIVILIZED" IFUGAO

A serious visitor to the Philippines looks for an art, something peculiarly native, but good according to world standards. That Philippine literature does not amount to much is understandable. Filipinos for over three hundred years had to learn Spanish to be "educated," and now for forty years have studied English. Without a continuity of language you cannot expect a literature. But you will also search in vain for distinguished native art—textiles, wood carving, silverwork. In these, China and Bali and Siam make Philippine products look shoddy. Even the krises and silver carvings of the Moros do not stack up well against other Far Eastern work. Again you are tempted to conclude that the uprooting of the early Malayan way of life by Mohammedans and Spaniards snuffed out whatever native arts there were or might have been. The Filipinos today are imitators. You recall that the Dutch did

not convert or reform the people in their colonies. No missionaries are allowed in Bali.

You will, however, find something impressive if you drive far from Baguio, over higher and still higher mountains. The road is perilous; you will be stopped intermittently by landslides. You will not mind waiting for the rocks to be cleared; you are too deeply thankful that your car did not happen to be under the landslide. Finally you reach Banaue, where you can look down on a splendid Philippine achievement—the world's greatest system of stone-walled terraces. The uncivilized, pagan Ifugao people performed this engineering feat in order to grow their rice.

You are standing high on a mountainside, at about 4,500 feet. On your side of the mountain you look straight down upon a series of stepped terraces, extending with mathematical precision right down to the river bed. Across the valley it is exactly the same on the opposite mountain. Up and down the vast valley as far as you can see on this clear morning, up to the tops of all the mountains, and all down their sides to the river below—all the sides have been boldly carved into rice terraces. The whole broad landscape has been completely reshaped, sculptured into the sharp, clean pattern of descending terraces. You hear nothing but the faint stirring of the river, far below, and the soft murmur of the water as it flows down the mountains through the rice beds.

If it is December, most of the terraces are pools of clear water, reflecting the blue sky. Here and there you will see

a shrill-green terrace, which stands out in brilliant contrast to water-filled ones. These are seedbeds. Soon the rice seedlings will be transplanted to other terraces. Then all the mountainsides will be covered with brighter green steps. Later they will become a darker green, and finally the golden color of ripe grain.

As you look down the valley among the terraces you will see a few clumps of trees, in which you can barely distinguish a cluster of pyramid-shaped thatched roofs. Look more closely and you notice that the house (like the lowland Filipino's) is mounted on stilts. Here and there, on the thin edge of a terrace is a bright-red spot. It is a bush with red foliage, planted there to bring good luck to the crop. (That same red tree is often found, for exactly the same purpose, near a Christian Filipino's house.)

Stretched end to end, the terraces would reach halfway round the world. To build them, no one knows how many thousand years ago, the Ifugaos carried the stones up from the river bed far below. They built the terraces with the skill of trained engineers. Sometimes a terrace wall rises as high as 75 feet; its area is often greater than the rice-growing surface it was built to support. To hold the water, the terraces are carefully lined with clay.

No water is wasted. The knowledge of irrigation possessed by the pagan Ifugao people amazes scientists, as does their knowledge of forestry. An Ifugao knows well the effect of trees on his water supply. If someone cuts a tree here, even far from an Ifugao's rice terrace, his crime will be punished (in the old days, his head might have

Among other jobs, they carry enormous burdens of sweet potatoes on their heads. They walk with superb sureness along the narrow edge of a 75-foot terrace, balancing big baskets on their heads. The birth rate of the Ifugaos is declining. Some authorities attribute this to the fact that the women work too hard.

But the Ifugaos are "uncivilized." They used to go forth with spears and head-axes to get human heads, before the Americans cured them of the habit. Usually these expeditions were for cause. Intertribal disputes were settled that way. The tribe (and the individual within the tribe) that cut off and brought home the most heads was superior to the others. The tribe won the dispute. The individual was honored and tattooed for his skill and bravery, and the warriors' huts were decorated with human heads.

The Ifugao believes in all sorts of strange spirits. He also worships his ancestors. On all important matters, such as head-hunting (in the past), sickness, death, and marriage, the spirits are consulted. A priest reads the omens from the entrails of chickens or hogs. Thus the advice of the gods and of the ancestors is learned. An Ifugao can call up the names of his ancestors for twenty-five or thirty generations—no simple feat for any man to perform. Death requires elaborate ceremonies, followed by a big feed—how elaborate, depends on the wealth of the family. The planting, transplanting, and harvesting of rice are surrounded by religious ceremony and feasting. The gods are



regularly consulted and propitiated on all agricultural matters.

Yes, the Ifugao is uncivilized. As soon as his children are mature they are expected to experiment in mating. Pregnancy usually leads to a permanent union. The living relatives and the spirits of the dead ancestors must also be respectfully consulted on the wisdom of the union. But always the most powerful factors in the matter are the two young people. Children are landowners in the Ifugao system of life. Parents live as guests of their children, who inherit the rice terraces as soon as they are born.

The Ifugaos are monogamous, and adultery rarely occurs—when it does, it is not an offense against society, but against an individual, who finds his own way to settle the matter. For example, the wife whose husband has been lured away takes justice into her own hands. She plots her revenge, and may finally annihilate the offending siren by sneaking up behind her when she is walking along a mountain cliff, or on the edge of a 75-foot terrace, and shove her to her doom. The community tacitly approves of this simple, violent solution.

Grievous offenses in the Ifugao society concern rice. To steal the precious water by deflecting it from another's terrace to your own in the night—that is a heinous crime. To destroy trees, to steal ripe grain at harvesttime—these are dreadful offenses, which are brought to the attention of the old men of the village who represent the law and authority. A wise Ifugao, however, polices his own terraces

during crucial times—when there is a shortage of water or when the crop is ripe.

There are highly developed laws of inheritance and private property. The basis of all wealth is the rice terrace. The best terrace is the one that was first built, hundreds of years ago, on that mountainside, because it has a prior claim to the water supply, no matter whether it is located halfway down the mountain, at the bottom, or near the top. Like other human societies, the Ifugao world is stratified. There are the rich, who own many terraces and are practically a titled class. They got rich through hundreds of years by inheritance, by shrewd rice culture, by an Ifugao equivalent of the civilized system of loans and mortgages. They live in houses very much like their inferiors, but they possess many hogs and chickens, and even carabaos. They have granaries filled with rice. They own two other forms of wealth—ancient Chinese jars and beads. These have a precise, known value in terms of rice, not currency.

There are middle-class people, who own rice terraces and a few animals, and there are, finally, the serfs, who own no terraces and who work for the top stratum. When the rich celebrate a funeral—or any other important event—they throw an enormous party, as befits their station. All the rest of the community falls to and joyously helps consume a few bloody carabaos, some hogs and chickens. Thus some of the wealth is redistributed. Professor H. Otley Beyer has estimated that a few Ifugaos at the top may be worth about 150,000 pesos (\$75,000). This figure

## THE MOUNTAIN PAGANS

is based on the known value, in terms of rice, of the terraces they own, their animals, and their household treasures. Currency, even today, plays almost no part in the economic life of the Ifugaos. As you drive through Ifugao country, the children, who have, unhappily, learned to beg, yell "Chess, chess!" That means they want you to give them matches, which they like better than centavos.

The uncivilized Ifugaos did not welcome McKinley's benevolent assimilation very enthusiastically. When the American schools were opened, at first they willingly sent their children. But very soon they refused to have anything to do with education. Constabulary troops had to round up the truants every morning. When the Ifugaos were asked why they no longer wanted their children to be educated, they explained. The schools were not what they expected. They thought that their children would learn how to get a bigger rice crop out of the terraces, and how to make (that is, fabricate) money, a commodity which seemed to have some sort of value among the lowlanders. Instead, the children merely learned to say things in a queer new language which the parents could not understand. They saw no sense in that. Besides, the children's labor was needed on the rice terraces.

## BONTOS

There are not quite 1,000,000 pagans in the Islands. The word "pagan" merely means "not Christian and not

Mohammedan." There are literally dozens of distinctly different kinds of pagans, with bewilderingly different habits. They are scattered throughout the Islands. There are in Mindanao for example, a few thousand Bukidnons, who like to build their houses in the trees. More recently, some of them have come down out of their trees to build on high posts. There are a few thousand Bagobos, who wear highly decorated clothing made of hemp fiber, all tied-and-dyed into fancy designs, and who further ornament themselves with big metal disks. There are Negritos, small naked, fuzzy-haired, dark-skinned aborigines. They wander in little bands in the mountains, living on what fruits the forests provide and what game they can kill with bow and arrow. Their homes are nothing more than leafy lean-tos. They are the most primitive people of all. In spite of their poisoned arrows, they are quite harmless and shy.

Only about 350,000 of the pagans live in the mountains of northern Luzon (nearly 90,000 of these are Ifugaos). But they are the most interesting, and they raise the most serious problems, because they are, each group of them, relatively numerous and concentrated, and their customs and habits stoutly resist change. As the Filipino resented being a ward of Spain and of the U.S., as the Moro today resents being a ward of the Christians, so the Ifugaos, Bontocs, Kalingas, and Igorots resent being "inferior" wards of the lowland Christian Filipino. They balk at interference and "assimilation" and "civilizing."

The various Luzon mountain peoples have many cus-

toms in common (including head-hunting), but they differ in detail. For example, the Ifugaos chew betel nuts. The Bontocs, just a few miles away, do not. The Bontoc man wears a distinctive "pocket hat." It is a very small basket-like affair, into which he wads his top hair, and in which he keeps small objects like tobacco and matches (hence "pocket"). The Bontocs honor the hog with courtesies which the Ifugaos do not observe.

In a Bontoc village the huts are small and made of stone. They have a thatched roof, and usually an earth floor. The hog is provided with a carefully built stone pen, and a small thatched hut, too. Besides getting every kind of refuse, the Bontoc hog is fed regular meals. These consist usually of camote greens, which are carefully cooked by the men. The hog is ceremoniously fed at certain intervals by the children. American efforts to substitute latrines for certain functions of the hogpen met vigorous opposition.

The Bontoc village provides a kind of dormitory called an *olag* where the unmarried girls sleep. As soon as a girl is big enough to walk about alone—four years of age or less—she goes to the *olag* at night. In the daytime she eats meals with her family, and she works in the rice terraces when she is old enough to be useful. In the *olag*, which is a little stone hut just like the other houses, the experimental mating takes place. Boys, who may go to the *olag* whenever they feel like it, have their own dormitory, which is taboo to women. Their stone hut serves a second function. It is the political and ceremonial center of the

village. Set up on a stone platform, just outside the boys' dormitory, are some rocks on which the old men sit all day, and on into the evening. These ancients, besides being all-wise leaders of the community and the source of authority, are the Bontoc nursemaids. During the day, babies are strapped on their backs. Mothers have little to do with their infants after weaning them, because there is too much work to be done in the rice and camote terraces.

The old men and the small children help at harvest-time by taking charge of the scarecrows, complicated fluttering mechanisms which discourage the ricebirds from stealing the grain. Some are operated by hand. Others are ingeniously devised contraptions fitted out with wooden clappers, which are operated automatically from below by the motion of the river. The whole valley echoes with sharp rhythmic beats as the flow of the river agitates a long system of cords and makes the clappers bang together. After the rice is harvested, camotes are grown on the terraces. Instead of planting the vines in round hills as you do cucumbers, the Bontocs make concentric circles and spiral mounds for their camotes. From above, the terraces are a strangely beautiful series of elaborate geometric designs.

Like the Ifugaos, the Bontocs celebrate the planting, transplanting, and harvesting of their crops with solemn rituals, feasts, and celebrations. These people have no weekly day of rest, but the year is nicely punctuated with various important ceremonials, some of them lasting several days. Funeral feasts occur fairly regularly, of course,

and break the monotony. There is music, too. The bronze gongs of the Bontocs produce a barbaric, compelling music to which they perform dances symbolic of love and head-hunting. (It is startling to a visitor to notice that some of the gongs have human jawbones, mementos of the head-hunting past, hanging from them as decoration.) The bamboo nose flute gives a plaintive, sweet music when a young Bontoc breathes into the holes with one nostril.

When one reads about the Bontocs and the Ifugaos, one is apt to romanticize them, and believe that there is something poetic and idyllic about their primitive life. But the reality which all their beliefs and customs embellish is bleak and grim. To extract from the mountainsides barely enough rice and camotes to support life requires the fullest physical effort of everyone in the family.

Look at a Bontoc woman, who shares the hard labor with the man. Nowadays, she may work even harder than her husband, who no longer has the strenuous duty of going out on head-hunting expeditions. Her body appears strong, as you watch her climb steadily up the steep mountain trail. She is barefooted, and wears only a tight skirt. Her upper arms are tattooed. Her face and breasts are wrinkled and old. A Bontoc woman of thirty has a face as seamy and drawn as an American farm woman of sixty or over. She carries incredibly heavy burdens. She wades knee-deep in cold water on the rice terraces, on a day when you pull a woolen coat closely around your chest. She has sore eyes because her miserable stone hut is constantly filled with pine smoke. She cannot afford to waste

the precious heat and wood by allowing a good draft in the fire. She coughs and spits. She almost always has a cold. Pneumonia and tuberculosis and blindness are common in the village. Her hair is coated with smoke. She looks filthy dirty, but usually she is not. She bathes once a day, or every other day, but no matter where she sits in the tiny hut, she will get smoke on her skirt and her body. She has borne only two children. She will probably join her deified ancestors by the time she is forty or forty-five.

The pagan culture, the involved religion, the ancient and meaningful customs—the whole elaborate pattern of living—is deeply rooted, and vigorously resists change. It enriches and decorates and gives meaning to the continual struggle to get a very skimpy living out of the mountainsides. Without the forms and ceremonies that struggle to live would be grueling. To destroy the pagans' pattern of living is to remove meaning from their lives unless your own civilization can substitute something equally elaborate and satisfying to them. To destroy their culture is to break down their self-respect and their integrity. Of these qualities you are immediately conscious as you wander among them. They are curious about you. They look you square in the eye. Although they are not at all rude, they find you entirely preposterous.

Missionaries, Catholic and Episcopalian, are at work among the pagans. Many a Bontoc, with a real curiosity about new ceremonies and forms, goes to the mission, is even baptized—sometimes in both churches. But he usually goes right on practicing his own ancient customs.



their claims, but rarely having much cash in their pants pockets. That is the way of prospectors.

Let us follow just one of these soldiers, whose career will lead us into the biggest and most profitable gold company—Benguet Consolidated Mining. With its affiliates, it now accounts each year for over a third of the gold dug out of Philippine earth. In the beginning, there was Nels Peterson. He was born in Denmark, ran away to the U.S. when he was a boy, became an American citizen, and got into the mining business in the West. He joined the army during the Spanish War and was sent to the Philippines. When his services were no longer needed, he stayed in the Islands to try his luck at mining. He wandered in the Baguio mountains and staked some claims there, and more claims far south in the damp jungles on the island of Masbate.

Like every other prospector, he had trouble getting money. Finally, he (together with a friend who had adjoining claims) was grubstaked by a Manila restaurant-keeper named Met Clarke. By 1907 the ore out of the Benguet claim looked so good that Clarke cabled San Francisco: "Ship immediately one gold mill and a man to run it." In 1909 the mill was built and Benguet was really started. But do you recall that typhoon of 1909 that ruined the Baguio road? It also knocked most of the Benguet gold mill into a swollen creek.

By 1911 Nels Peterson had built a dirt road from Baguio to the mine. The ore continued to promise big things. At last Clarke, whose restaurant was a favorite hangout for

Manila Americans, was able to interest other people in putting up money for a new mill. On July 17, 1911, another prodigious typhoon occurred, the one that split a mountain open and that gave Baguio its unenviable world record for rainfall. The miserable remains of the old mill were washed away. Laborers' houses tumbled down the mountainside with their inhabitants. Mine tunnels caved in. The disaster was emphatically complete. Clarke's friends could not be induced to put up a centavo of the promised money.

During all this time Nels Peterson and his wife Mary worked hard and lived skimpily. They believed passionately in their gold claims, and were willing to suffer any privations. Mary Peterson, like her husband, was a born prospector. She shared his stubborn optimism and was willing to work at anything herself, and to live on nothing today in the hope of big wealth tomorrow. She was also an able executive who could give peremptory orders, well salted with profanity, to white man or native. They did not resent her, because she knew as much about the business as any man. Today she is known in mining circles as Aunt Mary and is one of the few of the early mining group who lived to be rich in the 1930's.

By 1913 the restaurant-keeper Met Clarke got into hopeless financial difficulties. He owed large sums to the Bank of the Philippine Islands (the Archbishop's bank, which, like a Greek chorus, reappears in any business history of the Islands). All his property was taken over by the bank to satisfy the debts. This included the Benguet

company, in which Clarke had a controlling interest. The bank, which wanted to sell all the Clarke holdings for cash, was able to unload everything except the Benguet mine—a lemon that no one could be induced to buy.

The bank appealed to two Manila lawyers, A. Walter Beam and John W. Haussermann, to try to raise some capital and see what could be done about making something salable out of this ailing, jinxed gold mine. But before we go into the Haussermann period, we must account for Peterson. When the U.S. declared war on Germany, Peterson wanted to join the army again. He left the Philippines for the U.S., but he never succeeded in fighting in a second war for his adopted country. Before he was ready to go to France he got pneumonia and died. His wife Mary we shall meet again later. Met Clarke, as you may have guessed, died poor.

### “JUDGE” HAUSSERMANN

The Manila American best known in the U.S. is “Judge” John W. Haussermann. He comes to this country regularly, and even maintains a residence in the little town of New Richmond, Ohio, where he plays, part time, the role of a small-town banker and a gentleman farmer. He never misses a Republican National Convention, and always heads the Philippine delegation. In 1936 the Republicans challenged his right to a place at the convention. He reminded the party sharply that the U.S. flag

still flew in Manila, and he kept his seat. When he visits the U.S., there is usually a rash of newspaper feature stories on John W. Haussermann: the Gold King of the Philippines, the Midas of the Philippines—the man who cares nothing about money but in whose hands everything turns to gold.

Haussermann is opposed to independence for the Islands, but his utterances are neither bitter nor impassioned. Rather, they are made to sound like the good-natured, wise dicta of a seventy-three-year-old man who, with detached sadness, foresees great disaster. He keeps on excellent terms with Quezon, who has even, on occasion, given assurance that nothing will be done by the Commonwealth Government during the Judge's long visits to the U.S. that could possibly harm Benguet or Haussermann.

The Judge is a squat, heavy, square-built man with pudgy fingers, white hair and mustache, a healthy, glowing-pink complexion, and a studiously benign manner. He is without any doubt the richest man in the Philippines. He lives simply, making far less show of his money than, for example, the less rich Tommy Wolff of the Sanitary Steam Laundry, whose home and hospitality are nearly Hollywoodian. Haussermann is content to hold quietly his unassailable position of enormous wealth and his *de facto* leadership of the American colony. He speaks with greater authority and a good deal more tact and genial good nature than Sam Gaches. He says that he is not interested in money and never has been. (That he pays 76 per cent of

his income in taxes has already been noted.) He has made money, he insists, simply as a by-product of his kindness to friends.

He has been drawn into one thing after another, according to his story, simply because, one after another, people have called on him to help them out. That he himself has profited mightily, that a good quarter of Benguet's stock remains firmly in the possession of the Haussermann family, are natural results of the Judge's expansive capacity to help others. He loads you down with reprints of adulatory magazine articles written in the Philippines and in the U.S. They all tell the same tale of a man rolling up a fortune unwittingly. You are forced to conclude that helping a friend pays gorgeous dividends: the Benguet mine alone paid up to January 1, 1939, over \$25,000,000 in cash dividends, not to mention fat stock melons. All the printed matter (as well as the old Judge himself) also tells you that he is the greatest American benefactor to the Islands and the ideal employer of labor. He states that everyone of his "family" of employees is happy, well fed, well paid, well housed—entirely delighted with his job.

The Judge is an authentic old-timer. He was born in Ohio, was graduated from the law school in Cincinnati, and then went to Leavenworth, Kansas, to practice law. When McKinley called for men in the Spanish War, John Haussermann joined the Kansas Volunteers and was sent to the Philippines. He stayed on in Manila. The American authorities made him first city attorney and then assistant attorney general—hence the "Judge." He soon left the

government service to practice law in Manila, and before long a man named A. Walter Beam joined him. Beam had headed for the Philippines with the U.S. Army Engineers' Corps, but got sidetracked in Hawaii, finally arriving in Manila in search of a civilian job. He first worked in the Manila Bureau of Posts, and then joined Haussermann's law firm.

Beam and Haussermann, you recall, were asked by the Bank of the Philippine Islands to take over that typhoon-badgered Benguet mine that no one wanted. They raised a little capital and rehired the same able mining engineer who had worked for Benguet before the two typhoons. A new mill was built under his direction; operations began again in 1915. Since no typhoons came to plague the new Benguet company, a modest dividend was paid at the end of 1916.

Haussermann left most of the responsibility for the mining company to Beam, a very able executive. In 1929, however, the Judge, who had been spending most of his time in the U.S., came hurrying back to Manila. It looked as if the ore body would soon be exhausted and the plump dividends come to an end. The fear turned out to be a false alarm, for new, rich veins were found. But Haussermann stayed in the Islands. In the early thirties, Beam became too ill to remain in the Philippines. He returned to California, considerably enriched by his shareholdings in Benguet. Most stories of Benguet and Haussermann are so oversimplified that they ignore completely the able work of Beam, as well as that of Australian-born A. F.

Duggleby, who is now in charge of operations at Benguet, with the title of vice-president.

In the last fifteen years, Benguet has drawn to itself various other mines. In 1927, it took control (with something over 60 per cent of the stock) of the Balatoc mine, which soon became the biggest producer of gold in the Islands—outstripping Benguet itself. In 1933 a mine called Ipo came in, on a profit-sharing basis. The next year Cal Horr—which got its name from a prospector who was done away with by the natives in 1920—became a subsidiary. A power company was built to supply Balatoc and Benguet with electricity. A debt-burdened pine-lumber company, which supplies the necessary timber to most of the mines in the Baguio district, dropped into Benguet's lap. Finally, two chromite companies, in 1933 and 1934, came into the fold. One of them is working the "world's biggest deposit." Today the Benguet group of companies is the oldest, solidest, biggest, and most profitable mining aggregation in the Islands. It is responsible for over a third of the country's gold output and over half the chromite production. The whole group of Haussermann gold companies has mined \$150,000,000 worth of gold and paid over \$35,000,000 in cash dividends. Mr. Haussermann and his family are the biggest stockholders. If any such bundle can be made without a good healthy will to pile it up and hold onto it, it is something new in business history.

Haussermann, who has been called the Henry Ford of the Philippines, likes to believe that he pays his labor

higher wages than anyone else in the Islands. It may be true. The minimum daily cash wage at Benguet was 1 peso (50 cents, your money) before Manuel Quezon told business in 1939 to pay that minimum. Added to the cash wage, Benguet employees get a house, water, and fuel. The house is a small affair, much like those supplied by the Japanese hemp plantations and the American sugar centrals (mills), and considerably more sturdy than the average Filipino's shack. Water (at a central spigot) is available to each group of workers. Haussermann provides medical care free, not only to the laborers, but to their families, while many sugar centrals and mines take care of the laborer only. Haussermann gives each laborer a daily dole of rice—1 liter. Few other companies do this.

The paternalism of Haussermann is a somewhat intensified form of the paternalism generally practiced by the American sugar centrals and mines. Benguet may have slightly more recreation facilities, more hoop-la on national and religious holidays, more presents for the children at Christmas. The Benguet company union is perhaps stronger and more loyal than most such unions. There may be, indeed, a shade more pay, on the average. With the daily rice and the Christmas cash bonus, it may in fact add up to perceptibly more pesos per annum than labor gets in any other Philippine enterprise. Whether this is true is hard to prove without a thorough investigation of every enterprise from Baguio to Davao.

Whatever the actual cash value of Haussermann's paternalism, an important and indisputable fact is that, in



general, Americans pay higher wages than Filipino and Spanish employers. This is true of household servants as well as sugar and mine labor. Furthermore, Americans indulge in paternalism more intelligently and practically than the others. They have had the sense (only a few of them call it benevolence) to realize that they will get better laborers and keep them longer if the men feel that they are *comparatively* well paid.

The paternalistic management of a mining camp or a sugar central works well with a people used to the cacique system. Industrial paternalism is immeasurably better than the debt dependence and sordid swindling of the cacique setup. To keep housing conditions within the policed company reservation slightly better than conditions in the near-by town is good common sense. Sanitation keeps out disease—and there are white people, engineers and their wives, living in the mining camp too. Americans have realized that a laborer whose body is swarming with intestinal parasites, whose legs and arms are spotted with the open sores of yaws, cannot work well. Medical care increases efficiency. No one visiting the Benguet mine has the slightest reason to shout about a labor Utopia in Haussermann's extravagant terms, nor even to believe that the regimented, well-policed lives are particularly happy. Nevertheless the stomachs are somewhat fuller, the bodies a little healthier, than they are in many another Philippine town—or than they were fifty years ago. That is something—and the same can be said for certain of the sugar mills.

found that the deposit was a thin crown of copper not worth mining.

A great many people, as you would expect, got badly burned in the inevitable collapse of 1937. But beneath the gyrating stocks, the inflated prices of reliable mines, and the utterly screwy behavior of worthless issues, there was a substantial expansion of the Islands' gold-mining. There was good reason for it in the new \$35 price of gold. A great many gold mines that could not produce for a good profit at the old price of \$20.67 could make a lush profit when the price went up 75 per cent. All they needed was capital to get started.

It happened that there was a great deal of Philippine capital in search of investment possibilities at the very time that the price of gold was jacked up. Sugar men were just emerging from their heavy postwar debts. Because of a new quota system set up by the U.S., they were getting a high price for their sugar and were rolling up large profits. With a quota limitation on their exports, it wasn't sensible for them to expand their own sugar business. They had to put their earnings into some other investment. Also, in the year ending July, 1936, the New Deal Government in Washington poured about \$15,000,000 of crop benefits into the already bulging pockets of the sugar men. Add to the big pool of sugar money a small Chinese pool looking for a likely investment. Because of the war in China, less money was being sent back home to relatives by the Philippine Chinese, and gambling on the Shanghai gold-bar market ceased. This money, too, needed a place to roost.

Some of the big sugar money and some of the less big Chinese money went into dud mining stocks, unproven deposits, blue-sky stuff—and was lost forever. A good deal of it went into companies that are mining gold today to make up that \$40,000,000 of annual production. The enormous expansion of the gold industry was financed almost entirely by local Manila capital, though there was a little British money. Practically none of the capital came from the U.S.A.

Benguet spread itself in the thirties, as we have seen, and two other mining organizations grew up rapidly in the same period. The biggest of these gets us back to the widow of Nels Peterson, whom we abandoned several pages back after describing the early days of Benguet. In 1920 Mary Peterson married a man named Jan Hendrik Marsman, who had come over from Holland the year before to sell sugar machinery in the Islands. Because he found the sugar business that year in a state of near-death, Marsman shifted his attention to mining. He became an agent for various American and European companies who wanted to sell mining equipment and supplies to the Islands.

Mrs. Marsman held some gold claims up near Baguio, which she and her husband began developing in 1924. The resulting mine, Itogon, formed the basis for what is now the huge Marsman outfit, second only to Haussermann-Benguet. The really big Marsman expansion came in the period after 1933 when Mr. and Mrs. Marsman drew in some local capital and some English money and

opened mines in the Paracale section in southeastern Luzon. First there was United Paracale, right in the neighborhood of Mambulao, where lived that Doña Panay of the solid-gold-hen-and-eggs legend. Close by is the San Mauricio mine (1934), the Marsmans' biggest money-maker and the richest mine in the Islands—in quality, not quantity, of ore.

In that same Paracale district, which the Marsmans opened up as Benguet did the Baguio region, there is the Islands' only smelter. For miles around the Marsmans' smelter the sulphur fumes have killed the tall tropical trees. The company pays the Philippine Government a set sum for each tree destroyed. Lastly, there is Coco Grove (1936), the only placer operation in the Islands. Enormous Marsman dredges dig up mud and sand from 50 feet under the sea. On the dredge itself, pure, free gold is separated from mud and sand and pebbles in what is simply a gigantic mechanized gold-panning process. Natives follow behind the dredge and pan, in their own old-fashioned way, the tailings—the mud that has been dumped by the dredge, in piles as refuse, since it is too low in gold content to be worth bothering with. With their big wooden bowls, the Filipinos sometimes recover 50 cents' worth of gold a day, which they sell to the Marsman company. That is just what they would get as a minimum wage if they worked for Mr. and Mrs. Marsman.

The gold from the Marsman mines amounts to about a quarter of the Islands' output, but it is not the whole Marsman story. There are a few miscellaneous things.

Unlike Haussermann, who has stuck closely to mining and to the Philippine Islands, the Marsmans have spread themselves horizontally as well as vertically. This is a characteristic of industrial enterprise in the Philippines, as we have seen in the case of the Elizaldes and Tabacalera. There is Marsman Trading—an importing company. There is M. P. Tranco, which is a trucking outfit. The Marsman Building Corporation has constructed several big edifices in Manila, including the new home for the U.S. High Commissioner, which is known as “Murphy’s Flats” because plans were drawn for it when Frank Murphy held the office of High Commissioner. There is Marsman Hong Kong China Ltd. and the formidably named Algemeene Exploratie Maatschappij, which was set up to see what mining possibilities there might be in the Netherlands East Indies.

Jan Marsman, the stocky gentleman with a florid face who heads this vast agglomeration, has renounced his allegiance to Queen Wilhelmina in order to become a Philippine citizen. This was almost necessary, since the Philippine constitution limits the exploitation of mineral resources to companies at least 60 per cent of which are owned by Filipinos (or Americans until 1946). “Aunt Mary” Marsman wears large diamonds on her fingers, wrists, and bosom when she goes to Manila dinner parties, but she still keeps a shrewd eye on the family business. Down in Paracale she can still give orders without offense to the most learned mining engineers.

The youngest gold tycoon is the Spaniard Don Andres

Soriano of the San Miguel Brewery, who proudly wears Generalissimo Franco's decoration. Brace yourself for a good list of this young man's nonmetallic interests. They are as sprawling, if not as important, as the Elizaldes'. Add to the profitable San Miguel beer real estate, insurance, sugar and coconut plantations, and general merchandising. Then add yeast and ice cream and general dairy products, and know that Soriano bottles all the Coca-Cola sold in the Philippines—a veritable ocean of the stuff. To develop gold mines in the thirties, Don Andres Soriano (he is always referred to as *Don Andres*) took some of his own rich earnings and brought in the sugar money of Placido Mapa—a wispy young Filipino who looks like a sad Eddie Cantor without the banjo eyes—and some English capital. The biggest Soriano mine (on the island of Masbate) produces about \$2,500,000 worth of gold a year. Another, near Baguio, mines about \$1,500,000.

There are several little mining companies struggling along alone outside the Haussermann, Marsman, and Soriano combines. There are dreamers still optimistically clutching their claims who tell you that the whole story of Philippine gold has not yet unfolded. They may tell you that \$100 put in Benguet, way back in the beginning, multiplied eventually to nearly \$500,000. What happened once can happen again. Of this, they are sure.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### COCONUTS AND THE WINDFALL MONEY

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*WHEN* you go to Iloilo you see fantastic, berserkly ornate houses that look like enormous white wedding cakes. These worst examples of domestic architecture are creations of the sugar millionaires. And in Iloilo you see very little between the sugary pretentious houses and miserable, sordid nipa shacks. But Zamboanga is a different story. There you find no gorgeous palaces. Although the poverty is just as grim as Iloilo's, a sturdy middle class exists.

In Zamboanga there are solid, firmly built nipa houses with floors of wood instead of bamboo. When a Filipino has a wooden floor, it is almost certainly of Philippine mahogany. Practically the only wood available for house construction, it is beautifully grained—the kind of wood you feel impelled to stroke. The house in Zamboanga has two chairs, a Singer sewing machine, and three big tinted photographs of members of the family, looking stiff and self-conscious and overdressed. Orchids hang in baskets from the outside of the house. A few flowers are planted in the front yard, and the pink-flowering *cadena de amor* vine climbs over the fence. The establishment has

a distinct air of solidity, and further proof of its middle class status is that the eldest boy, fifteen, has not yet left school. The setting of this Filipino's home is a big grove of coconut palms, whose tall, straight trunks break the morning sun into dramatic, angular shafts of golden light.

Coconuts, more than any other crop, are grown by little, independent landowners. (In many areas, however, the tenant-landlord system prevails.) Although the little man in Zamboanga does very well in one year, he is nearly pulled under the next year by his debt to the local Chinese merchant and the interest on his mortgage. It all depends on the widely fluctuating price of copra. In 1939, for example, his income was only about a third of what it was in the middle thirties.

The small coconut farmer in Zamboanga has, let us say, 8 acres of land and about 370 fully mature coconut palms. He firmly believes that the coconut palm likes the sound of human voices because the trees nearest to the house grow best. The fact is that only those palms are fertilized—by hogs and chickens. Every year, each tree yields him about 60 nuts, which are knocked down at quarterly harvests. Usually the planter and his family do all the work, but if Papa is no longer agile and if there is no son old enough, or with toes prehensile enough, the family will hire a *subidor* to scramble up the tree and knock down the fruit. Once the coconuts are on the ground, it is entirely a family business.

First the coconut is husked, by whamming the fruit on the point of an upturned plowshare. The thick green husk



rips off neatly and quickly in three or four pieces, which are saved for fuel. There remains the hard, hairy brown nut. The Filipino splits this in half with one stroke of his bolo. The coconut milk splashes out on the ground.

The ripest coconuts have floating within them a white, soft meaty thing, about the size of a chestnut. It is thrown away along with the milk. Ask the copra-maker for one of them to eat. It is delicious, but more than two or three will give you a horrible bellyache. Since we are digressing gastronomically, it should be noted that coconut-palm salad is a mighty fine food. To get it you must destroy a whole tree, for you eat the growing point of the palm. But in the Philippines you can buy a mature tree for a couple of dollars. You serve the tender strips of the bud as you do celery, or as a salad with French dressing. It is ivory-white, fiberless, infinitely tender, thoroughly delicious. There is a lot of it in one tree, and if you eat too much at one sitting, you will be doubled up with cramps—your punishment, perhaps, for destroying a full-grown tree.

The coconut-grower takes the meat-lined halves of the nut and spreads them on a high roofed platform over a smoking fire. There the meat will slowly dry until it separates from the hard brown shell. That meat is copra—which gives the strange, faintly sweet smell to the air of Zamboanga and Manila, and which brings the black, harmless bugs by the dozens to the dining-room table in Zamboanga's dreary little hotel.

The Islands supply about a third of the world's copra

needs, but by world standards Philippine copra is of poor quality. High-grade copra is not smoke-dried, but cured in the sun, or by mechanical means. The Philippine product is a dirty gray, rubbery-looking stuff, high in acid content, slightly rancid, incompletely dried. Good-quality, sun-dried copra from Ceylon is as white as fresh coconut, bone-dry, and good to eat. You simply could not be tempted to nibble on a piece of Zamboanga copra.

Because the Filipino grower is usually in a hurry to get his money, he sells his smoke-stained copra before it is thoroughly dry. He knows, too, that it will weigh more if a little moisture remains and if there is some dirt mixed in with it. Of course he rarely fools the wise old Chinese merchant to whom he sells his copra, and who has advanced him money against the crop at the customary usurious rate of interest.

Most of the 4,000,000 Filipinos who depend on coconuts for their living are concerned with the growing and drying of copra; only a few thousand are employed in the factories which press the copra and extract coconut oil from it. No one knows exactly how much coconut oil is consumed in the Islands, but Filipinos, especially the women, douse their hair with it, as we have already noted. If the luxuriant, healthy hair of Filipino women can be attributed mostly to the liberal use of oil, we should all step out to the nearest drugstore and buy a coconut-oil shampoo.

Most of the copra and coconut oil is exported—about half goes out as copra to be crushed for oil elsewhere; the

countries, and Philippine goods were allowed to enter the American market without tariff.

Filipino politicians—Manuel Quezon, Sergio Osmeña, and the Philippine Assembly as a whole—opposed free trade with the U.S. They had several reasons for taking the stand they did. One argument they made at the time was this: If the Filipinos should strengthen their economic ties with the U.S., if their products should become increasingly dependent on the American market, they would find it more and more difficult to achieve political independence.

The free-trade privileges have become precisely the boomerang that was prophesied. Philippine production developed almost exclusively to provide the free American market, and the national economy, although prosperous, became hopelessly distorted—with 70 to 80 per cent of all exports going to the U.S.A. Millions of dollars were invested, and millions of Filipinos got jobs in such export industries as sugar, coconut oil, nickel cigars, and rope. Smaller industries like embroidery and pearl buttons were just as dependent as sugar on the U.S. Cotton nightgowns and baby clothes, cut out and made in the United States, were shipped across the Pacific to be embroidered in the homes of Manila Filipinos. Six months later they were shipped back again, to compete in our department stores with cheap Puerto Rican embroideries. From mother-of-pearl and snail shells gathered by Filipinos in the Visayan Islands, buttons were made for the U.S.A., and hats were woven from bamboo, hemp, and other tropical fibers. Now,

after forty years of leaning on the American market, if the Filipinos accept their political freedom, and with it the full U.S. tariff, they will lose their major export market and undergo an inevitable and withering depression.

But let us see how copra and coconut oil fared under free trade and where they are heading under independence. From the beginning copra was on the free list, which means that anyone's copra could come into the U.S. duty-free. It is still on the free list—but there is a nasty joker to this which we shall come to later.

At first there was no tariff on coconut oil, either. During the World War, the prices of all fats and oils skyrocketed, and because coconut oil contains glycerin, useful in making explosives, it boomed more extravagantly than the others. Forty coconut-oil factories sprouted in the Philippines and made large profits as the exports mounted higher each year. Then after the war all forty of them collapsed, some into temporary bankruptcy, most of them into a permanent limbo.

The Philippine coconut-oil industry revived in the twenties only because it got a vigorous shot in the arm. In 1922 the U.S. Congress put a tariff on coconut oil—2 cents a pound. But since the Philippines had free-trade privileges, oil from the Islands entered without paying the 2 cents, and therefore had an important advantage over all competitors. Ten mills in the Philippines built up a splendid business; exports again rose from 88,000 tons

a year to 187,000 tons in 1928. It was an industry that grew up specifically to supply the U.S.

In the late twenties and the early depression thirties the U.S. farm lobbies trained their guns on copra and coconut oil. What, you ask, is the connection between the American farmer and the Philippine coconut? The lobbyists, cursing the "coconut cow," explain that there is a direct and very sinister connection. Coconuts eventually become coconut oil, some of which is used to make margarine, a butter substitute eaten by people who cannot afford butter. If coconut oil were kept out of the U.S., the dairymen tell you, more butter would be eaten. Actually this is dubious, for margarine can be and often is made of various domestic oils—such as cottonseed, peanut, and soybean oil. Without coconut oil there would still be plenty of margarine. Butter usually costs between 15 and 20 cents a pound more than margarine. This means that butter is way out of the reach of the margarine-eaters, who are what might be called the sub-butter-income classes. To argue that exclusion of coconut oil, or high-priced coconut oil, would increase the consumption of butter is like arguing that if people could not buy rye bread they would all eat cake. There are other kinds of bread—and there are other kinds of vegetable oils that go into margarine, and that will always keep the price of margarine far below that of butter.

Then there are the cottonseed-oil men, who make an oil which is used both in soapmaking and in margarine. Clearly coconut oil competes with them in their margarine

business, but they insist that Philippine coconut oil displaces their product in the soapmaking field too. It turns out, however, that cottonseed oil is not interchangeable with coconut oil in soapmaking. Any soap-manufacturer will tell you that if he uses too much cottonseed oil (and not enough coconut oil) his soap will not lather well, will make clothes yellow, and will leave an unpleasant smell. He considers coconut oil indispensable in making good white soap. Thus coconut oil is not interchangeable with either cow's butter or the oil of the cottonseed.

When the dairymen were ganging up on coconut oil, they did not like to be reminded that 64.3 per cent of this oil went into soapmaking—which has nothing in the world to do with cow's butter. Only 22.4 per cent went into margarine. When the lobbies wailed for American soap to be made exclusively of American oils, one Senator loyally said, "If that makes us dirty, we won't be any dirtier than our fathers."

Senator Heflin of the cotton state of Alabama complained that the Philippines "are hanging like a millstone about the necks of the cotton producers and the peanut, bean, and corn producers. Let us give them their independence and get rid of the Philippine Islands now. I am ready to vote on this question now and go on record as being in favor of freeing the Philippine people and hereafter when their cheap and inferior stuff comes in to swamp our American farmers we can put a tariff on it, protect our interests, and preserve the home market for our American home people."

This was in 1929. Senator Heflin seemed to forget that the Philippines were one of the best markets in the world for American cotton textiles. He would have been outraged if Filipinos had started to clamor for exclusion of American cotton shirts. Heflin also seemed to be unaware that when and if the Islands are cut loose, Filipinos will probably buy mighty few American shirts. They will take Japanese cotton goods, and they may pay a good deal less than they now pay for American cotton cloth and shirts protected by the Closed Door.

The pressure mounted: "Let's get rid of the Islands in order to keep Philippine products out of our markets." Sugar and cordage and other powerful U.S. lobbies worked shoulder to shoulder with the cottonseed-oil and dairy boys in the mighty effort to scuttle the Philippines. Finally in 1932 Congress passed the first independence bill, which was vetoed by Herbert Hoover with some well-chosen and scalding phrases. It passed over his veto and was rejected by the Filipinos, who had been told by Manuel Quezon to turn it down. Slightly rewritten, the independence act finally became law in 1934. Quezon, you recall, took full credit for it in his own country, never acknowledging the wholehearted, intensive labors of the cottonseed-oil men, the dairy farmers, and all the rest who really won "his" victory. These had at last shoved through a law by which they would be finally rid of the Philippines by 1946.

That was a long time to wait for "farm relief"—twelve years. True, toward the end of the Commonwealth period

(1940-45) coconut oil would begin to take a penalty. It would pay each year a progressively bigger fraction of the existing U.S. tariff up to 1946, when the full duty would be imposed. But that was too gradual and too far away for the lobbyists, who wanted to do something right away. They could not, under the law, put a stiff tariff on copra and coconut oil before 1946, or at least it could not be called a tariff—yet. They called it by another name, and did it anyhow, by imposing a “processing tax” of 5 cents a pound on all coconut oil. At the last minute they threw a sop to the Filipinos, whose oil would have to pay only 3 cents. No matter whether the oil is extracted in the Philippines or in American mills, if it comes from Philippine copra it pays 3 cents a pound. This tax was, plainly, a tariff on both copra and coconut oil, and as plainly, it was an outright violation of the free-trade principle which was supposed to prevail until the Philippines became independent in 1946.

The circumstances under which Congress passed the independence law are nothing for us to boast about, but the coconut-oil tax was nearly incredible. While we continue to enjoy, until 1946, a free market for our own products in the Philippines, we have violated our side of the free-trade deal by putting a tariff—call it any name you like—on Philippine copra. When the so-called tax was imposed, the *New York Herald Tribune* made the following bitter comment: “The iniquity of this act lies not only in its injustice, but in its cynicism. The ink was scarcely dry on the signature of the independence bill which spe-



cifically safeguards the Filipinos against the arbitrary closing of the American markets for Philippine products, when the Senate passes this measure which violates the basic principles underlying the independence bill.”

That tax of 3 cents a pound, it might be noted, was a big one. It amounted to 200 per cent of the market value of coconut oil at the time.

In 1946 (if no changes in the laws are made) Philippine coconut oil will come up against the 1922 tariff of 2 cents. At that time, too, all Philippine coconut oil, whether extracted in the U.S. or in the Islands, will presumably have to pay the full processing tax of 5 cents instead of 3 cents. The coconut-oil mills in the Philippines will almost certainly fold up again—this time probably for good—because the oil will be extracted in the U.S. to save the 2-cent tariff. You will pay somewhat more for good-lathering white soap, and Americans who must eat margarine will pay, perhaps, a little more a pound. They still won't eat butter. The cotton Senators will, by then, perhaps be muttering about those dreadful little Filipinos who prefer to buy low-priced cotton textiles from Japan. The dairymen may notice with bitterness and sorrow that Filipinos are buying much less canned and powdered milk than they did in 1940.

## WINDFALL MONEY

In tourist literature Manila is always called "The Pearl of the Orient," and Filipinos have been duly proud of their city: its big white government buildings and hotels; its lovely Malacañang; its location on the great crescent bay; its sunsets; and, in comparison with such cities as Shanghai and Hong Kong, its cleanliness. But these days Manuel Quezon talks of grandiose plans for a new and magnificent capital, back of Manila a few miles. It will be called Quezon City, will cost millions (the ultimate total is not clearly known), and will, finally, deserve some jewelily sobriquet far more dazzling than "Pearl of the Orient."

Had you been in Manila last year when the cornerstone for this projected Babylon was laid, and had you cared to attend the ceremonies at the site, you might have motored across the Pasig River, over Quezon Bridge, down Quezon Avenue, out Quezon Boulevard, past Quezon Institute, finally to reach Quezon City and hear Don Manuel deliver a stirring address.

When you visit the Philippines now, you get the impression that the Quezon government is extremely rich. You hear that the University of the Philippines, in Manila, will be moved from its not-so-old buildings to magnificent new quarters in Quezon City at a cost of \$8,000,000 or so. You see handsome new public structures in Manila, and wide cement roads to Tagaytay and where not. You visit

the new Jai Alai Palace, reputedly the world's finest. It is doing a roaring business, with its four-story playing-court, its betting-booths, dining-rooms, and bars going full tilt. You are told that it was started with government funds, a loan from the new Agricultural and Industrial Bank, which seems to be advancing money to all sorts of businesses.

You see small public-works projects going up all over the Islands. You hear that a few million pesos of government funds have been sluiced into the hemp business, some more into a national rice and corn corporation. A few million have been set aside to start co-operatives. Money has been earmarked to buy the Buenavista Estate from the San Juan de Dios Hospital. More money has gone to General Paulino Santos to move his colonists to Mindanao. There is a government-owned fish-and-fruit cannery, a government textile mill, two government sugar refineries.

Manuel Quezon seems to his people—and to a casual visitor—prodigally generous. His government coffers seem to be bottomless. But perhaps the Commonwealth is operating in the red and running up a huge public debt? Not at all. It is cash-rich, richer than it has ever been. Quezon's Commonwealth can well afford to make more splurge in public works than any American administration in the Islands ever could. It is an ironic fact that as the Islands move toward the date of independence, when they will surely have a bang-up depression, their treasury bulges abnormally.

The reason is coconuts. From the 3-cent tax put on

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to post-1946 conditions"—a rather vague stipulation, not easily enforced.

In the opinion of some critics, the money should be used to pay off all the bonds of the government-owned Manila Railroad, and all the Commonwealth's public debt—which is not large. When Field Marshal MacArthur and Manuel Quezon admitted that they had curtailed their defense expenditures, Americans automatically arched their eyebrows. Two reasons were offered for giving up the elaborate MacArthur plans: 1. The Islands cannot be successfully defended. 2. The Philippine Government cannot afford to pay the bill. The first reason makes sense, but one then wonders why the high-priced Field Marshal remains on the Commonwealth pay roll. The second reason is absurd, since the Philippine Government is abnormally rich. While Manuel Quezon feels that he can afford \$5,500,000 to build a gorgeous new structure to house the Philippine national legislature, he finds the annual \$8,000,000 promised to MacArthur too onerous a budgetary item to continue. While he dreams of his monumental Quezon City, a major war threatens to break out in the Pacific, close to his country. It is a little like Nero.

However, Manuel Quezon is a politician, and he may want to be President again after this term is over. It is normal for politicians, in any country, to use available funds in the showiest possible way. Building an army and paying off the public debt are gestures that do not impress the electorate half as much as public-works funds scattered liberally in the proper geographical places. Let the Ameri-

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cans defend the Islands. It's their job until 1946. Meanwhile Manuel Quezon has appropriated to his own satisfaction all the expected coconut-oil funds up to 1946—when they will end.

When the President of the Commonwealth is asked about the probable shrinkage in the government budget after 1946, he coolly answers that it won't shrink. He or his successor will soak the rich by heavy taxation. (The rich, unhappily, will be fewer and less rich.) Quezon also says that, beginning in 1946, he (or another) can make his own tariff, unhampered by the U.S. He will then put heavy import duties on all sorts of things—and thereby tax his people in other ways. He seems to have extremely optimistic ideas about the capacity of his people to pay. The Philippine Commonwealth today is living high, thanks to its coconut-oil funds, and President Quezon talks nonsense about its future capacity to keep up the pace. The morning after will therefore bring a hangover all the more painful.

## THE NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

William Howard Taft used the phrase "The Philippines for the Filipinos," but it was under Woodrow Wilson and Francis Burton Harrison that the Filipinos came to believe that the Americans really meant it. In those days of all kinds of new prerogatives, the Philippine legislature took several fliers in business. With Harrison's blessing the Philippine Government bought the Manila

Railroad from its British owners, and the Manila Hotel. It founded the Philippine National Bank, and set up a cement and a coal company. A national petroleum company and a national iron company were authorized, but never got under way.

The Republicans and Governor-General Leonard Wood, who followed Harrison, considered these enterprises worse than unorthodox—almost immoral. But in spite of the tussle between Wood and the local politicians, in which Wood was usually victorious, the Filipinos stubbornly hung on to their state-owned businesses. The Government still operates the Manila Railroad. It has no streamlined, Diesel-powered luxury trains, but its service compares well enough with the railways in other small countries. The Government still runs the handsome Manila Hotel, which serves good food, has air-conditioned rooms, and is the socially correct (and the most expensive) place for an opulent traveler, white or Oriental, to stay.

Cebu Portland Cement makes plump annual profits under state ownership. It sells, to be sure, 60 per cent of its product to itself, because the Government is by far the biggest consumer of cement in the Islands. It could sell at a lower price than it does and still make a nice profit, but if it dropped its prices, ruin might befall its only local competitor, a private company. The coal company has never amounted to much, the quality of Philippine coal being what it is.

Since the beginning of the Commonwealth in 1935 the Philippine Government has spread into a number of new

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businesses. Some of the coconut-oil windfall money has been put into an outfit called the National Development Company, which already held the stock of the old cement and coal companies. Through it investments have been made in two sugar refineries (a little over \$2,000,000). Even if sugar collapses in 1946, the Philippine Government by that time, at its present rate of profit, will have paid off its investment. Money has been put into two new industries where other capital has hesitated to enter, on the theory that if the Government makes a success of them, the industries can later be sold to private capital at a fair price.

To reduce Philippine imports of something like 38,000,000 cans of vegetables, fruits, and meats, National Development has set up the nation's first canning business. Less than \$1,000,000 has gone into this experiment. The plan is to reach a domestic production of 20,000,000 cans within a few years. The company began by packing the *bañgus* fish, which is bred in artificial fishponds in various parts of the Islands. A favorite food of Filipinos, it tastes like trout, and is not bony. The Government then expanded to papaya, guava, and that most delicious of all fruits, the mango.

To digress, again gastronomically, the mangoes from the island of Cebu are superb. Hawaiian mangoes, by comparison, are more piny in flavor and more fibrous in texture. There are two other, strange fruits in the Philippines worth mentioning. The small purple mangosteens contain between their thick rind and black seeds a little edible

flesh which tastes like a cross between peaches and pineapples. The durian has, allegedly, an excellent flavor—if you can stand its outrageous and overpowering odor. Hold your nose when you attack a durian, or have a brisk wind blowing from your back, and, so they tell, you'll become a durian-fancier. The Moros believe that the strong-smelling durian gives manly vigor.

The Government has used about \$2,000,000 of the windfall money to build a small textile factory, in order to cut down imports of American and Japanese cotton goods, which total about \$15,000,000 a year. Whether Philippine-made cotton fabrics can be turned out more cheaply than the Japanese is dubious. Every Filipino, except the mountain pagans, has to have a cotton shirt on his back. Like rice, it is a basic commodity. If Filipinos can make their own cotton textiles cheaply, so much the better. If, on the other hand, they can get them more advantageously from Japan, one can only hope that they will not, in order to protect their own infant industry, put too high a tariff on cotton goods. The people as a whole would then be taxed to support an uneconomic government business.

A small amount of the coconut-oil funds is being spent by the National Development Company to make a thorough investigation of oil, iron, and coal resources. On the basis of these findings Filipinos will be better able to talk about an oil deal with Socony-Vacuum, or another company. They will know in detail how rich they are in iron when and if they want to make terms with Japan.



If they can find good coal somewhere, they may be able to cut down their present heavy imports. Another \$2,000,000 has gone into the National Rice and Corn Corporation whose job it is to stabilize the price of rice particularly, and corn secondarily. When a series of typhoons strike the Islands and damage the rice crop, the price always soars. The purpose of the corporation is to prevent violent fluctuations of price by government-controlled imports.

All these enterprises make sense if they are well managed, and are conscientiously operated to fulfill the purposes for which they were designed. They comply neatly with the requirement that the coconut-oil money be used to help the nation adjust its economy to post-1946 shocks. They have taken only a very small part of the windfall money. The subsidized industries are criticized generally as being (for the most part) "enterprises best left to private initiative," and specifically for their inevitable errors of inexperience. They may turn out to be the most solid investment that has been made—a great deal sounder than building a new capital city or moving a university at great cost from plain to fancy quarters. It all depends on whether the politicians can resist loading up their industries with incompetent job-holders.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### SUGAR

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*DR. J. W. STRONG* is a kind of potentate, or at the very least the leading resident, of the small island of Basilan, which lies just off Zamboanga, in the Sulu Sea. A motor launch will get you to Basilan from Zamboanga in a couple of hours. The Doctor is a pink-faced, serene, amazingly young-looking man of about sixty-five. His big house, with its gracious gardens and wide veranda and big white Frigidaire, is a surprise in this faraway part of the archipelago. The Doctor has married a Filipina and raised a large family of strapping, healthy-looking sons and daughters. His last child is only a few years older than his grandchildren. His hospitality is prodigious and elastic. When Manuel Quezon travels down Zamboanga way, and is expected for lunch with a retinue of six but turns up with a party of twenty, the well-stocked larder of the Strong household is not overtaxed.

Dr. Strong came to the Islands during the Spanish War as a dental surgeon in the U.S. Army. Having some medical knowledge, he was pressed into the understaffed American health service. For a few years after the peace

he fought cholera and typhoid in the city of Zamboanga and on the island of Basilan. In 1903 he began to plant rubber on Basilan. Today his company, backed by Americans in California and Manila, is the biggest producer of rubber in the Philippines. In comparison with most rubber plantations, which run up to hundreds of thousands of acres, Dr. Strong's is a mere flowerbed—about 2,500 acres. And his production—1,000,000 pounds a year—is just a pathetic dribble. Nevertheless, Strong rules a population, laborers and their families, of 2,000 natives.

In his bailiwick of 4 square miles, he discourages with equal conviction any invasion by labor organizers and by missionaries. His laborers are largely Yakans, strange people who are found only on Basilan, and whose beliefs are half-pagan, half-Mohammedan. They wear full, baggy, bright-colored trousers and scarlet sashes elaborately twisted around their waists. Their hair is allowed to grow long, and is sometimes left hanging down their backs, sometimes caught up in their bright turbans. Their teeth are filed down to stubs, and stained shiny black. Each morning the Yakans go out early into the shadow-speckled groves of rubber trees. They cut the bark carefully, and the sticky, milk-white rubber slowly drips into the coconut-shell cups hung below the gash in the tree.

Eighty per cent of Dr. Strong's product—all his good-quality rubber—is sold in the Philippine Islands. It goes to the Japanese in Manila, who make practically all the rubber-soled shoes and sneakers produced in the Islands. A Philippine tariff of 10 per cent protects the Doctor's rub-

ber from other Far Eastern competition. The low-grade rubber, the remaining 20 per cent, is shipped to the U.S.A.

Because the southern islands in the Philippine group never get the full destructive force of the periodic typhoons, they are good rubber-growing country. Government experts have estimated that there are in Mindanao 17,000,000 acres of land admirably suited to rubber cultivation. Again and again American rubber companies have verified the possibilities. They have eyed the Philippines covetously, and have, from time to time, talked seriously about settling there. But today, besides Strong's acreage there is only a small Goodyear plantation near Zamboanga—2,500 acres, little more than an experimental station, a trial plot.

Thus the Philippines could have been, and most emphatically are not, today an important rubber-producing country. The reason is simple. Back in the days of Taft, in order that the Filipinos might not be exploited by outside capital, and as proof of the policy "The Philippines for the Filipinos," a basic land law was passed. No corporation can buy or lease more than 1,024 hectares (about 2,500 acres) of public land. This law, and various elaborations of it in later years, have had a profound effect on Philippine economy. Again and again the legislature has discussed changing the laws to make special exceptions. In 1926 Harvey Firestone, Jr., drafted a Rubber Land Act, and traveled to the Philippines in the hope that he could persuade the Filipinos to make large-scale rubber-planting possible. Even with Leonard Wood's help, he

Forbes, one-time Governor-General of the Islands, wrote these words in his journal: "The present limit of 2,500 acres was a device of the [American] sugar people to prevent the proper development of the Islands, fearing they would become formidable as a sugar producer in competition with existing lines of trade. . . . I think the principal conspirators in this matter of handicapping sugar production in the Islands were the beet sugar interests. They played on the fear of the people for trusts, and finding it an easy chord to harp on, managed to get quite an opposition on the part of Democrats [in the U.S. Congress] and Filipinos to adequate corporate ownership of land for sugar purposes. . . ." Whatever the original purpose of the law, the Filipinos have cherished their land restrictions ever since. They have felt that the law successfully discouraged American and foreign capital from getting too big a foothold. Against all temptations they have hugged the 1902 law tightly, and written some stronger laws in later years.

In Hawaii, sugar is both grown and milled by the same corporate entity which leases or owns large tracts of land. The whole operation, from irrigating and fertilizing the fields to planting and harvesting, extracting the juice from the cane, putting the raw sugar into bags, is done by one and the same company. The closely integrated Hawaiian sugar companies constantly improve the varieties of cane, and thereby get an increasingly higher yield of sugar. They keep improving their irrigation facilities. They use better fertilizer more wisely each year. They fight and

conquer one sugar bug and disease after another. They have modern harvesting machines, and their mills are equipped to extract a larger percentage of sugar from the cane than Philippine mills get. Efficiency is the natural result of one shrewd management handling the whole job from beginning to end. So, too, in Java.

In the Philippines, however, no sugar mill can own or lease more than 2,500 acres of public lands. (The ancient Tabacalera owns larger tracts of Spanish-grant land.) Therefore the Philippine mill (central) must buy its cane from a great many small sugar-growers near by. These planters, some 24,000 of them in all, divide their fields into still smaller plots of a dozen or so acres, each of which is cultivated by a tenant farmer. There are something like 175,000 of these sharecroppers. With such subdivision and dilution of responsibility you can well imagine that the farm practice on Philippine sugar plantations is primitive in comparison with that in Hawaii. The use of fertilizer is haphazard. The sugar cane falls far short of the best Javanese and Hawaiian types, and the yield of sugar is considerably lower. More common than tractors in the Philippine fields is the black-eyed, barefooted boy of five or six sitting on the back of a slow-moving carabao, and leading him every few hours to his water hole. Rain, not irrigation trenches, waters the Philippine fields.

The Philippine planter and the company which operates the central are bound into a kind of partnership by a long-term contract lasting twenty or thirty years. The planters harvest the cane and put it on the narrow-gauge

railroad built by the mill-owner. The mill moves the cane to the central, squeezes out the juice, and makes the sugar. The planter gets anywhere from 50 to 60 per cent of the raw sugar that comes out of the other end of the mill, depending on the terms of his contract.<sup>1</sup> The mill-owner gets the rest of it, as a return on his investment in the mill and in the railroad that crisscrosses the planter's fields.

### GROWTH OF SUGAR

The small island of Negros grows half the sugar produced in the Philippines. Near by is Panay Island, and the city of Iloilo, a moribund sugar port where the rich planters of Negros built those incredibly fancy, delicatessen-cake "town houses." More recently, however, the sugar-wealthy Filipinos maintain city homes in Manila and make their splurge there rather than in Iloilo.

There are mountains all down the middle of Negros, rising to the modest height of some 2,000 feet. The sugarcane fields fringe the lowlands along the coast. Here and there the ground rises gently, just enough to give variety to the pattern of green fields. Sugar looks like corn, except that its flower is more delicate and grasslike than the corn's tassel. In the late afternoon, when the sunlight is very yellow, the greens become more intense and rich. Just before sundown the sky over Negros is pewter-gray, like a November sky in New England. The sun goes down

<sup>1</sup> Most of the Philippine sugar exports are raw sugar, very little refined sugar.

in a cold gray pattern streaked with gold, totally unlike the explosion of flamboyant color in Manila and Zamboanga.

At intervals along the Negros coastline you see the tall white smokestacks of the sugar centrals. Close to each of them are orderly rows of laborers' houses, solidly built of wood, not nipa, and surrounded by small yards. Most of them compare favorably with those of Judge Haussermann's mine village. At some centrals the labor housing is better than the Judge's. Almost all the sugar mills, like the Judge, pay a minimum wage of 1 peso (50 cents) a day and provide free housing and medical care. The hospital at the Manapla central (owned by the Ossorio family) is without any question the finest provided by any company in the Islands. Like Haussermann, the Ossorios take care of the ailing families of their workers. (Unlike the Judge, the Ossorio family is psychopathically opposed to publicity.)

Farther away from the mill, scattered for miles around it, are the sugar plantations which supply the cane to the central. Practically all of them are owned by native Filipinos. Each one has a big plantation house for the owner, sometimes ugly and ornate, sometimes just starkly ugly. Scattered through the sugar fields of the plantation are the homes of the tenant farmers, miserable, skimpy, wobbly nipa houses. Near each shack there is a bit of land, not good enough for sugar, where the sharecropper tries to grow a few bananas, some camotes, perhaps some corn, for his family. This tenant, like the rice farmer, is usually



in debt to his landlord, and pays the traditionally high interest rates. There are shacks for field workers, who get from 15 to 25 cents a day. It's a toss-up who fares worse, the sharecropper or the daily-wage field worker. They are both of them the serfs of sugar.

Because the Hawaiian cane fields are irrigated and so do not depend on rainfall, the planting, harvesting, and milling of sugar are staggered throughout the year. Labor is therefore kept busy all around the calendar. On the other hand, most of the Philippine centrals work only four months a year, because there is a definite harvest period determined by the seasonal rainfall. (The climate is kinder to a couple of centrals, which work eight months.) At harvesttime, when the cane is being cut and the mill starts to grind, extra labor pours into Negros.

From the near-by islands, from overpopulated, poor Cebu, from poverty-stricken Panay, there is an annual migration of something like 200,000 people. Those who go to the mills get a minimum wage—usually—of 50 cents a day. But the overwhelming majority of the itinerant laborers are field workers, at 20 cents a day, more or less. They migrate from poverty and malnutrition at home to nearly the same thing in Negros. If they are lucky enough to get jobs in the mill, they will work only eight hours, thanks to a law. But the field laborers, who are not protected by that law, work from sunup to sundown. And the midday sun in Negros beats down with intense violence. When the moon is full, a man can see well enough to cut and load cane. Then the tenants and the

laborers—men, women, and children—are at work late into the night.

The 2,000,000 Filipinos who depend on the sugar crop for their living include the mill-owners and the planters, whose profits on sugar are still great, the lowly sharecroppers, and the 15-cents-a-day laborers. Only half as many live from sugar as live from the coconut, but the coconut people are scattered throughout every inhabited island in the archipelago. The sugar people are concentrated—in Negros, a few sections of Luzon, Panay, and Cebu.

Five provinces in the Commonwealth where sugar is grown draw most of their tax income from sugar. The government-owned Manila Railroad, which runs through sugar lands in Luzon, gets 40 per cent of its total revenue from hauling sugar. By far the biggest export of the Islands is sugar. In the years 1932-34, when independence bills were being discussed and passed in the U.S. Congress, no less than 60 per cent of the Islands' total exports was sugar. Independence means virtual liquidation of the Philippine sugar business—if the present law is unchanged.

It is the same old story as that of coconut oil—just one more facet of Philippine economy, and the most important one of all, which demonstrates the lopsided way in which that economy has grown under free trade with the U.S. The sugar industry grew up under the U.S. tariff umbrella, solely to supply the protected U.S. market. All the Philippine sugar exports—between 99 and 99.99 per cent in recent years, if you want to be exact—

go to the U.S. Like coconut oil, sugar's greatest expansion took place during the postwar period, while Philippine cries for independence became constantly louder and more insistent.

Before 1910, the Filipinos had small primitive mills where they boiled sugar juice down into a crude brown sugar called muscovado. The first modern mill set up in 1910 to make centrifugal (raw white) sugar was on the malarial, nearly uninhabited island of Mindoro. Started by American capital, it went broke, you recall, and fell into the Archbishop's hands. But American capital persisted, and so did the Spaniards. There are today two big centrals backed by California capital (Fleishhacker, Spreckels, et al.). There are two built by those heirs of the missionaries who rule Hawaii's economic life today. Sugar came to be the most profitable business in the formidable Elizalde structure. Today La Carlota, the Elizalde central in Negros, ships more sugar to the U.S. than any other mill. And there are, besides, two other smaller Elizalde mills. Sugar has buttressed the monumental Tabacalera company, and has sent generous dividends back to the Spanish stockholders from centrals in Luzon and Negros. Sugar has been the sole foundation of the wealth of the Spanish Ossorio family, who have two mills in Negros.

During the first World War the Philippine Government (and the always amiable Governor General Harrison) helped Filipinos to set up native-owned centrals. The newly founded Philippine National Bank made huge,

none-too-well-secured loans to groups of Filipino sugar planters so that they could build their own mills instead of delivering the cane (and from 40 to 50 per cent of the sugar extracted) to American or Spanish mills. Six big centrals were built with these bank loans at a time when the price of sugar (and also of machinery to equip the new mills) was sky-high. When prices fell, it looked as if the bank would never be repaid.

The Filipinos were roundly scolded for these bank loans by the Wood-Forbes investigators. Without any doubt they were rash, and they violated all the rules of sound banking. But however unwise they were, the bank merely tottered; it did not fall. The sugar loans were a burden for many years—to the bank and to the six sugar centrals. But every Filipino today who knows anything about it considers the loans eminently worth while. The bank, in the end, took no serious loss, and a large part of the sugar business remains in native hands. Today there are 46 centrals, big and little. Nearly half the capital invested—45 per cent—is Filipino-owned. If the extravagant loans had not been made, the ratio would have been quite different. Placido Mapa, who got rich via the bank-financed centrals, would not today be the impressive Filipino capitalist he most definitely is.

## INDEPENDENCE AND RE-EXAMINATION

Philippine sugar did not have to pay the duty of 2.2 cents a pound which the U.S. Congress put on foreign sugar in 1922 and raised to 2.5 cents in 1930. It did not have to pay even the small tariff that Cuban sugar paid (20 per cent of the full duty). Between 1920 and 1934 sugar production in the Islands therefore increased 253 per cent. When the depression came and U.S. farmers were looking for relief, Philippine sugar was a conspicuous target.

The beet-sugar farmers and the U.S. cane-sugar men and (behind the scenes) the American bankers for Cuba joined the butter and oil men in the battle to turn loose the Philippine Islands. Huey Long's was only one of the many voices lifted against the Filipinos. He said:

"We do not need to worry about the Filipinos. The Lord put them over there in a country that has a climate where they do not need to have shoes. . . . I think the Filipino should swim along with the Asiatics. . . . We have an American industry here [sugar] which is growing, and we need to lift Americans engaged in that industry to the standards enjoyed by others of the American people. If we can bring about a condition under which these Asiatics . . . may so adjust themselves that they will be able to live on a level with Oriental standards, according to the Oriental manner and Oriental customs, enjoying the ordinary fruits of other Oriental people, that seems to

These were men "with an unusual grasp of economic facts," men "of high character and ability." Osmeña "never lost sight of the importance of maintaining intimate contact" with them. Who torpedoed Philippine economic life, their politicians or our lobbies?

Pretty certainly their economy will go to pieces if no further mercy is forthcoming; that does not mean that our own farmers will enter a promised land, either. It is apparent that a tariff on coconut oil and copra will not make low-income Americans eat butter. Nor will the soapmaker substitute cottonseed oil for coconut oil. He'll still use coconut oil when he wants to make a good white soap, in spite of the tariff, in spite of the howls of cottonseed-oil men. As to sugar, the full tariff after 1946 will, without much doubt, effectively exclude Philippine sugar.

The Philippine planters and centrals will probably go broke—although the planters may, eventually, shift to rice, a less profitable crop. The sharecroppers are always broke, and may become rice tenants. The migratory workers will lose that scarcely perceptible advantage which their present state of malnutrition and poverty holds over just a little less nutrition and more poverty. The Philippine Government, the provincial governments, and the Manila Railroad will be hard-hit by loss of revenue. The nation's exports—with one half of them knocked out—will look very sorry indeed. None of this disaster to Philippine economic life will *necessarily* make you and me put Nebraska beet or Louisiana cane sugar into our coffee.

There is always Cuba, for instance, which has had tariff

privileges in the U.S. market. For over thirty years the price of sugar in the U.S. was determined by the world price plus the small tariff on Cuban sugar. If you subjected Philippine sugar to the full tariff, you'd merely let in a whole lot more Cuban sugar. You wouldn't automatically increase the production of Louisiana cane or Nebraska beets. These, grown at costs far above Cuba's, cannot compete. In fact our domestic production is so small, and its costs are so high, that there is little economic sense in pampering it at the expense of the consumer.

According to the independence law, Philippine sugar will begin to feel the pinch of the U.S. tariff in the last five years of the Commonwealth period. Export taxes will be levied—first at 5 per cent of our tariff (this year), then 10 per cent, then 15 per cent, until by 1945 it will be 25 per cent. These taxes will revert to the Philippine Government. They will serve the purpose, during the transition period, of cushioning the eventual shock that Philippine sugar must take in 1946.

Congress, however, passed another law a few months after the independence act which adversely affected Philippine sugar. It was put through to help Cuban producers primarily, and domestic farmers secondarily. The enormous increase of Philippine sugar exports to the U.S. had been largely at the expense of Cuba, which in the early twenties supplied us with 56 per cent of our sugar, but by 1933 was sending us only 25 per cent. Hawaii, the Philippines, and Puerto Rico, with their duty-free privileges, had taken up the rest. By 1933 the Philippines were supplying

19 per cent of our needs. Cuba, a one-crop country, was in such bad shape that something had to be done about her economic distress and revolutions.

Quotas were fixed, with Cuba getting a larger allotment than her recent shipments. The Philippines, on the contrary, got a 1934 quota which was 500,000 tons below that year's crop—which had already been planted when the law was passed.<sup>1</sup> With the U.S. imports now artificially limited by quotas, the price of sugar to you and me went up. It was no longer determined by the world price plus the small duty paid by Cuba, but rose far above that level. What sugar the Philippine producers are now selling, under their duty-free quota of 850,000 long tons, brings a higher price and bigger per-pound profits. You and I pay to allow all the sugar producers (by this quota system) a fixed share of the market. If the consumer alone were considered, we'd allow Cuban sugar, which is produced at the lowest cost, to enter without any tariff at all.

The Filipinos wailed that they had been discriminated against in favor of Cuba by that too-small quota but Congress gave them no sympathy. In fact they were given one more cause for complaint—a processing tax of .05 cent a pound on their sugar. The receipts from this tax are accumulating—\$9,000,000 a year—in the U.S.A. To Manuel Quezon's extreme annoyance, this money—unlike the

<sup>1</sup> Don't waste too many tears over this particular fact. Philippine planters and mills, expecting that with the independence law would come some kind of quota restriction, had enormously increased their acreage and production between 1932 and 1934. They hoped that the quota would be based on the most recent year's crop instead of an average of several years' crops.



coconut-oil windfall—does not automatically pour into his treasury. It must, by law, be appropriated by the U.S. Congress, which has so far grimly postponed handing it over to Don Manuel. He would love to use it for even more magnificent projects in his archipelago.

Meanwhile the sugar industry in the Islands is still solvent and, thanks to the quota restrictions which raised the price, very profitable. The planters and the mill-owners still rank among the richest citizens. Since they face, under the independence law, almost certain doom in 1946, they have given the most heartfelt and material support to the so-called re-examination movement. Retention of the Islands by the U.S. is their only certain hope of survival.

The word "re-examination" was borrowed from Paul V. McNutt, former High Commissioner of the Philippines. In the spring of 1938, while he was on a visit to the U.S., McNutt made a two-fisted speech recommending that the whole Philippine problem be re-examined by both sides, this time realistically. He pointed out in plain language the inevitable disasters ahead of the Filipinos if they took their freedom, and suggested the possibility of continuing bonds with the U.S. under a dominion relationship. Manuel Quezon sent a glowing, congratulatory wire to McNutt, which was published in American newspapers. But almost immediately (for home consumption, apparently) he issued public statements saying he did not agree with McNutt about retention.

Over a year later a Filipino Assemblyman named José

Romero rose up and made a stirring oration. In it he too suggested that Filipinos sternly face the facts, judge the possibilities of economic collapse, take a plebiscite on independence, and seriously consider the advantages of remaining with the U.S. on some status or other for a while longer. "I hold," said Romero, "that independence is to be desired insofar only as it promotes the well-being and happiness of the people. . . . 'Freedom even with poverty' sounds very pleasing to the ears, but let us not forget the other maxim that 'when poverty comes in by the door, love flies out of the window.' Our honeymoon with independence will have ended when economic ruin and desolation come into our midst. . . . It is not being candid and fair with the people when we paint before their eyes glowing pictures of a great and glorious independence dispensing valuable contributions to civilization when the hard facts of economics and international relations stare us in the face."

The Quezon parrots in the Assembly called Romero disloyal, unpatriotic, a tool of Big Business, and all the rest. Other Filipinos said that Romero was extremely brave to speak what many a thoughtful man believes, but dares not say because it is contrary to the Quezon party line. Actually, Romero was neither courageous nor disloyal. There is absolutely no doubt that Manuel Quezon not only knew in advance of Romero's speech, but had also read it carefully and edited it the day before.

Since Quezon has not yet sanctioned Romero's movement in public, even though he has allowed it to exist, many

a contributor to the "re-examination" cause is unwilling to admit his generosity. There is little doubt, however, that the most liberal support of Romero's Civic League comes from the still opulent sugar men. There is that credible tale that when Quezon came back in 1934 with "his" independence law, he said to a sugar man, "I got the damned law; now it's up to you to get rid of it." It may not be true, but like many another Quezon story, it is in character. The planters and central-owners, with or without that Quezon challenge, are doing their all.

They are working for retention not only in their own country but in the U.S. On the sugar pay roll is Harry B. Hawes, one-time Senator from Missouri. His career, to put it mildly, has been varied. In 1932 he was working hard in the Senate to get an independence law written and was eloquent in pointing out that the Filipinos were perfectly prepared for it. In fact, the first law bore Hawes's name—the Hare-Hawes-Cutting Act. In 1933 Hawes left the Senate and, in the employ of American cordage interests, worked to put through the second independence law. Once that was accepted by Quezon and the Filipino people, Harry Hawes turned a quick somersault and landed on the other side of the fence. His skills as an advocate were bought by the *Philippine* sugar interests.<sup>1</sup> His job now is to induce the U.S. to hold onto the Philippines and to save the Islands' sugar industry. His appeal to the Bible Belt goes somewhat like this: "Are we so conscience-

<sup>1</sup> The Hawes somersault was not a full one. He remains on the pay roll of the U.S. Cordage Institute, which, of course, still believes in unloading the Islands.

## ORPHANS OF THE PACIFIC

less as to condemn to ruin the Spearhead of Christianity in the Far East? No, a thousand times, no!"

To an ordinary mortal like you or me, the behavior of politicians, whether a Hawes or a Quezon, is nearly incomprehensible.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### THE JAPANESE

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*THE* little bearded Socialist Pedro Abad Santos leads his strong but localized agrarian movement in the province of Pampanga. Every now and then, in the bitterly contested rice and sugar strikes a few people are killed there. Governor Sotero Baluyot, sometimes called the General Franco of Pampanga, has not quashed the tidal unrest in his province by having started a shirted society with members pledged to detest strikes and to uphold, under all circumstances, the acts of the government. Not even the fine trappings of the Governor's antistrike society—the blue-gray uniform, distinctive cap, a bugle made out of a carabao's horn—have been able to lure Abad Santos' followers away. Nor has the constabulary, working closely with the Governor's shirted men, forced Pedro Abad Santos' peasants to forget their grievances.

There are labor movements here and there throughout the Islands. The simple Filipino believes what promises he hears and follows any papa who promises nice things. Many of the Filipino labor-leaders are thoroughly dishonest. For example, a company (a sugar central, let us say)

may fear the invasion by union organizers, whose demands will almost certainly be severe. (Perhaps it is a legitimate union.) The company can send out an SOS for a phony organizer. This man is usually an impecunious lawyer, for the crop of native Filipino lawyers each year far exceeds the demands of the Commonwealth for their services. He will charge the company 1 peso a head for rapidly setting up a union. He makes a few more or less lavish promises to the employees. He keeps out the unwanted union. The phony organizer will either let his own union die or will maintain it and, by agreement with the company, keep the demands very modest indeed. More shrewdly operated companies anticipate all such trouble by building their own company unions, hooked up with recreation, Christmas presents, and constant verbal assurances to the employees that they are being treated uncommonly well. Company police help too. But you cannot suddenly improvise a strong company union. To be effective, it must be built slowly over a period of years.

Politicos of a truly fantastic nature flourish in the Islands. There is, for example, Hilario Camino Moncado, who dresses with gaudy magnificence and travels constantly back and forth on Pan American clippers (round trip \$1,330) from California to Hawaii to Manila and back again. He may well be Pan American's best customer on the Pacific route. He always puts up at the most expensive hotels in whatever city he visits. He is a kind of Filipino Father Divine rather than a labor-leader. His following, and of course the source of his fat wad of bills,

near Manila. Their leader preached immediate independence and promised prosperity and no taxes once the yoke of U.S. rule was thrown off. They called Osmeña and Quezon "superservants of the Americans." Slum dwellers in Manila, fishermen and farm laborers in the near-by villages, joined by the hundreds. In the 1934 election, Ramos's party surprised everyone by polling a significant number of votes for their municipal, provincial, and national candidates. They actually put two men into the national legislature. On May 1, 1935, the Sakdalistas attempted to seize power by force at three points near Manila. They cut some telephone lines and made armed raids on the local governments. By the time the constabulary troops put down the coup at least eighty persons had been killed. The bloodiest encounter was in a walled graveyard, where forty died. Manuel Quezon was in New York at the time, and pointed a moral that was scarcely valid. He said that the harsh terms of the independence law passed in the spring of 1934 had caused economic suffering against which his people had protested by following Ramos. This was patent nonsense, for the stern provisions of that law had not yet gone into effect, nor would they for a few more years.

Benigno Ramos had left the Philippines before the revolt, which he seems to have directed from his Tokyo address, and he remained in exile until 1938. That year Manuel Quezon, who had been doing a great deal of fine talking about Social Justice, visited Japan and had a conference with Ramos, who shortly thereafter returned

to Manila. The Sakdal movement had meanwhile not died. Ramos had continued to direct it from exile. But it had changed its name to Ganap. Back in Manila, at first Ramos seemed to behave peacefully enough, and even had a few kind things to say of Manuel Quezon, but the truce did not last long. He was soon rousing his Ganap followers against the established government, and was thrown into jail two or three times—but came out again, on bail.

When Francis B. Sayre landed in Manila in October, 1939, to take up his job as High Commissioner, thousands of Filipinos came to the pier to greet him. Benigno Ramos and his Ganap followers stole the show from President Manuel Quezon. The Ganap banners were not heartening to either Mr. Sayre or Mr. Quezon. They were written in English, and told Mr. Sayre to go back home. One which offended Mr. Quezon more than Mr. Sayre read: "Greetings to Mr. Sayre. We hope you will be the last High Commissioner and not like McNutt and Murphy, who just watched while the leaders spent the money." People in Manila wondered why Ramos was not kept in jail.

Ramos's long exile in Japan had given him new ideas. When he came back to Manila, besides preaching his old stuff about a promised land of no taxes and prosperity once U.S. authority was ousted, he urged all his followers to have their pictures taken—for a fee, paid to him. He promised the Ganap believers that the photographs would be filed away carefully and would finally be turned over



to the Japanese at the time of the inevitable invasion. The Japanese would spare from all violence and would, in fact, treat with special kindness all Ganap persons whose identifications could be verified by the photographs. People in Manila kept asking: "Why doesn't Manuel Quezon do something about Ramos? Is he afraid of the Ganap leader? Is there an understanding between them?"

About the first of January, 1940, Benigno Ramos was clapped into jail again. The circumstances were more trivial than statesmanlike. A *March of Time* photographer was in Manila. He had nearly finished his work in the Islands; his last chore was to photograph Ramos with some of his Ganap followers, and he had made all his arrangements to do this. When Manuel Quezon heard of it, he blew up in one of his not infrequent tantrums. He forbade the *March of Time* man to photograph Ramos, sputtering that he, Manuel Quezon, would not appear in the same moving picture with Ramos. The photographer insisted on his right to train a camera on Ramos and to use the photograph of Quezon, if he wished to, in the same film. But before he could carry out his plans, Ramos was locked up. Permission was freely given to take a picture of the Ganap leader behind bars. Ramos has remained in jail, and has lost prestige among his followers by begging, on his knees, for the forgiveness of Manuel Quezon.

Many a Filipino is convinced that Ramos was a paid agent of Japan and acted on precise instructions from the Tokyo Government. Others believe that, though Ramos may have been generously treated during his long exile in

Japan, it is unlikely that the Japanese would instruct their Manila agent to embark on anything so crude and obvious as Ramos's photograph scheme. To talk so openly about Japanese invasion while the U.S. flag still flies is a good deal less subtle than the usual Japanese methods. To build a Fifth Column so noisily doesn't make sense. More plausibly, the photograph scheme is interpreted as a not very ingenious method invented by Ramos himself to raise a little cash. It has perhaps embarrassed the Japanese more than it has pleased them.

Many Filipinos have an anxiety about the Japanese that borders on hysterical fear. These Filipinos do not entirely trust Manuel Quezon himself. They remind you that Don Manuel has been treated with all the pomp and ceremony due the head of a World Power when he has visited Japan. And Quezon was flattered. Although all sorts of noise is made about the Chinese in the Islands, Japanese activity of a far more dangerous sort is allowed to go on without any Quezon uproar. Excruciating politeness is customarily given both the Tokyo Government and the Japanese in Davao who violate the Commonwealth's laws.

People who fear Japanese activities in the Islands today, as well as ultimate Japanese ambitions in the South Pacific, are most bitter about a few of their own fellow Filipinos who are open apologists for the Japanese, asserting publicly that the destiny of the Islands lies with Japan, not with the white men. There is, for example, Pio Duran, a professor of law in Manila who says of Japan: "She has given evidence in abundance of her desire to unite the

peoples of Asia in some workable arrangement, such as the Monroe Doctrine, for the East." The Professor is entirely pleased with Japan's activity in Manchuria, for, "the very act of Japan in recognizing the independence of Manchukuo belies the charge that she covets Manchurian territory." Last winter Duran, who is the most eloquent of Japan's apologists, was roundly defeated in his attempt to get a seat in the Assembly. Filipinos insist that he spent at least \$30,000 on his campaign, which is a lot of money, in Philippine terms, to pay for getting into the Assembly. Vast quantities of BBB beer (made in the Japanese brewery in Manila) were poured out to the voters—in vain.

Even worse than the Pio Duran kind of apologists who openly and frankly argue for a Japanese rapprochement are hundreds of Filipinos who help the Japanese in the Islands in order to make an easy living for themselves. Some are lawyers who live on retainers from Japanese companies, combine with the Japanese in the evasion of Philippine laws, and "fix" things politically for a fee. Some are the Filipinos who lend their names to illegal Japanese companies and agricultural enterprises. All of these people, rather than the miserable, ignorant poor who followed Ramos, are regarded by thoughtful Filipinos as a potential Fifth Column.

There are 29,000 Japanese in the Islands. Exactly how big a role in the economic life of the country they play it is impossible to ascertain or even to estimate. Because of various nationalistic Philippine laws concerning the use of land and other natural resources, the Japanese have

resorted to elaborate evasions by which many a Japanese venture is ostensibly native in character. A dummy corporation set up by Filipinos (or using Filipino names) appears as a native investment, although it is obviously operated and perhaps owned by the Japanese.

Take fishing, for example. The Philippine Government estimates that at least 80 per cent of the deep-sea fishing boats are operated by Japanese. They prowl in all the Philippine waters. They have radios. They can, and doubtless do, keep a careful watch over U.S. Navy movements. In 1932 a law was passed which prohibits aliens from owning fishing boats. The 1935 constitution, as we have seen, requires that corporations exploiting the Commonwealth's natural resources must be at least 60 per cent Filipino-owned. (Of course Americans, until 1946, have the same privileges as the Filipinos under these nationalistic laws.) Companies—or fishing vessels—which were owned by the Japanese before these restrictions were written may continue legally. But there is absolutely no question that Filipino names are frequently used as dummy owners of Japanese vessels and as dummy officers of fishing companies. The Government has ample proof of it, and has made a few prosecutions.

There are some companies like the Seafoods Corporation in Zamboanga, which are difficult to classify. It is apparently a native company, with at least 60 per cent of its stock owned by Filipinos. It catches and cans tuna. Apparently its major stockholders are the Fernandez family in Manila. But at the cannery in Zamboanga the Japanese

are in charge. Japanese cartons and wooden boxes and even nails are used. The fishing fleet is Japanese-manned. Is it or is it not more Japanese than Fernandez?

There is lumber. Concessions to cut and use the timber of Philippine forests are granted only to Filipinos, or to corporations of which at least 60 per cent is owned by Filipinos. The Japanese investment in sawmills is, according to official figures, only 4 per cent of the total \$15,000,000, while Filipinos hold 26 per cent.<sup>1</sup> The general belief is that a good many of the "native" companies operating concessions and sawmills are working with and for Japanese overlords. Eighty per cent of the lumber and timber taken from the Philippine forests is sold within the Commonwealth. The remainder is exported to the U.S. and Japan, with Japan's takings mounting rapidly in recent years.

But these are minor worries, unimportant Japanese toe-holds on the archipelago in comparison with the Japanese land problem in Davao. Far south, in the lower part of the potentially rich island of Mindanao, concentrated in a small area, live 18,000 of the total 29,000 Japanese population. They occupy great tracts of land close to Davao Gulf, which is a good deal bigger than Manila Bay and which has no Corregidor, in fact no defenses of any sort. The Japanese in Davao live among Filipinos who are blandly unworried about their presence, and who staunchly defend the Japanese in all discussions. They contribute to legal war chests to fight the cause of the Japanese in Davao. All this loyalty is due to the fact that thousands of Fili-

<sup>1</sup> Americans have the largest holdings—42 per cent.

pinos in Davao depend for their living on the Japanese—hundreds of them are partners of the Japanese.

## DAVAO

As Baguio is an American city, so Davao is Japanese. The Japanese consulate is a conspicuously handsome, low-lying building set behind a gracious garden. The Japanese school, in the center of town, is a huge, airy, brown timber building. Retail stores are overwhelmingly Japanese, not Chinese as in other towns. Merchandise is conspicuously Japanese, not American as in other cities. Well over half of Davao's imports are from Japan. (For the Commonwealth as a whole, imports from Japan have ranged around 10 per cent or 12 per cent of the total.) The ships that tie up at Davao's pier fly the Rising Sun more often than the Stars and Stripes. There are Japanese restaurants and tea-houses. The good San Miguel beer is rarely served. The inferior BBB brand made by the Japanese is everywhere advertised and served.

One aspect of Davao reminds a visitor of Reno, Nevada; there is an appalling density of lawyers. It is not unusual to see eight shingles reading "Abogado" sticking out of the eight low buildings which make up an entire block in the city. Lawyers abound in Davao, not to undo alliances, but to make them. They draw up contracts which have the effect of leases, and set up corporations with Filipino front men and Japanese capital.

In 1937, a Japanese writer, pointing to British North Borneo as a new hemp-growing opportunity for his people, made this bitter comment: "The Japanese have found a new location which is equally well suited to the cultivation of abaca [Manila hemp]. This locality is outside the Philippines, beyond the reach of shysters for hush money on the alleged 'illegal' practice in sublease of land."

The Japanese occupy and cultivate at least 150,000 acres of land in Davao. Well over half of it (87,000 acres) is known (by the Philippine Government) to be illegally occupied. To see how the Japanese came by their land legally, and how they edged themselves in illegally, we must review the land laws. Obviously these nationalistic laws were passed in the hope that the Filipinos would themselves develop their national resources.

First there was that 1902 law which said that a corporation could take up, by lease or purchase, no more than 2,500 acres. The Japanese could and did get a limited amount of land this way. Then in 1919 came a law which forbade foreigners to obtain, by lease or purchase, any public land. A corporation which applied for land had to be at least 60 per cent Filipino-owned. After 1919, then, the Japanese were nearly frozen out. They could and did set up, companies backed by Japanese capital but equipped with Filipino officers who held the proper number of stock certificates (which often enough remained in a Japanese corporation's safe).

Then, with the Commonwealth constitution came a final restriction: "Save in cases of hereditary succession, no *pri-*

subleasing land has gone on for years under the eyes of the Government and it works like this. A corporation formed by a few Filipinos applies to the Bureau of Lands to buy or lease public land—2,500 acres of it. The land has to be cleared and put to work within a certain number of years. The Filipinos make a contract (usually extending twenty years) with the Japanese to come in and cut down the trees, pull out the stumps, prepare the earth, plant hemp, take care of it, and harvest it—do all the work, in other words, and pay for it. The Filipinos who applied for the land can sit on their haunches while the busy Japanese do everything. In a deal of this kind the Filipinos get 10 per cent or 15 per cent of the hemp that is harvested. The Japanese, who have made the improvements, paid the laborers, and taken full responsibility for the crop, get what is left. The lowly work on the hemp plantation is done by Filipino laborers. The foreman and executives are Japanese. The Filipino “owners” in many cases rarely put in an appearance at their plantation at all.

Obviously this procedure is a kind of sublease of public lands, though agile lawyers may plausibly argue that it is no such thing. The Japanese, they say, are “employed” by the Filipino owners. (Yet the Japanese seem to be putting up the capital.) Sometimes, when investigators turn up on these plantations, the Japanese executives quickly change into grubby clothes and start to work furiously with their hands. On occasion lawyers may insist that the relationship between the Japanese planter and the Filipino landowner, if it is not that of employer and employed, is



a kind of "management contract," comparable with the agreements by which Haussermann and Marsman manage others' mines. But again and again it has been demonstrated that the heavy investment in plantation improvements is made not by the landowner but by the Japanese.

Some of the Filipinos who made deals with the Japanese were simple pagan Bagobos, who were, often enough, badly fleeced by the superior intellect of the lawyers and the Japanese. But they are by no means the only ones involved. The Best People in Davao are partners of the Japanese. Politicians prominent in the city and the province and the Commonwealth have their hemp plantation companies—operated by Japanese. Lawyers whose entire lives have been spent in the service of the Japanese companies have their hemp acreages—occupied by the Japanese. And there are some Americans in Davao, old soldiers, who own plantations—occupied and cultivated by the Japanese. All of these people have done their best—and it has been effective—to defend the practice of sublease, which they call by another name, and to postpone any real showdown on the issue. For years the Manila Government, American and Filipino, has watched Davao with anxiety, but has winked at what might better have been faced squarely.

In 1935, when Manuel Quezon was in the United States, the Philippine Secretary of Agriculture and Commerce, Eulogio Rodriguez, investigated Davao conditions and then suddenly pounced. He asserted that some four hundred government land leases had been violated by subleasing the land to aliens. He ordered cancellation of all of

them. This meant that the Filipinos and Americans who had taken up the land would be removed and the Japanese would lose whatever investment they had made in preparing the ground and planting the hemp.

Vigorous protests were made by both the Japanese and the landowners. A campaign fund was raised to fight the case, and important Manila lawyers were retained. The Japanese fumed and held mass meetings in Davao. Their Consul General publicly advised restraint. There were, undoubtedly, heated protests from Tokyo direct to Washington and Manila. In November, when Rodriguez was ready to enforce his cancellation orders, he got a note from Manuel Quezon: "Please stop all investigations regarding the land in Davao until I go into the matter thoroughly."

By March, 1936, the anxiety in Davao had subsided. It was apparent that the tough talk of Rodriguez would not be backed by action. Perhaps too many important Filipinos were involved. Or perhaps it was better not to rile Tokyo. Manuel Quezon made a goodwill trip to Davao, stayed a few days, enjoyed the hospitality of the big Furu-kawa plantation and the eager plaudits of local Filipino politicians. The land issue was finally buried when Quezon made the emphatic, if meaningless, statement that "there is no Japanese problem in Davao." Rodriguez' cancellation orders were of course never carried out.

## OHTA AND FURUKAWA

A Japanese named Kyoza-bura Ohta was a *capataz* (foreman) and labor contractor who worked on the Baguio road back around 1910. When the road was finished, there were hundreds of unemployed Japanese laborers looking for jobs. Just about that time, too, some Americans who had started to grow hemp in Davao had trouble getting labor. The pagan Bagobos were hard to entice into all-day jobs and still harder to keep once they were hired. One hemp planter, having seen how well the Japanese worked in Baguio, decided to import labor from that far-northern point. He got Ohta to send down some men. For a year or two Ohta was in the business of finding Japanese workers for the hemp-growers. Then he settled in Davao himself, and with other ambitious Japanese laborers formed the Ohta Plantation Company. Although Ohta died in 1917, the firm grew mightily.

The Ohta company today holds exactly 1,019.65 hectares of land, which is a little less than 2,500 acres. But there are satellite corporations, between six and ten of them, which seem to be related to Ohta in the various ways described. According to estimates which, obviously, cannot be sworn to, the Ohta company controls between 38,000 and 45,000 acres, directly or indirectly. Nearly a third of the hemp that leaves the port of Davao is shipped by Ohta. This does not necessarily prove that any such pro-

portion is grown under Ohta supervision, since the company buys from independents too.

The second great plantation company is Furukawa, which ships just about the same amount of hemp as Ohta, and seems to operate through its satellite companies a slightly smaller acreage than Ohta's. Furukawa holds in its own name nearly 7,900 acres—far above the limit of 2,500 acres of public land which a corporation is allowed to hold. Well over half of Furukawa's legally owned acreage is Spanish-grant land bought from private owners.

When a journalist visits Davao, the Ohta and Furukawa plantations receive him without formality or elaborate advance arrangements. The hospitality cannot be called effusive, or even warm, but neither is it begrudging, resentful, or furtive. It is best described as patient and dead-pan. No effort whatever is made to restrict the visitor's wanderings. You can drive around the plantation for hours without being bothered. As a matter of fact, it is much easier to enter the unguarded gates of the two big Japanese plantations than to get into the policed premises of the Philippine Iron Mines.

If Furukawa himself is in residence, he may invite you to lunch at the plantation house, situated high on a hill, with a splendid view of forest and valley. He may make bitter comments about Americans who babble and chatter about Japan but show a stubborn unwillingness to understand the humanitarian aims of the New Order in China. He laughs a little grimly when he says that he never bothers to deny hysterical stories about his company's activities

in Davao. When he imports an auto crane and the rumor flies that the Japanese are bringing armored tanks into Davao, he issues no statement of denial. When people say there is ammunition stored in his warehouses, or that the recreation field he has built for employees is so located and designed that it would be an excellent landing-field for Japanese war planes, Furukawa says not a word. He insists that it would do no good to deny even the worst accusations.

Unlike Ohta, Furukawa was well educated, and he got the money for his plantation company in Japan, not among the Davao Japanese. After studying agriculture and forestry in a Tokyo university, he took a trip (in 1914) to investigate hemp-growing in Davao. Favorably impressed, he returned to Japan to raise capital. Some of his original financing came from the great importing and exporting company Daido Boeki Kaisha, in which his wife's family had important holdings.

You cannot fail to be impressed by the Ohta and Furukawa plantations. You do not need to be told that here is the most scientific agriculture practiced in the Islands. You sense it from the total of details you see about you: the orderly, well-kept rows of hemp, miles and miles of it, looking like banana trees; the well-built, carefully maintained roads that cross the plantation; the company trucks and cars, all in good repair; the fact that everyone seems to be working without any lost motion, without sitting, Filipino-fashion, on their heels by the hour; the solidly built wooden houses for labor, the big white schoolhouse,

and the hospital; the neat, well-cared-for groves of kapok trees, with their exquisite green bark and delicate, symmetrical branches; the lush, exuberant fields of ramie, which require and get a great deal of fertilizer; a coconut grove, kept clear and free of scrubby growth. All of these add up to an agricultural enterprise that appears to be two hundred years ahead of the average Philippine rice plantation, and several decades ahead of sugar.

You can't help admiring it if you like to see things well done. You are almost tempted to believe that the Japanese deserve to inherit the Philippines because they seem to know how to use what is there. When you see Furukawa's new big, well-constructed warehouses and his new plywood factory, you get a feeling that the Japanese *intend* to inherit the Islands. They are building more solidly today than the Americans. They, unlike the Manila Americans, who fear independence, are undertaking new investments.

When you visit the pride of the Ohta plantation—its experimental station—you see, more clearly than ever, that Japan is prepared for the long future. There, in a small acreage, is an exhibit of growing things, a living demonstration of the potential agricultural wealth of the Philippines, or at least of the rich island of Mindanao. There some rubber is growing, cotton, coffee, and a wide variety of fruit trees. There is kapok—which yields a crude substitute for cotton; there is ramie, from the fiber of which so-called China linen is made. (Ramie and kapok are grown, commercially, on a small scale by both Ohta and

Furukawa.) The Ohta experimental station shows what the Japanese would do in Mindanao if they could take up great tracts of land and bring in thousands of Japanese immigrants. They know what the earth is capable of. Perhaps they will, one day, use that knowledge to grow cotton and rubber for Japan.

## HEMP

The abaca (Manila hemp) plant looks and behaves like a banana tree. When the banana stalk has flowered and borne its fruit, it is finished. But meanwhile another stalk has sprouted from the root. This grows and bears flowers and fruit and dies, and so the tree continues until the earth is exhausted. Eighteen months after a hemp shoot is planted, the thick stalk is ready to cut. But the roots will continue to send out more stalks for about twenty years.

A stalk of hemp is a series of sheaths growing tightly around each other. Separate the sheaths, which are about 8 or 10 feet long and the color of old ivory. Put one sheath through a "stripping" machine, which has two knives that close tightly on the hemp. As the hemp is drawn between the knives, its moisture and pulp are squeezed out and only long strands of fiber remain. Hung out to dry in the strong Davao sunlight, hemp looks like gigantic 8-foot skeins of shining hair, as platinum-blond as the late Jean Harlow's.

Some of the Americans who own plantations in Davao complain that it is very difficult for them to compete with

the efficient Japanese. They explain the superb efficiency of Ohta and Furukawa in one word: supervision. All the executives are Japanese, of course. But so are the petty sub-executives, all the way down to the foreman. Each Japanese foreman is paid perhaps 1 peso 50 (75 cents) a day, to supervise fifteen or twenty Filipinos (getting from 20 to 40 cents a day). The Japanese foreman works with, as well as bosses, his Filipino field laborers.

An American planter, on the contrary, has only two or three Americans in executive jobs, at the most. The rest of his pay roll is made up entirely of Filipinos—office workers, foremen, and field workers. No American can be induced to work in a supervisory job at Japanese or Filipino wage rates. The Filipino foreman simply cannot get the quality or quantity of work out of Filipino laborers that a Japanese can. That is what the Americans say who have invited the Japanese to come in and run their plantations under a sublease or “management contract” or whatever you choose to call it.

The Philippines have a world monopoly on hemp. Since it is on the free list in the U.S., it will not be affected by 1946 independence. Congressional lobbies are not tempted to gang up on it, because no competitive fiber is grown in the U.S. Also, American industry, and particularly the American navy, need rope made of Manila hemp. The only American jealousy that develops out of hemp is indirect. Rope and cord manufacturers in the U.S. want all such products to be made in American factories. There are four cordage (rope) companies in the Philippines, the big-



The production from these new areas is as yet too small to affect the strong Philippine monopoly, but it may soon grow to dangerous proportions. Meanwhile, the lavishly generous Quezon government wants to help Philippine hemp-growers, who complain of low prices. If anything is done to raise artificially the price of Philippine hemp, it is certain to speed and give comfort to the new Dutch, North Borneo, and Panama producers.

### PEACEFUL INVASION

The Filipinos buy very little from Japan. Of their total imports, Japan accounted for only 10 per cent or 12 per cent in recent years. In 1932 the figure went down to 7.7 per cent because Chinese retailers in the Philippines were doing their best to boycott the Japanese, but in the next few years the percentage rose again. The Japanese knew how to meet the boycott. They set up retail stores of their own in Manila and other big cities. Although they did not give credit, like the Chinese, and did not penetrate into the rural districts, their cut-rate prices brought them flocks of customers. Without much doubt these retailers were subsidized by Japan as a means of breaking the boycott.

As a market for Philippine products, Japan also rates low. Only about 5 per cent of the Philippine exports go to Japan—largely lumber and hemp. From these two figures—from 10 per cent to 12 per cent for imports and about 5 per cent for exports—you could conclude that the two

countries, Japan and the Philippines, are not and probably could not be economically important to each other. But look more closely and see what the Philippines possess that Japan needs, and see what the Filipinos buy from the U.S. under the present free-trade deal, but which after 1946 could be supplied as well, or better, by Japan. The U.S. has been selling the Islands in recent years between \$80,000,000 and \$100,000,000 worth of duty-free goods—over 60 per cent of the Philippines' total imports. Practically all of what the Filipinos now get from the U.S. could be bought from Japan. Cotton goods and iron and steel products are by far the biggest items. Oil—about \$6,000,000 worth—is the most important product that Japan cannot supply.

What could Japan take from the Philippines? That is, at first glance, a good deal less impressive. Remember that the Philippine economy in the last thirty years, under free trade with the U.S., has been steadily developed to cater to U.S. needs. In an expansive mood, a Japanese consul in the Philippines once said that his country would take about a million tons of sugar after 1946. That is just about what the U.S. has been buying, and sugar is the most important single export of the Islands. However, the promise has no likelihood of fulfillment. Japan consumes very little sugar, and gets most of her requirements from Taiwan (Formosa). If she must buy outside her own territory, she would buy Java sugar, which is considerably cheaper than the Philippine. The fact is that Japan does not need and probably will not buy either of the two products which will

be hardest-hit by the closing down of the U.S. market—sugar and coconut oil.

But the Philippines have many long-term attractions to a country like Japan, which lacks important raw materials. There is the iron, for example. The Philippine Republic of 1946 or 1947, reeling with the economic shock from loss of U.S. markets, might be eager to listen to a Japanese deal on those government deposits in Surigao. Chromite is now being commercially mined, and Japan cannot help coveting it. Japan needs coal, but probably can't find it in the Philippines. She lacks copper, and it might be worth while to work the Philippine deposits if a deal could be made. Manganese, like copper, might also be worth exploiting on a big scale to a mineral-poor, industrial nation like Japan, although its mining has been delayed by the agricultural Filipinos. Japan needs petroleum and, given a chance, she would undoubtedly soon find out whether valuable deposits exist.

The agricultural production of the Philippines today is not well suited to Japan's needs, but the whole world knows that rubber can be grown in that big, potentially rich island of Mindanao. It takes thousands of acres, and it takes several years. The Ohta plantation and General Paulino Santos' colonists have both demonstrated that cotton can be grown in Mindanao, too—that richest of islands where the Japanese are already thickly concentrated.

If the Filipinos accept independence in 1946 and have well over half their markets cut off, they are not going to lie down quietly and die. They are going to accept a help-

ing hand where it is offered. If Japan, who again and again has asserted her own Manifest Destiny and her own Monroe Doctrine of the Far East, offers an economic deal, the Filipinos are going to accept it. They can't do anything else. They will have to relax their immigration laws and allow the Japanese to enter. They will have to give up some of their cherished nationalistic laws—and who knows what more?

Apologists for Japan point out that the Japanese, even though their country is overcrowded to the point of bursting, dislike colonizing in tropical climates. Their efforts to settle their own Taiwan have not been a howling success. Japanese executives and foremen in Davao all tell you they hate the intense heat just as much as the Americans in Manila do. They long to go home. Whatever their climatic preferences, however, the Japanese have colonized Davao just as they have colonized São Paulo, Brazil, which is also a hot part of the world. Just last year Japan made loud protests to Washington and Manila because the Philippines would not allow more than a few hundred Japanese to enter the Islands instead of a thousand. Climate is apparently no serious obstacle.

When in January, 1936, just a few months after the Commonwealth was founded, Manuel Quezon went to Davao, the American flag still flew above the Philippine flag. At that time Quezon—and perhaps the U.S. State Department itself—chose to ignore what Philippine government authorities considered flagrant violation of the land laws. It is unlikely that in 1947 a Philippine Repub-

lic will be able to resist pressure to change these and many other laws that the Japanese find distasteful.

Perhaps General MacArthur's fine theory that the Islands are almost insuperably difficult to take by force will never need to be put to a test. Economic invasion of a country that is both physically and economically weak might do the trick without a ship or a shot. The Philippine flag might still fly while a stooge President ruled a puppet nation.

If, however, the Philippine Republic should attempt to talk back on some issue like that of the land, Davao could very easily provide the "incident" which Japan might crave. To protect Japanese investments in the southern part of that rich island of Mindanao, along the coast of Davao, a few destroyers might appear. The population of Davao might even welcome the protection. The southern part, at least, of Mindanao might drop like a ripe plum, for Davao Gulf is undefended.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### EVASIONS, DILEMMAS

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*THE* political independence of the Philippines, effective in 1946, is legally a closed issue. Although it left certain loopholes on other matters, the Tydings-McDuffie law, passed in 1934, clearly stated that political independence will be a fact after the ten-year Commonwealth period. And the Filipinos themselves are on record as having approved full independence at that time. Their national legislature accepted the law in 1934, and the Filipinos individually, by voting in a 1935 plebiscite, expressed their own acceptance.

When the Filipinos went to the polls in 1935, however, they did not vote simply and solely on the question of 1946 independence. The Tydings-McDuffie law required that they frame a constitution which, once it was approved by the President of the United States, was to be submitted to the whole voting public of the Philippines. The law said that if the majority voted yes on their constitution, "such vote shall be deemed an expression of the will of the people of the Philippines in favor of Philippine inde-

pendence." In that indirect way, the Filipino signed up his country for political freedom in 1946.

This provision in the law was shrewdly inserted for a definite purpose. An early version of the bill provided that Filipinos should first have a taste of Commonwealth government, and a few years of increasing economic penalties put on their sugar, coconut oil, cigars, and so on. Then, with a judgment based on some realistic knowledge of the consequences of their loss of the U.S. market, they could vote with their eyes open on whether or not they wanted to go through with this independence thing. The farm lobbies quickly suppressed any such opportunity for the Filipinos to change their minds. The pressure groups emphatically did not want the Filipinos to get in advance a taste of what they were in for. They had to make up their minds immediately, and abide by the consequences of their decision.

When Herbert Hoover vetoed the first (Hare-Hawes-Cutting) bill, he pointed out crisply and sharply the injustice of the law. He said that the Filipinos were being forced to vote on an unclear and evasive law. They had no way of knowing what kind of physical protection (if any) the U.S. would give them. Nor had they any way of knowing the full economic consequences of their independence. The law did not make clear exactly what comfort we would be willing to give them when and if hard times and the threat of invasion came upon them.

Hoover said: "Therefore, before any plebiscite is held, we should honestly and plainly declare our intentions.

This bill does not do this. In discharge of the moral responsibilities of our country we have no right to force an irrevocable decision on their part to be taken two years hence [when they were to vote on their constitution] at a moment in history when the outlook of the world and of their surroundings is at best unfavorable to their permanent independence.

"If the American people consider that they have discharged their responsibilities to the Philippine people, if we have no further national stake in the Islands, if the Philippine people are now prepared for self-government, if they can maintain order and their institutions, if they can now defend their independence, we should say so frankly on both sides. I hold that this is not the case. Informed persons on neither side have made such declarations without many reservations. Nor can these conditions be solved by the evasions and proposals of this bill without national dishonor."

Hoover suggested that before the Filipinos were asked to vote on independence, "the U.S. should plainly announce whether it will (a) make absolute and complete withdrawal from all military and naval bases and from every moral or other commitment to maintain their independence, or (b) the conditions as to authority and rights within the Islands under which it will continue that protection."

The veto was overridden, and Herbert Hoover departed. Quezon refused to accept the law. Franklin Roosevelt took Hoover's place in Washington, and early in 1934



he signed the second independence bill. It was almost exactly the same as the one vetoed by Hoover and rejected by Manuel Quezon, although the new law called for the withdrawal, in 1946, of the United States Army. The final decision on what should be done about keeping a naval base was postponed.

The economic provisions of the new law were just as harsh as those of the 1932 act. When Roosevelt put his signature to the Tydings-McDuffie bill, he vaguely hinted that it was unjust. He said: "I do not believe that further provisions of the original law need to be changed at this time. Where imperfections or inequalities exist, I am confident that both can be corrected after proper hearings and in fairness to both peoples."

When the Filipinos held their plebiscite in 1935 to approve the new constitution and thereby to vote their acceptance of 1946 independence, they could have no accurate knowledge of what they were getting in the package labeled "independence." They did not know what physical protection the U.S. would be willing to give them, because the naval-base issue was not settled. Although the law was explicit in its strictures about sugar and coconut oil and other Philippine products, the Filipino had no clear idea what Mr. Roosevelt meant by "imperfections and inequalities." These words seemed to promise that the economic provisions of the law would be modified.

Nor do the Filipinos know today what they are in for. The "imperfections and inequalities" were tackled by a

death matter to us, may be worth saving. When the Filipinos keep pleading, as they will between now and 1944, for concessions on their products, which to them are indeed matters of life and death, we shall probably swap concessions with them and keep at least a part of our market. Perhaps our cigar-makers (who, often enough, are also cigarette manufacturers) may be inclined to let in some of the Philippine nickel cigars, in order to continue their own sales of about \$4,000,000 worth of cigarettes to the Islands. Our cotton Senators may be so anxious to retain their cotton-textile market in the Philippines that they will reconsider that matter of the competition between cottonseed oil and coconut oil. However, our sales to the Philippines are not going to be the all-important factor in any reconsideration of the question of 1946 independence. They were no deterrent—in fact the exporters were barely audible—when Congress debated the Tydings-McDuffie law.

Another dollars-and-cents argument for retention still persists: the rich resources of the Philippine Islands. Robert Aura Smith in *Our Future in Asia*<sup>1</sup> makes a straightforward and logical defense of the whole conception of an American Empire, and scorns as sentimental those Americans who have a revulsion to empire because they don't think it jibes with American democracy. He again lists, as Beveridge did forty years ago (without Beveridge's fancy prose flourishes and without his piety) the wealth, potential and actual, of the Philippines. He

<sup>1</sup> The Viking Press, 1940.

indicates that we could, through a carefully planned expansion, develop many products there, such as coffee, rubber, and quinine. "Such a program, however, would take time and would involve the outlay of capital and a greater degree of co-operation from the local Philippine government." Indeed it would.

"It would be necessary to put the whole agricultural program on a long-term basis, to take some of the money out of sugar and to plan the Philippine economy in such a way as to achieve a minimum of irritation to specific groups in the United States." All of this is true. We could, with plenty of capital and plenty of shrewd planning, begin all over again and develop the Islands intensively, as the Dutch did Java. We could make the Philippines a rich reservoir of practically all the tropical products we need, from rubber to coffee. (Our Latin American neighbors would, obviously, be quite unhappy about this turn of events.)

To do all this we'd have to write off the books a whole lot of laws, such as the restrictive land legislation. We'd have to sweep away all that nonsense about the Philippines for the Filipinos, and go to work and plot the economy of the whole archipelago so that it would serve precisely our needs and would not irritate the domestic sugar, cottonseed-oil, butter, cigar, rope, and button men.

Perhaps you could even successfully argue that the Filipino, in the end, would be materially better off—better fed, better housed, and regimented into a bodily health free from worms and yaws and tuberculosis. But

the "greater degree of co-operation" from the Filipinos would have to be so much greater that it could be obtained only by force. For, as any empire-minded man in Manila will tell you, we have so "spoiled" the Filipino these forty years by insistently teaching him to think our sentimental way about his "rights" that he won't give them up in the mere name of "co-operation."

If we dismiss as impractical a complete reversal of our policy toward the Filipinos, and a reconquest of the archipelago, we must look at what we now get and need from the Islands, rather than at what, under a vastly improbable set of circumstances, we could make the Islands yield. There are the big basic exports—sugar, copra, and coconut oil. Our Congress has found these (and rope, too) competitive and menacing to our own domestic economy. They are, according to the 1934 Congress, to be excluded or cut way down by tariffs and taxes. A good many people disagree with the Congress on how menacing all three of them are. But if you and I are willing to foot the bill for the protection of the dairy, cottonseed-oil, and beet-sugar men by paying somewhat more for soap and sugar, these Philippine products can be restricted without any catastrophic change in our living.

There are embroideries—cheap cotton nightgowns and babies' dresses. There are pearl buttons, and lumber, and gold. No one of them is vital to us. Hemp comes in free and is essential to United States industry and particularly to the U.S. Navy, whether it is made into rope in Manila or in upstate New York. It is the most vital of our major

imports from the Philippines. Finally there is chromium. If we free the Islands, we have every reason to regret their rich deposits of chromite ore, which exists elsewhere only in limited quantities. We need to be assured of chromium supplies for both wartime and peacetime industry.

The Philippine resources which we now use, to a non-empire mind, do not add up as vitally essential (hemp and chromium excepted) to American economy. But even a nonempire mind, these days, is disturbed at the possibility that the Philippine resources, developed and undeveloped, will, by default, drop into Hirohito's lap. The land itself is valuable to an overpopulated nation. The iron, the chromium, the manganese, perhaps even the copper, are enormously valuable to Japan. The gold is desperately needed. Do we want to give all of this, eventually, to Japan?

We now get away from the narrower dollars-and-cents question to a broader dollars-and-cents issue and to defense itself. Far more than the resources of the Philippines we need free access to the raw materials in the British and Dutch possessions south of the Philippines. We need rubber from British Malaya and Dutch Sumatra. We need tin from the Dutch and the British South Pacific possessions. We do not need Java's oil, but do we want it to be inherited by Japan? Whether we are empire-minded or not, and even though we can see the logic, from Japan's viewpoint, of a Monroe Doctrine of the East, to save our skins it is important that the British and Dutch empires in

the East do not fall into Japanese hands to be used, eventually, against us.

If we believe that, we cannot ourselves plan to retreat from Manila Bay and the Philippines, which would be a necessary vestibule to Japan's eventual occupation of the South Pacific. Whether we ought ever to have taken the Philippines or not, we are there.

### THE FOOT IN THE DOOR

"The President [of the United States] is requested, at the earliest practicable date, to enter into negotiations with foreign powers with a view to the conclusion of a treaty for the perpetual neutralization of the Philippine Islands, if and when Philippine Independence shall be achieved." That is what the Tydings-McDuffie law says. Today the words sound naïvely hopeful, and of course nothing has been done about a neutralization treaty.

At the time the law was written this neutralization idea was severely criticized. How could we expect Japan to enter into any such agreement if we proposed to keep a naval base and fueling-station in the Philippines? We couldn't. So back in the thirties a good many critics of the law (along with Hoover) said that we ought to decide right then either to pull out altogether, or to stay in the Islands with a definite understanding of what our defense responsibilities were to be. Instead, we postponed our decision on whether or not we'd keep a naval base, but mean-

while we promised the Filipinos full political freedom—no strings attached—after 1946.

For years strategists, amateur and professional, have argued that the Philippines would be difficult if not impossible for us to defend. They have been called the Achilles' heel of the U.S., if for no other reason than that the Pacific is such a huge ocean, considerably bigger than the Atlantic.<sup>1</sup> To the east of the Philippines, close by them, are Japan's mandated islands. Some of them have undoubtedly been fortified, in spite of the 1922 treaty by which Japan promised not to build defenses on them. They are like a screen separating the Philippines from the main body of the Pacific.

North of the Japanese islands, and northeast of the Philippines—1,500 miles from Manila—is Guam, which is owned by the United States. Year after year the Big Navy proponents have urged that a good naval base be built at Guam, but year after year appropriations were denied until last winter. Guam is a great deal closer to Japan than it is to our big strong base in Hawaii.

When George Fielding Eliot wrote *The Ramparts We Watch*<sup>2</sup> in 1938 and outlined a Japanese-American war, he assumed that we would have to withdraw "in the early days of the war" from both Manila and Guam. Not all navy men have agreed that Manila is so untenable. In

<sup>1</sup> Pan American Airways can take you across the Atlantic in one hop. To go from San Francisco to Manila requires five hops by plane, twenty-two days by the best passenger ships.

<sup>2</sup> Reynal and Hitchcock.

fact, for years, on the question "Can we defend the Philippines?" there has always been someone to take the affirmative.

Most of those discussions concerned a Japan-United States war, and were premised on the assumption that the U.S. Navy was basing its operations from the powerful and well-equipped naval base in faraway Hawaii. More recently the strategists have been thinking about a joint effort of American and British strength—and what little the Netherlands East Indies can provide—to prevent Japanese aggression in the South Pacific. Then, instead of Hawaii, there is the formidable British base at Singapore. While Manila is over 5,000 miles from Hawaii, it is only 1,578 miles from Singapore. Hong Kong, a well-defended British fortress, and Manila (with its Corregidor) would guard, one on each side, the most direct route of the Japanese southward toward Borneo and Java. The less direct route, east of the Philippines, would have to be guarded from Singapore, from the nearer Dutch base at Surabaya in Java, and from Port Darwin in Australia. A combined British-American-Dutch effort would almost certainly give pause to the Japanese.

The U.S. Navy has never made any boasts about its base at Cavite in Manila Bay, which is little more than a fueling-station. It has corrugated-iron workshops, but is not equipped for major repairs. At Olongapo, north of Manila, is a dry dock for light cruisers and destroyers. The guns and anti-aircraft equipment on Corregidor—sometimes called the strongest single fortified point in the world—



are matters not divulged by the U.S. Army. Even within the terms of the 1922 treaty, it was possible to keep Corregidor's existing defenses up to date.

During the last year the United States has strengthened its forces in the Philippines. By the end of 1940, twelve large submarines had been added to the six already there. There were three cruisers, three divisions of destroyers, and an aircraft carrier, besides some smaller craft in the Asiatic fleet basing at Cavite in Manila Bay. Twenty-six long-range patrol bombers were there. Although the army still had only its normal 5,000 regulars and 5,000 Philippine scouts, its plane strength had been greatly increased, and by February it was adding 5,000 more Filipinos to its enrollment and sending more planes to Manila. Improvements were being made not only at the powerful Pearl Harbor base in Hawaii, but in Guam, Samoa, and the small islands southwest of Hawaii. The small coral islands, Midway and Wake, which serve as overnight stops for the Pan American clippers, are being built up to service army and navy planes.

Between now and 1946 we are responsible for the Philippines, and before long we must decide whether we are going to keep a naval base there and whether we are going to help the Filipinos further as to their economic troubles. There are good reasons, today, for both sides to "re-examine" the Tydings-McDuffie Act. The Filipinos want economic mercy, and continued protection. Quite apart from any generosity or justice to the Filipinos, we may want to keep, for our own eventual protection, a position

in the Orient. But in trading concessions with the Filipinos there are some demands we must make for our own protection. If we keep a naval base, and perhaps build it up to much greater strength in order to defend the Filipinos from aggression, we too must have certain guarantees.

We must retain some authority within the Islands if we are to assume the responsibility of protecting them. We have to make sure that Manuel Quezon, or another, does not make compromising economic or political deals with Japan. We have to make sure that immigration laws are not relaxed to permit hordes of Japanese to populate the nation we are protecting. We can't have the Davao situation multiplied. In other words, at the very least we have to control the foreign policy and the immigration policy of the Philippines. Today, we have those two powers, and very little else. If the trading and swapping of concessions had to be done today, the Filipinos would have no hope of gaining further independence—if they wanted American protection.

We got the Islands as an unexpected by-product of an inglorious war against the decaying Spanish Empire. We kept them half-heartedly, unconvinced that we had any right to be there, far out across the Pacific, forcing our rule on rebellious Orientals. As if to still our bad conscience, we kept telling the Filipinos that we would give them their freedom. We arranged finally to do this—not so much to fulfill a promise as to get rid of a possession that we had come to believe was nothing less than a nuisance.

The law was harsh, and it was indecisive and vague. In

herself on Germany's victims, the Filipinos will do precisely that.

We hesitated about taking the Philippines in the first place; for forty years we showed singularly little pride in possessing them; we finally demonstrated our determination to be finished with them. We don't really want them today, but we certainly don't want to strengthen Japan's hand in the Far East.

When Theodore Roosevelt decided, in his boss' absence, to carry "manifest destiny" into the Orient, he got us into one interminable muddle.

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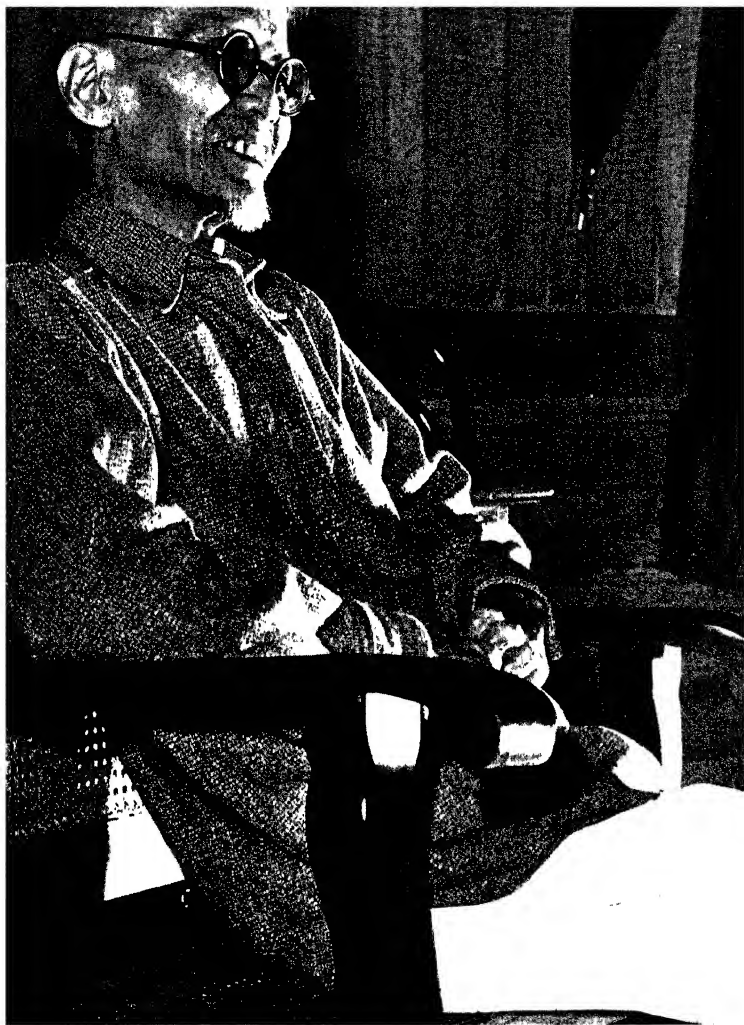


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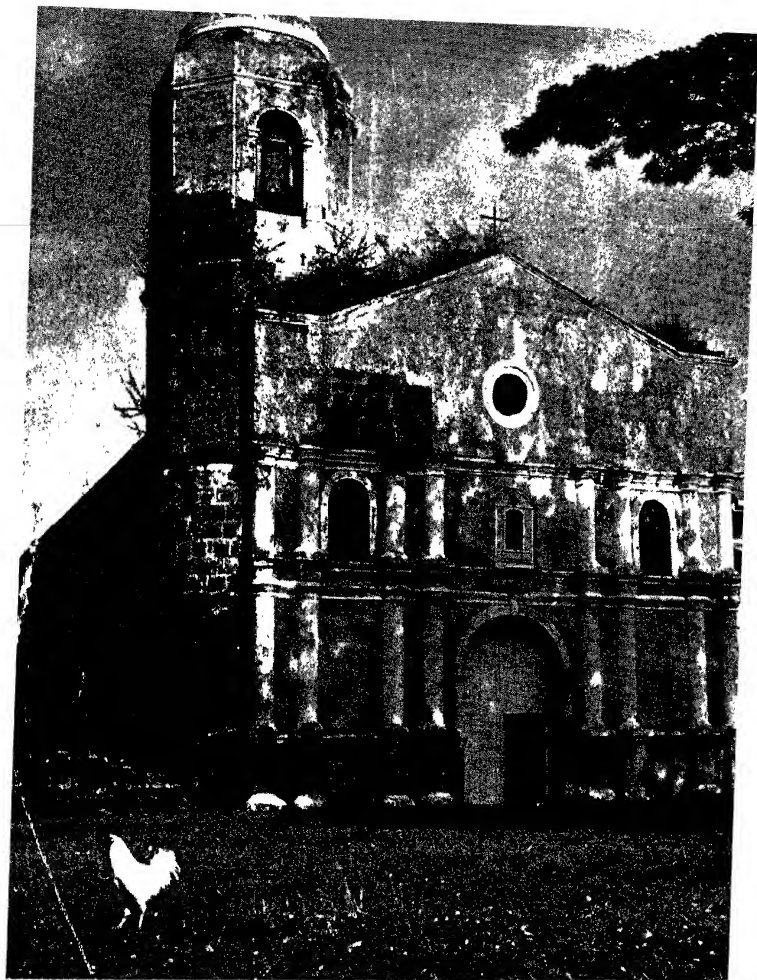
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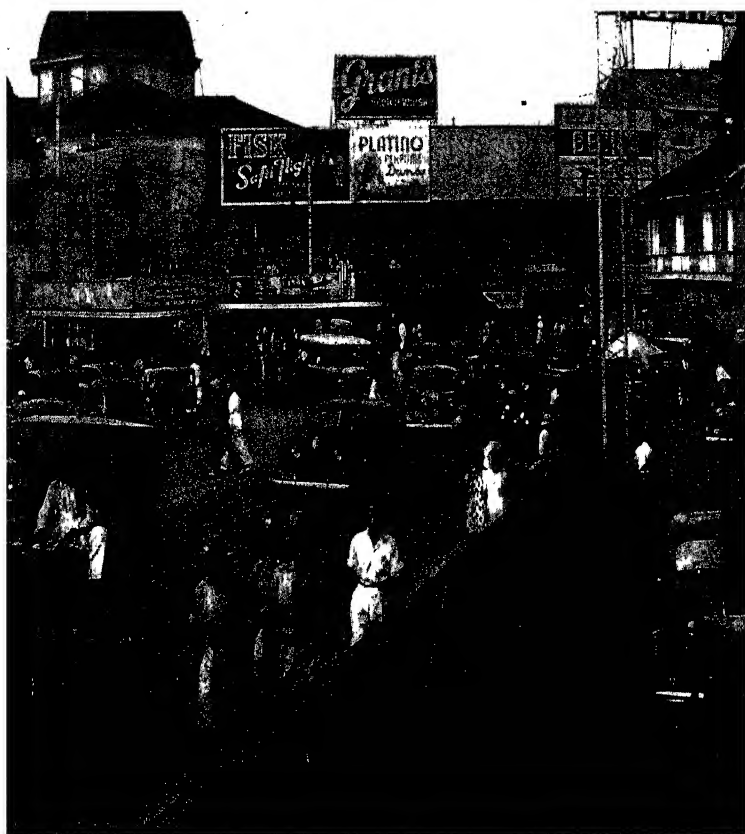




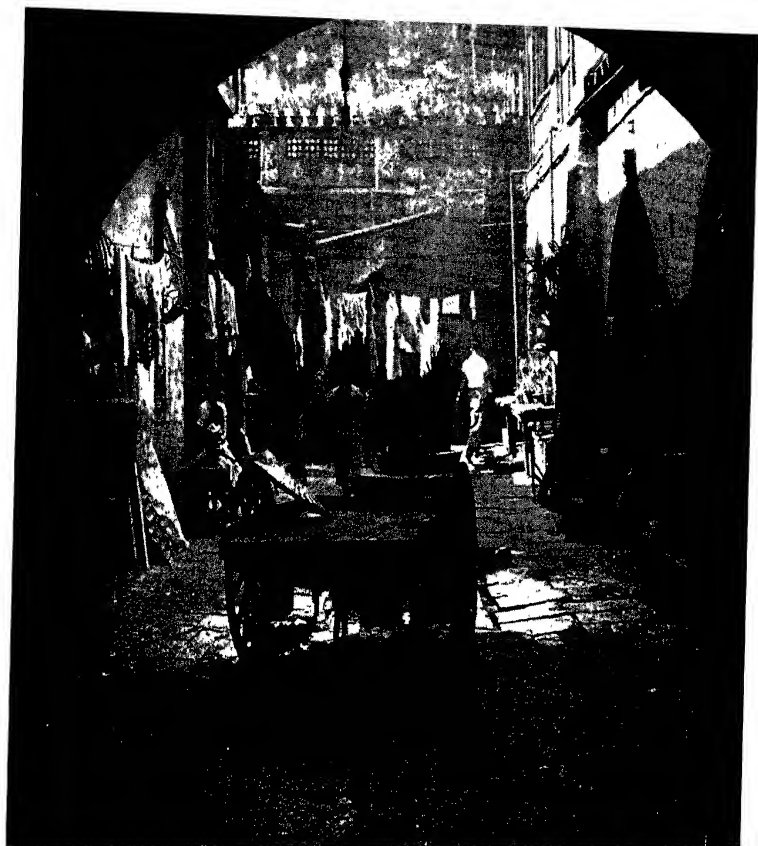
**NUISANCE** to Quezon is the emaciated little Trotsky, Pedro Abad Santos, who insists that there can be no social justice while the land-



**DECAY** characterizes many old Spanish churches; tropical plants grow from the roof and crevices; bats besiege the interior. Because church plantations, similarly run down, are festering sources of labor unrest, Quezon plans to take them over—by purchase not expropriation.



**MANILA** sometimes called the Pearl of the Orient, is a city both modern and ancient. It claims the world's biggest covered pier and the second largest steam laundry on earth. Here is a busy shopping street in the old part of town. The horse-drawn *calesa* is the poor man's taxi.



**SLUMS** like these in the ancient Spanish section are dark breeding grounds for disease. The tuberculosis death rate is nearly three times as high in the Philippines as in the United States. But the population has doubled under U.S. rule and the worst pests—cholera and smallpox—have been stamped out.

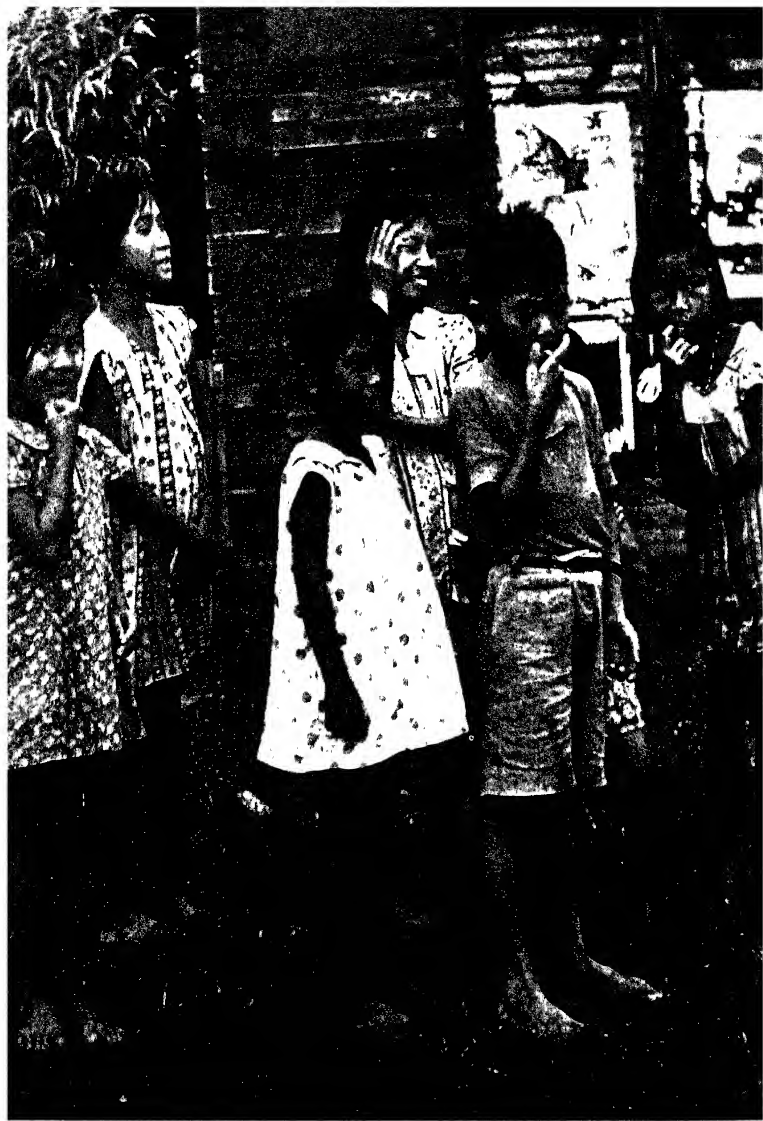


**UPPER-CRUST** women who wear American clothes all day, deck themselves out in the native mestiza dress for evening parties like this one at Malacañang, the presidential palace. Never completely repressed by the Spanish code, native suffragettes fought for and won the vote in 1937.

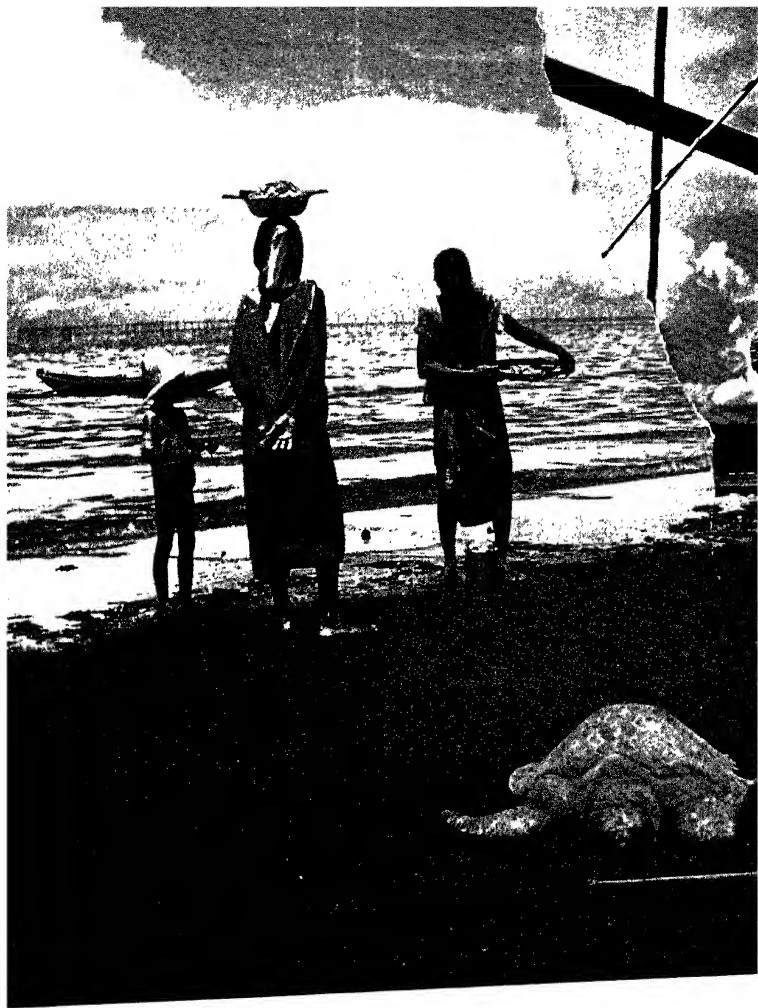




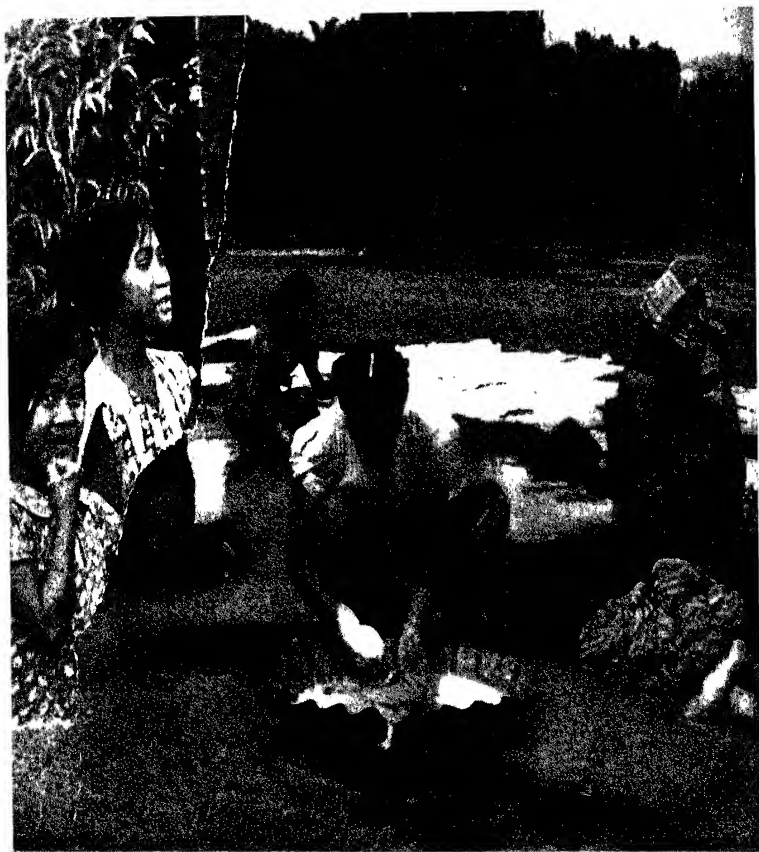
**CANDLES** rosaries and the like mean as much to the women who sell them as to the customers, for the vendors are devout Catholics. But they still hang on to their pre-Catholic fears of dreadful spirits that float through somber skies and do in humans.



DDAY of the English they have learned at school,



**FISHING** is currently a virtual Japanese monopoly. Filipinos used to go far out to sea on big 90-foot outriggers, but the Japanese, with their power boats made sailing vessels obsolete. The natives now stick close to shore, use small boats and fence-like traps (vaguely visible in the distance).



**CLEAN** people, the natives are always scrubbing whatever clothing is not on their backs. A wooden paddle or stone is required equipment, the saucer-like wash-tub not strictly necessary. Beyond the river bank is an inexhaustible supply of free building materials—bamboo trees and nipa palms.



the bread and potatoes of a Filipino, keeps body



**BASIS** of credit, medium of exchange, the very core of the country, rice deserves to be handled reverently. If a typhoon flattens all the village huts—no matter. But if it destroys the rice crop it means misery, poverty, perhaps famine.



**TRAMPING** the rice on the loosely-built but shaded platform makes the grain drop through to the pile below, while the chaff blows away. Half the crop belongs to the landlord, the rest to the tenant who usually must sell it right away to pay off his debts.



TRADITIONALLY seed for  
the future  
is hoarded by the wife who can be trusted, more than her husband,  
not to squander it for new clothes, a cockfight or a saint's festival.  
Here she winnows rice with skillful, precise motions.





SHARE-CROPPERS in the  
e n d  
have nothing. They borrowed from the landlord—perhaps fifty dollars—to carry them over. When they pay it back, they will be charged the exorbitant sum of twenty dollars or more for interest. They must start borrowing again, the pattern of debt bondage repeating itself eternally.



**CARABAOS** (water buffaloes) are the temperamental tractors of the sugar fields. Sugar has boomed since the Philippines came under the American flag. Unlike rice which is consumed at home, practically all sugar goes to the United States. If American sovereignty ends, the sugar business will almost certainly fold up.



**TO RIP** off the husk of a coconut no substitute has been found for the upturned plowshare. Because coconut oil is considered competitive with cottonseed oil and butter, U.S. farmers backed Philippine independence. They want to exclude the "coconut cow."



**HEMP** is shipped all over the world to be made into heavy-duty rope. The platinum blond fibre is grown in Davao, far south in the archipelago, where 18,000 Japanese are concentrated. Filipinos fear that if they take independence, the Japanese will gobble them up—taking Davao as the first bite.



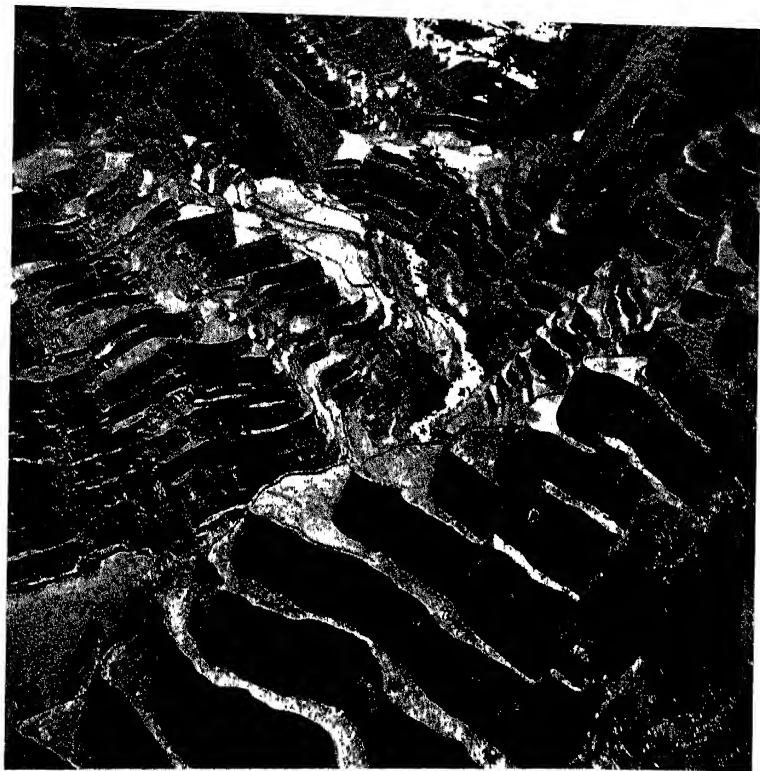
**DAUGHTER** of a rich Manila lawyer with sugar investments, this child's future would be immediately affected if the Philippines became independent in 1946. Her father warns Filipinos publicly that disaster would result from the loss of U.S. markets. He hopes that the United States will hang on to the Islands—and buy sugar as usual.



**COCKFIGHTING** is the favorite sport. This sportsman will bet heavily on his entry and may come home with a dead bird for supper and another debt. For Saints' festivals or a funeral he will shoot the works and hock his future to the Chinese money-lender.

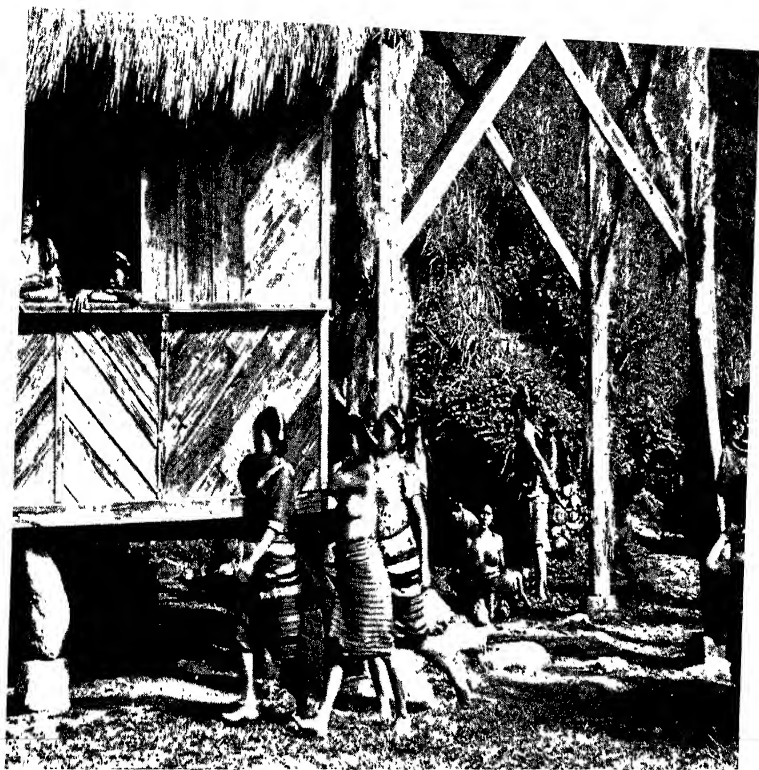


**FATALISM** is a national attitude. If the debts they may be by the next. Spain brought this woman Jesus Christ and the Saints; the Americans brought vaccination, pure drinking water and schools. Perhaps the Japanese are next.



**TERRACES** rising fifty to seventy-five feet one above the other, are the rice fields of the pagans. They have boldly re-shaped whole mountains into the greatest system of stone walled terraces in the world. Their knowledge of engineering and irrigation amazes scientists.





**PAGAN** headhunters were not subdued by Spain. But the Americans persuaded them—by force and by jails—to give up their practice of decapitating enemies. Missionaries make small progress against the strong pagan culture. Here is the polite Episcopal mission whose services are pretty remote from the habits of the people.



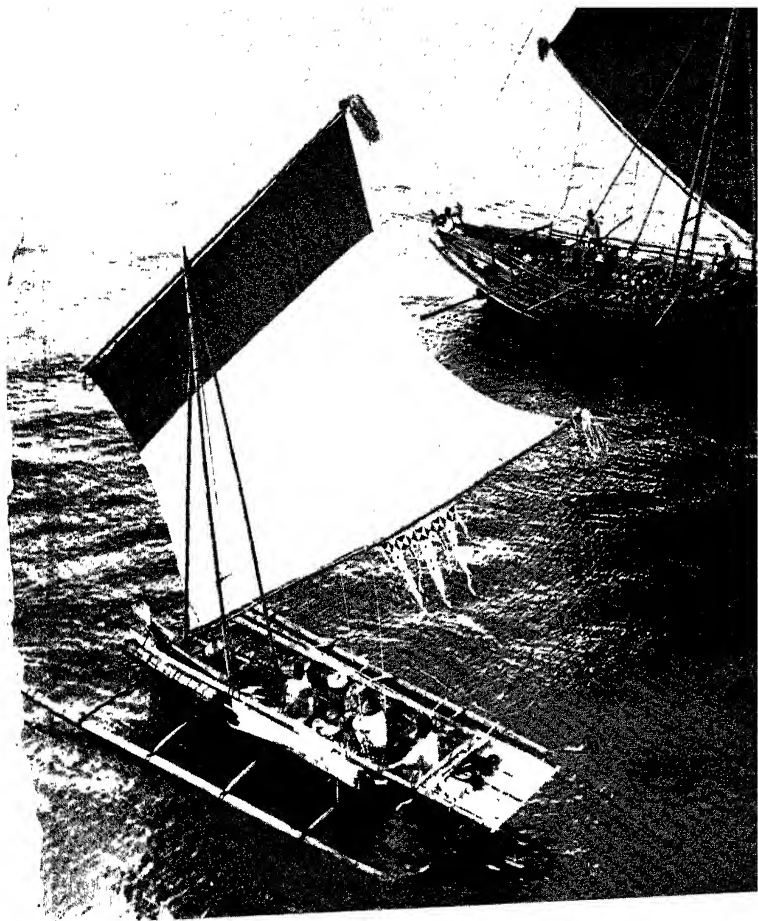
**G-STRING PAGANS** take only what they like of Occidental civilization. The men often adopt a warm, modern garment for their upper torso—rarely below. The hat serves as a pocket to carry a wad of tobacco. The gong provides music for a dance symbolic of the headhunting past.



**PREPOSTEROUS** is the word this woman would use—if she had it—to describe the Christian photographer who took this picture. So, too, does she evaluate modern laws concerning taxes, land registration and sanitary, prompt burial of the dead. Her own culture, with its ancestor worship, is entirely satisfying.



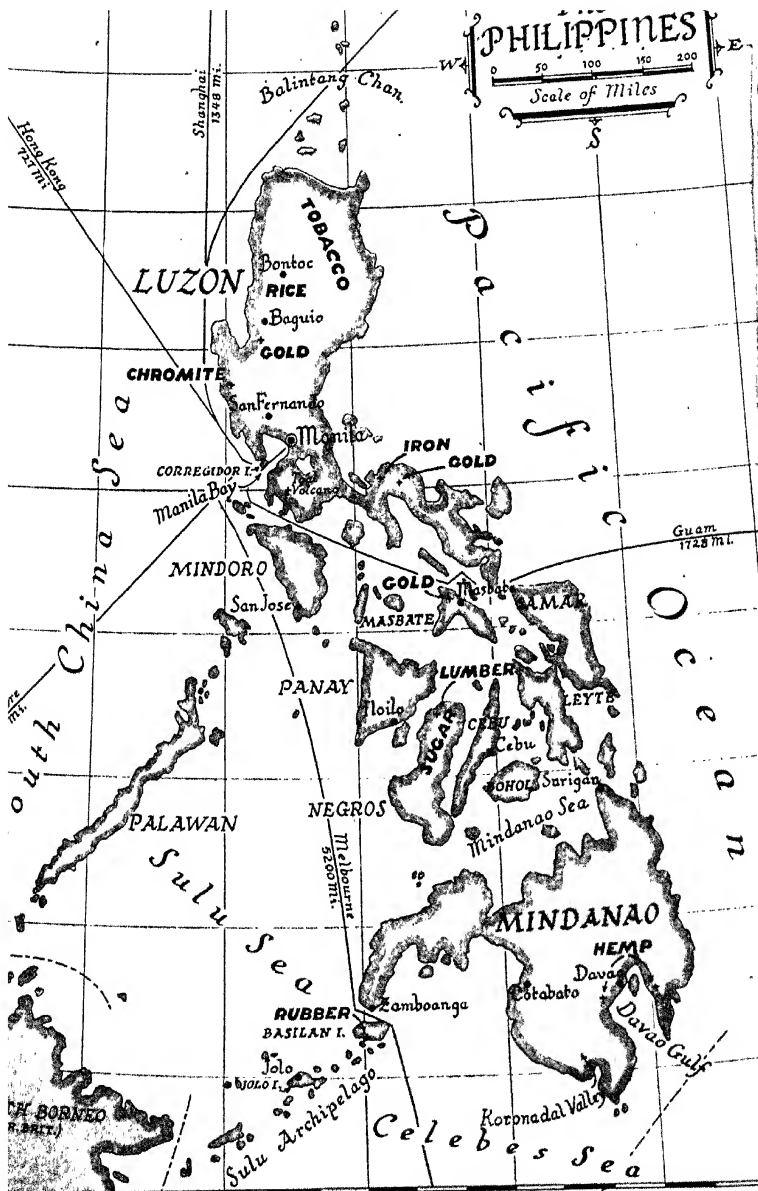
**HER TEETH** are filed to mere stumps and blackened. Her lips are vermillion from chewing betel nut (a mild narcotic). She is a Sulu Mohammedan. Before the Spanish conquest, Mohammedanism came to the Southern Philippines and has never been dislodged. Like the Pagans, Mohammedans resent rule by the Christian majority.

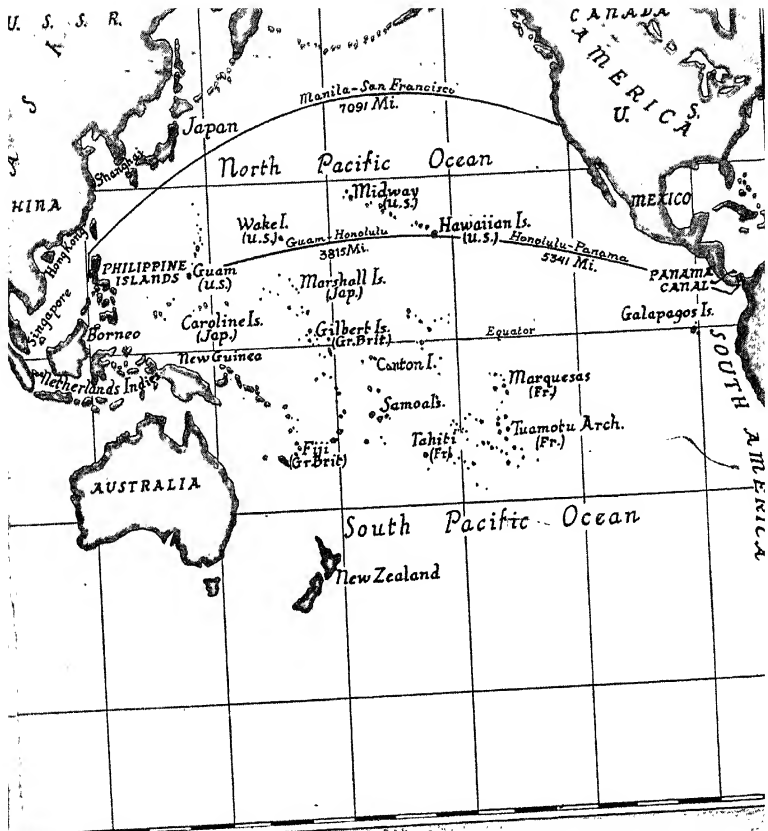


**PIRATE SHIPS** of the Moros (Mohammedans) used to prowl the seas and raid Christian towns to get loot and women—for Moro harems. But these are peaceful trading vessels, for the United States, by bloody combat, made the Moros behave.



**A CARABAO** must rest every few hours in the warm, smelly ooze of a water hole. Otherwise he would go berserk from the intense heat, for, unlike his master, he lacks sweat glands. Considerately treated, the carabao is the patient work animal for all Filipinos—Christian, pagan and Moro.





# The Philippine Islands and their place in The Far East

